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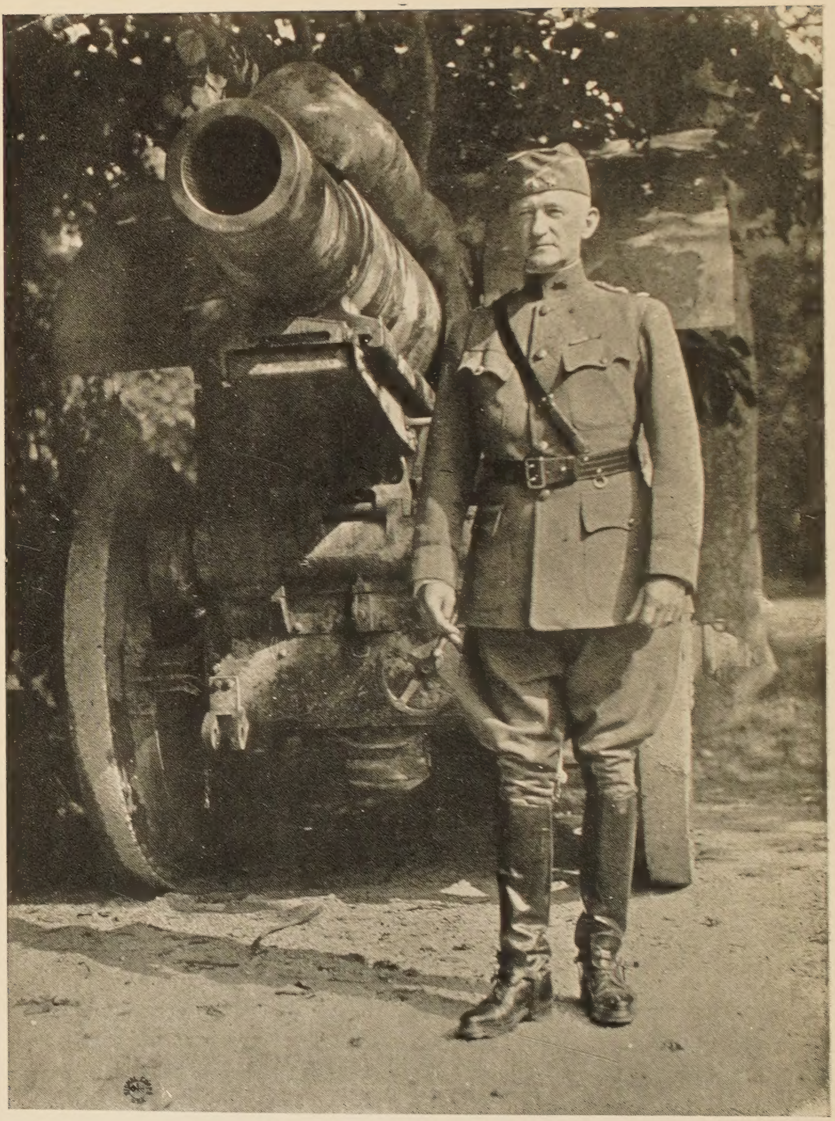

Major General Clarence R. Edwards, the beloved leader of the Yankee Division.

WITH THE YANKEE DIVISION IN FRANCE

BY

FRANK P. SIBLEY

WITH MAP AND
ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON
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1919

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To

GENERAL CHARLES H. TAYLOR,

EDITOR OF *THE BOSTON GLOBE*,
WHOSE JOURNALISTIC GENIUS,
ENTERPRISE AND PATIENCE MADE
THIS BOOK POSSIBLE

FOREWORD BY GENERAL EDWARDS

My estimate of Frank P. Sibley, as set forth in my speech before the Press Club Dinner, April 28, 1919:

I knew Mr. Frank P. Sibley, as I knew the other correspondents of the various Boston papers who used to visit my headquarters, when I was organizing the Northeastern Department in May, June and July, 1917.

They came to me after the orders to organize the 26th Division had been issued in Washington, urging me to take them with the division. I told Mr. Sibley, as I did all the other correspondents, that I had nothing to do with the matter and referred them to Washington, so therefore I cannot claim, even indirectly, the credit of his going to France.

He visited the division in France before I did, while I was absent on the French and British fronts. Mr. Sibley had a large personal acquaintance with the men in the ranks and the officers of the division. This gave him the opportunity of getting his information for his stories at first hand, and he was constantly out among the troops. I saw but little of him at my headquarters. He never offered suggestions or bore tales; in fact he was particular not to be intrusive and disclaimed any technical military knowledge. After he was accredited to the division he was received in one of the junior messes at my headquarters, with some misgivings, but after he had been with them a month he was "McGregor" at the mess table.

He was liked by the officers for his humorous and cheery qualities of mind and heart. He was full of good stories and incidents and impressed all with the idea that he was square and independent.

I did not see his copy until after it was published in the home papers. The control of his writing, like all other correspondents, was between himself and the censor. I believe that he has always been guided by the desire to be accurate and tell the truth.

He, like the chaplains, knew the men, and with them was part of the soul of that division. He had the respect and confidence of the division. He shared the hardships of the men and he played the part of the soldier like every other man of the division. He was the "buddy" of any soldier who asked his help.

C. R. Edwards

C. R. Edwards,
Major General, U. S. Army.

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WITH THE YANKEE DIVISION IN FRANCE

INTRODUCTION

Before allowing a witness to testify, if opinion or judgment is to form part of his testimony, it is customary to require him to qualify, to state by what authority of knowledge he speaks. If he is a physician, he must say how long he has practiced and where he was trained. Coming closer, he is then made to show how he knows anything of the case in hand, how he came to be connected with it.

In like fashion, it may be well for the writer of the history of the 26th Division of the American Expeditionary Force in the Great War to qualify as a witness before disappearing behind the circumstance of the tale. For in several moments, opinion must necessarily shade the story which the Division made so glorious, the High Command so often petty.

When the United States went into the war, I was a reporter on the city staff of the *Boston Globe*. I had been in newspaper work, except for brief intervals, for twenty-six years, lacking a few months, — a happy coincidence on which to start off with the 26th Division.

I had gone to the Mexican border in 1916 with the Massachusetts troops, a circumstance which had given me hundreds of acquaintances among the soldiers. It is fair to say, also, that the *Globe's* handling of the story of the border experience had given the people of New England great confidence in the statements made in that paper.

The War Department refused to accredit a correspondent for the *Globe* to go with the Division. The officials said General Pershing had announced that he did not want to have any more correspondents accredited; that America already had more correspondents than France and England put together, and that the military authorities of the other countries had objected to the presence of so many American newspaper men at the front.

The officials at Washington plainly did not understand what the *Globe* wished to do; it was the first time that such a proposition had been made.

In vain I pointed out that I did not wish the privileges of the usual war correspondent, to travel from division to division, or to clog up the machinery of censorship. General Charles H. Taylor had said, "If New England were sending troops to the moon, and we could get a man along, we should send him," — not to report the news of the moon, but the news of the troops.

That was the essence of my mission: to keep the families at home informed of the experiences of their boys in France. The *Boston Globe* was thoroughly protected by news services, by special correspondents, and by every obtainable agent, as to the progress of the war as a whole. I was to write only what was happening to the New England boys.

Secretary Baker finally said to me, "The department is leaving the matter entirely in General Pershing's hands and will not hamper him in any way, nor change his judgments."

When I did succeed in getting General Pershing to accredit me, the War Department immediately cabled that my accreditment had "embarrassed" it and would be immediately withdrawn; furthermore, no correspondents would be accredited excepting by the Department at Washington.

In the hope of making General Pershing see that what the *Globe* proposed was worthy, humane, not dangerous to military secrecy, and the very best possible propaganda, the *Globe* sent me abroad with no credentials whatever beyond letters from George Creel, — only one of which was ever presented.

At the very moment of starting on my mission, I found the network of rules inefficient. Under the rules, I should not have been given a passport. But I had not the slightest difficulty in getting one.

I sailed from New York on the steamship *Touraine* of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, September 13, 1917, for Bordeaux. Arriving on the twenty-third, I took the night train for Paris and immediately came under the control of the American censorship, at the head of which, at that time, was Major Frederick Palmer.

It was three weeks before I could see him and present my case. It took two weeks more to get an answer from the General Headquarters at Chaumont. The answer, which was a refusal, had been forecast by Major Palmer.

The manner of the refusal was a clear indication of the spirit and tone in which the censorship was being exercised, and it was hard for me when I realized what standards would make the rule under which the correspondents must serve the people at home, wild for news of their boys.

All through the autumn of 1917, I tried to get permission to join the Division. Late in October, I was permitted to go to Neufchateau, the Division Headquarters town, for a visit of two days. In December, Major Palmer grudgingly gave me leave to make another visit of two days.

I was refused altogether permission to visit the artillery, which was training at Coetquidan, with the explanation that "they are not ready to see correspondents." At that very time another correspondent was living with the artillery, and by boldly disregarding the rules, even went forward with them. He was not punished for this infraction of the rules.

In the meantime, the French, through their *Maison de la Presse*, had given me two trips, — one all along their front, from Rheims to Verdun, and the other to the French sector in Belgium. The contrast in courteous treatment between the French and the American armies continued without change to the very end. By one I was assumed to be a gentleman, who would not knowingly do anything to injure the Allied cause, and who has sense enough to know what might possibly do harm. By the other I was treated invariably as a suspicious character.

In December, all other means having failed, I wrote to General Harbord, then the Chief of Staff to General Pershing and afterwards commander of the Service of Supply. To him I presented my whole case; his reply, which reached me in January, overruled Major Palmer and Colonel Nolan, upon whose shoulders the major had placed the blame for keeping me mewed up in Paris, and allowed me to join the Division.

From then until the end, which for me came two days before the Division was ordered to leave the embarkation area and proceed to the ships, I lived with the Division. Usually my billet was with Division Headquarters; from there, as occasion demanded, I went to brigade, regiment, or even company and battery. I believe it to be probable that I spent more time in the actual front line than any other correspondent; at any rate, I saw them all, — the quarries and gullies of the Chemin-des-Dames, the marshes and ruins of the Toul sector; the advance at Château-Thierry I followed closely, even getting into some of the parties. I went along in the Saint-Mihiel push, and saw the fight at Marcheville and Riaville from the observation post on the hill. I lived in the famous citadel of Verdun and saw a good deal of the final sector, the deadly hills and wrecked woods east of the Meuse.

After the fighting finished, I began to see many things more broadly, to acquire standards for comparison, to understand what of our complaints against the American army could be justified and what explained. For there can be no doubt that the Yankee Division was not in favor at Chaumont up to that time.

Before writing what may be taken to be criticism, it is only just to say plainly that no word of it applies to Major General Harry C. Hale, who took command of the Yankee Division at Benoit Vaux, on the way back from the Meuse to our rest area at Montigny le Roi, and retained it until the division was disbanded.

As soon as we were in area, General Hale made a speech to the officers, a manly, straightforward utterance which gave us all confidence in him. "I have not the slightest thought," he said, "of replacing General Edwards in this Division. I know how he is admired and loved, and I admire and love him as you do. I am here simply to get the Division into good shape to go home — and that I am going to do. The Division is going home clean, well, and a happy Division."

He made his words good. In a short time the change was apparent. The boys began to get their spirits back. General Hale was tireless in his insistence on betterment of discipline and conditions. He organized the first big athletic tournament held in the A. E. F., — and Boston saw in what condition he brought the boys home.

The first general complaint was that the Division never got any rest or leave. To this the answer of higher authority was that no division was getting rest or leave. It was pointed out that hundreds of men were even then on leave in Paris,— to which the reply was that their commanding officers had acted in defiance of orders.

The next complaint was that the Division was constantly being robbed of its officers. A certain number were ordered away to schools; when they finished their courses, they were sent to other divisions. Besides, there were constant requisitions upon it for batches of officers to go to other divisions. The inference was that a general plan existed to smash the New England Division.

Laying aside that inference for a moment, the truth is that the American Expeditionary Force was at all times short of officers. It would have been ludicrously lacking in officers but for the foresight and persistence of General Leonard Wood, who some years ago forced through to fruition his idea of officers' training camps.

For the steady, unremitting employment of the Division and for the constant removal of its officers, the emergency furnished sufficient reason. It is true, however, that the High Command did believe that the Yankee Division — and every other division that represented a small section of the United States — should be smashed up.

The reason given is that at any time during a war, any given division is likely to be put into action where it must be badly mauled. Military necessity at any moment may force a commander to sacrifice a whole division. Now if that division is drawn from one small section of the country, that section will be very heavily taxed in man power; practically all its youth will be wiped out. If every division contains men from all over the country, the tax is distributed.

Against that reason must be balanced a lowering of morale. The local division is likely to have the higher morale. For after all, you must tell the soldier, the American soldier, that he is fighting for his home, or he won't fight. And if you add in the next breath, "you haven't any home; you live in the United States", — he loses a little touch of the fine edge of his enthusiasm.

France and England have faced the same problem. Each country has local divisions or units; only in France, if the people from a certain part are known to be sluggish fighters, the unit is artfully leavened with what our doughboys call "fighting fools", to tone it up.

Even that, however, was not the worst aspect of the case. The unfortunate thing was that this, with many other significant acts on the part of the army, was made to appear part of a deliberate policy to "smash the National Guard."

There can be no doubt that such a policy, such an intention, existed. It was openly stated by "regular" officers, in hundreds of instances. For myself, up to the end of the stay in the Toul trenches, I never heard the National Guard mentioned except by a regular army officer, — and then it was always with a sneer.

The National Guard was dead. It had been dead for two years. But the regular army didn't know that and went about to kill it. The result was the resuscitation of the National Guard spirit, and of a belief in the minds of thousands of men that our country would do better to go back to the National Guard system, a little changed perhaps, than to leave our military affairs in the hands of the regular army officers.

Nobody minded inefficiency very much; we were clearly understood to be amateurs in war. Mistakes, even though those mistakes caused needless suffering and death, were to be expected.

But trafficking in army politics, in the midst of world war, — the relief of all National Guard colonels and generals in a division — all of whom had to be put back because the charges against them were so fatuously empty — and as a crowning indictment, the sending men forward to death after the armistice had been signed but before the hour named for the cessation of hostilities, merely "to straighten out the line" when the final position of that line was not of the slightest military importance; these things mean that somewhere in our higher command there was incompetence, that there were men not fit to control the fates of American citizens, that there was unjustifiable sacrifice of lives.

The story of the relief of General Edwards at the very end of the fighting and his return home; of the storm of protest that arose; of the sending to the rear of Colonel Edward L. Logan on the ground of inertia, and his prompt activity as counsel for the defense in the cases of other officers who had been "Bloised"; how he won not only his own case but the case of every man he undertook to defend; the tale of the removal of Brigadier General Charles H. Cole based on a letter charging him with "permitting fraternization with the enemy, and when ordered to stop it failing to do so"; his endorsement of that letter, which was so complete a refutation of the charge that a simple reading by the commander-in-chief was enough to return the general to his brigade; the removal of Colonel Frank E. Hume on a charge similar to that placed against General Cole, and the holding of Colonel Hume three and a half months before returning him to his regiment, — all these details of the clumsy vendetta which went on will be told in the sequence in which they occurred.

It is worth while summing them up here, however, in order to show that it is no mere stretch of the imagination that sees a plot of the regular army against the Yankee Division. And it is interesting to see how badly the army fell down, even in its plotting.

General Edwards needed no defense; public opinion took care of his case. General Cole showed that not only had he not been guilty of permitting fraternization, but that long before the Division issued orders forbidding it, he had already taken steps against it. He showed further that if any brigadier were to be relieved on that charge, it should have been General Shelton, in whose brigade fraternization actually did occur, with the knowledge and approval of Colonel Hiram I. Bearss, who had come to us from the marines to command the 102d Infantry.

Colonel Logan, sent back for inertia, became such a thorn in the side of General Headquarters, by forcing the High Command to restore seventeen officers who had been removed, that the only thought was how to get him back to his own regiment.

Colonel Hume's case was, in a way, the funniest of all. If the regular army had wanted to get rid of him, it could have done so at any time after the Division was formed, for he is well known to be near-sighted and a little hard of hearing. But having let him lead his regiment through all the fighting, the High Command was rather debarred from sending him back for physical examination at the end.

My belief is that General Edwards himself fell under the displeasure of the heads when he insisted, first, that sergeants who were competent to pass examination should be given their commissions; second, that men who had to go to hospital, and thence to replacement divisions, should be returned to their own organizations. These two things happened before the Division went into the line; a fairly large number of men immediately got their commissions as a result. Very few followed them, however, until everything was over, and the army was straining every resource to please the New Englanders.

General Edwards brought back word to the Division that Chaumont had promised to send men who went through hospital and replacement divisions back to their own outfits. This promise was not kept; I met men doing military police duty in towns far away from the Yankee Division who begged me to get them back to their own companies. On investigation, I got no better excuse for their marooning than that it was so inconvenient to send them back as to be impossible.

This is not true. If our officers were incapable of devising the necessary machinery — and I myself offered them a plan entirely possible and simple — they had only to adopt the French system, which accomplishes just this desired thing. The real fact was, of course, that the policy of the army was to smash up local divisions.

The army resented, also, the fact that General Edwards remained a human being, with human sympathies, in spite of being also a soldier. This was more than once shown in the rebukes and snubs he received, — notably in the response to an enthusiastic telegram he sent to the corps after a fine piece of fighting in our first sector. One of the highest ranking officers in the army told me, as late as February, that General Edwards was relieved of his command because he criticised his superiors indiscreetly. On that ground every officer and man I have met could be removed from his position, — with the exception of two men.

So much for the complaints of the treatment of the Division. After the fighting finished, Brigadier General Bamford, who the day before had insisted that our decimated regiments could attack, reported to army headquarters that the Division was incapable of advancing to form part of the army of occupation.

It was he who replaced General Edwards, and who relieved General Cole, Colonel Logan and Colonel Hume. In three weeks he himself was relieved, and the command was taken by Major General Harry C. Hale. Then came the boomerang from these removals. In less than a month the army was doing everything possible to "send the Division home feeling good."

To us fell the honor of entertaining President Wilson at Christmas dinner, showing him soldiers' billets, and forming part of the guard of honor at Chaumont and the review at Humes. Even the President's visit was messed by Chaumont; for days the officers of the 26th worked, obedient to Mr. Wilson's wish to eat with the enlisted men, arranging a worthy and proper representation at the dinner. At the last moment Chaumont changed the orders, with the result that only the officers of Division Headquarters and the heads of the units dined with the President. How Mr. Wilson felt about it may be judged from the fact that he spoke only a single word after dinner; when he had done, he passed from the room, merely smiling and waving his hand. "Good-by," said he.

Now everybody could get leave, even that forbidden thing, — leave in Paris. Now the commissions flew thick and fast.

In all this, I had a small part. Two things I shall remember all my life with pride. I named the Yankee Division, and I carried to the front line General Edwards' last message to his men.

With four or five other reporters, I was in General Edwards' office at the headquarters of the Northeastern Department, on Huntington Avenue, when the news that the Division was to be formed was given out. General Edwards discussed it freely with us, telling us carefully what we might and what we might not print. Then he said, "What shall we call the division, gentlemen? You know there is to be a Sunset Division, and a Rainbow Division."

The other reporters allowed me to speak first, probably because I was the "old man" among them. And I said, "Call it the Yankee Division, General; New Englanders are all Yankees." General Edwards told me long afterwards that he had already considered and practically determined on that name, but I was the first to give it utterance.

On the night before General Edwards was to leave the Division, it lay in sector on the heights of the Meuse, facing an advance next morning. The position was the neck of the bottle through which the German retreat was flowing. Our particular corner of the line was hard held, and we had already been heavily punished in the continuous fighting. The men were desperately tired, and it was very doubtful how much push there was left in them.

I suggested to the general that it might be of effect to get word to every man in the attack that this was the last fight he would have the chance to make for General Edwards. He accepted the idea and lent me a limousine and a guide. I

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES H. COLE, COMMANDER OF THE 52D INFANTRY BRIGADE.

French Sentry, Neufchateau.

The Care-Free American Soldier.

went up to Haumont in the machine and over the shell-pounded hill in the night, to the *poste de commandement* of Colonel Bearss, who was in charge of the next morning's attack. Deep underground Colonel Bearss got out the order and sent it out to the men. And they did gain ground that next morning.

For the rest, my work was rendered always difficult, and sometimes made to seem badly done, by our censorship. When I began to send news home, no names of places or of men in the American Expeditionary Force might be mentioned, — excepting always the name of General Pershing.

I pointed out to the censors that the Germans couldn't learn much from the names of privates, even though these did disclose the whereabouts of organizations, if they were sent by mail and reached the light of day three weeks later. And after many weeks the censors agreed. Later still, I was allowed to name men and officers as high as captains, — provided always that the captains did not at the time command battalions! Places might also be named.

The prohibition against naming places in personal letters still held. So in the same envelope went an article for print that named the villages where we were quartered and the front that we held, quite freely, — and a personal letter in which not a word of place might be written!

Up to the time of Château-Thierry, in July, I might write about deeds of heroism even though the hero were wounded. Then somebody in a newspaper office read "casualties" to mean "deaths." The headline read "400 Killed", and a rule was promptly made that no more casualties might be mentioned.

The reason given was that the army did not wish men's families to learn first from the newspapers that their boys had been hurt. The Central Records Office, whose report of casualties was transmitted to Washington, and thence to the individual families, was months behind, but that made no difference. Hundreds of stories of the wonderful bravery of our boys had to be left unwritten. Even in cases like that of Captain Joe McConnell, whose family already had been notified by cable of his death, I was not permitted to send, by mail, any account of how the men died. Personal letters, of course, went through.

So much objection was made to this rule by the correspondents that the censorship bestirred itself to make suggestions. It brought forth two, — and they showed fairly about how much the censors understood of newspaper work.

The first was that the correspondents might write the stories of heroic deeds without naming the men involved. Of course, any writer with the slightest imagination could sit at a desk in Paris and turn out more anonymous heroism than twenty armies could accomplish. A story with no name attached to it is poor newspaper fodder.

The second suggestion was even worse: that the correspondents write the stories and give the names, but refrain from saying that the heroes had become casualties. There was real thought for the mental comfort of the folks at home — to glow over an account of their boy's bravery — and to learn later from Washington that he had been hurt or killed.

I cannot refrain, before leaving the censor, from telling what happened to my story of General Cole's removal and return. There was a column and a half of it, and the censor cut it out.

"Why?" I asked.

"Tends to lower morale," said he.

"Comes under the rule of criticism of the army?" I went on. This all came, of course, after the armistice.

"Yes," said the censor.

"Well, I don't want to break any rule," said I. "Cut it out. But will you allow me to send a note in place of the copy, to say what happened and clear myself with my paper?"

"Yes."

I wrote, and he stamped with his official approval, and the *Boston Globe*, printed, this statement: "The facts concerning the removal and return of General Cole are held by the censor to constitute criticism of the army, and have therefore been deleted."

Not all the censors were stupid, and not all were unfair.

But the system was wrong, and the control was wrong. The censorship was ineffectual against the man who chose to defy it, and it failed to protect the man who kept its commandments. It was improving when the end came, and if the war had continued long enough, might possibly have become even reasonable.

CHAPTER I

Organizing the Division

The 26th Division was the first division of the American Expeditionary Force to be organized, the first to cross the water as a division, and the first to take the battle line as a division. Its service in the line, up to the day of the armistice, was two hundred and ten days. It is claimed that another division had longer front-line service, but the figures on both sides are a little deceptive.

The official date of taking the line, of course, is the date when the command passes. But elements of the division — sometimes the whole division — are in line anywhere up to four days before the command passes. The question is further complicated by the detaching of elements to serve with other divisions.

It would be unfair to neglect or refuse to count, for instance, the service of our artillery during the drive that began at Château-Thierry. It took position in the sector before the infantry arrived. The command passed on July 10, but our artillery was firing on July 8.

The artillery continued firing in this sector up to the day the drive started, July 18. Then it went forward with the advancing infantry. The 26th Division's push ended east of the Château-Thierry-Soissons road, the command passing from us on July 25. But the artillery kept on going, serving successively with the 28th, the 42d, and the 32d divisions, up to August 5. It was one of the biggest feats performed by artillery in the American army.

Obviously, the Division was not in the front line all that time. And as obviously, it was in line longer than the official figures will show. How to establish standards which will settle the records is difficult to determine.

The net of it is, however, that between February 5, when Number One piece of Battery A of the 101st Artillery fired the Division's first shot against the enemy at Vailly, on the Chemin-des-Dames front, and November 11, when the fighting stopped, the Division spent just ten days in a rest area.

It was cited or commended, in whole or by elements, thirteen times by the French and thrice by our own higher command, corps or General Headquarters. And a German confidential document, captured by the British from the 19th Army, said, "The 26th American Division is a fighting division which has proven its qualities in battles on various parts of the front." In the eyes of the enemy, of our Allies, and even of the American army, the Yankee Division's record is safe. General Bamford said that it had shown itself only a mediocre division, but the record was already made and written down. And General Bamford measured a division's performance by its losses; he compared the 26th to the 1st, in favor of the latter, by citing the enormous losses the 1st had sustained.

There can be no doubt that the Division from the very first showed distinctive character. Other correspondents, who visited many divisions, have told me this. The great outstanding fact which explains its distinction is that first, the whole division came from a very small, thickly populated section of the United States. All the organizations from which it was built were of New England; practically every man and an overwhelming majority of the line officers were Yankees; every New England State was represented in it, and the Division had headquarters in Boston and was mobilized, trained, and equipped in New England.

Secondly, and perhaps of more importance, the Division was a National Guard division, except for the men who came from the National Army draft at Camp Devens to fill up the places left vacant by rejections of guardsmen.

In the old days — that is to say, before 1916 — it is indubitable that the National Guard, cut in cross-section, would show a higher grade man than the regular army. The men were volunteers, and volunteers for service rather than for pay; the officers were men who had to be able to earn their living otherwise than in commanding troops. For the most part, they were successful business or professional men.

The National Guard organizations had histories that ran abreast of the histories of their various communities, some of them with records extending back to Colonial days. To cite only two of the better known examples, the First Corps of Cadets in Massachusetts, from which was formed the 101st Engineers, was organized in 1741. The First Connecticut Infantry, which became part of the 102d Infantry, was organized in 1689.

The Division started out, therefore, with what may well be called a community spirit. The troops had behind them not only the support and personal interest of their own families, but also that of their home towns. This was as true of organizations as of individuals. The pride in one's State, the feeling that the honor and credit of that State in this national emergency was in the keeping of the State's own soldiers, — this tended to the building of an *esprit de corps* from the very start.

Per contra, it would be easy to show how much harm has been done to the standing of the United States and Americans among the French, by a lack of pride, a lack of *esprit de corps*, among the few American officers who have not been ashamed to show themselves ill-bred, drunken, libidinous, and undisciplined, to our Allies.

The Division's training and its existence in embryo — lacking of course engineers and almost all the tactics of this newer fashion of war — began on the Mexican border in 1916. Here most of the officers and men served from June to October and formed the first division of an American army that had taken the road since the close of the Civil War.

Practically all the guardsmen were called into the Federal service by the President's proclamation of March 20, 1917, reporting at their armories on that day and the days immediately following. There was, of course, no notion of forming a division at that time; they were called to act as guards for railroad bridges, shipyards, arsenals, and factories, and to be ready for any emergency which might arise at the moment when the nation was hesitating on the threshold of war.

The declaration of war came on April 6. By that time, most of the regiments had been assigned to duty and were split up into detachments all over New England, watching against German treachery. Luckily, enough time had passed since the return from the border so that whatever losses had occurred through resignations and discharges had been made up by steady recruiting through the winter.

Immediately the recruiting began afresh and with the utmost vigor. Physical standards of the regular army were set up, and the officers and men all underwent physical examinations. There was severe elimination of officers whose physical fitness, or promise, was not up to final requirements, and the recruits were of uniformly fine type.

The guard duty was kept up under war conditions, and a reassignment of the territory took New England out from the Eastern Department and created the Northeastern Department, with headquarters at Boston.

On a rainy day (April 28, 1917) there arrived at the Copley Plaza hotel in Copley Square Major General Clarence R. Edwards, who had been assigned to the command of the department. He was a tall, white-haired, close-cropped officer, with splendid presence, a vigor of initiative that made itself at once felt, and a personality that was to mean everything to the Division later on.

His father came from Springfield, Massachusetts, and he was a New Englander by blood, though born in Cleveland, Ohio.

Through a boyhood in Cleveland, a training at West Point, and an army career more filled with events than almost any I have read, General Edwards had always distinguished himself for energy, for fighting qualities that enabled him to go right down to the use of his fists — it is written that on one occasion he maintained discipline in his company by whipping the best man it could produce — by a love of horses coupled with a downright belief in infantry as the real fighting unit, and by promptness of decision that solved bureau difficulties and field situations alike.

He was married, and his beautiful daughter came with her father and mother to Boston. From the moment of his arrival, he showed himself so conspicuously a human being that he was instantly popular, and that popularity of the moment grew into warmest admiration and love in those who were permitted to remain close to him.

He had seen service in the Southwest, in Florida during the Cuban War, in the Philippines with Lawton, and on the Panama Canal. He had done the work of the quartermaster and the work of the office of Insular Affairs; he had led troops in the field and had rounded out into the ideal of a division commander, being familiar with all sides of the work to such an extent that he could always allot responsibility. Excuses would not go with this commander, nor would impossibilities be demanded. Thus the Twenty-sixth was in greatest luck from the very start.

In a few days, headquarters was moved across the square to the Nottingham Chambers, an office building reconstructed from the old Hotel Nottingham.

At this time, the infantry regiments had their headquarters open in their armories, their companies disposed about the country wherever they were needed as guards. The artillery was in camp at Boxford, and on a hint that cavalry was not likely to be needed, the Massachusetts squadron, minus Troop B, which was later to become the headquarters troop of the Division, had gone into training for a machine-gun battalion.

The First Corps of Cadets, in like fashion, turned itself into a regiment of engineers, and its officers began studying technical engineering in order to hold their commissions. The battalion recruited itself up to regimental strength, the first feat of many that were to make its name glorious.

Through June and July the dreary guard duty went on, but in the meantime, General Pershing and the advance guard of the American Expeditionary Force had gone overseas and had studied the problems before the United States. Officers had come back with the outline for the new tables of organization.

Conditions in the great war called for units never known before in the United States,—trench-mortar batteries, machine gun battalions besides the machine gun companies attached to each infantry regiment, and ammunition, sanitary, engineer, and supply trains.

General Edwards, after the hardest kind of work, managed to get his units into camp and to prepare for a reorganization. It was no accident that made the Division the first to be organized.

It had already been announced at Washington that a regular army division, and perhaps the Rainbow Division, would go ahead of the New England Division. Washington found, however, that organizing a division in fact was a longer job than laying it out on paper. General Edwards was the only commander who could promise definitely, when the military authorities called on the telephone, to have a division organized by September 1.

The telephone conversation took place on August 13, and ended with permission to the general to go ahead and form the Division. The formal order confirming this came to Boston headquarters the same day. On August 22, nine days later, Division Headquarters was opened. General Edwards assumed command and issued his first general order.

The regiments had already been in camp for some time, and the reorganization was well under way. The units were scattered about the map of New England in a way that seemed then an impossible, almost disorderly distribution. But from the time it landed until it embarked for home, that is precisely how it lived. You cannot put twenty-seven thousand men into a city of tents, as we put a brigade of infantry at El Paso.

The great new infantry regiments were built up by a process of welding together former National Guard organizations and adding to them where necessary. This often caused a great deal of distress, — as for instance when most of the officers of the Fifth Massachusetts found themselves cut off from their men, who were taken into the 101st Infantry along with the Ninth Massachusetts and some two hundred men of the Sixth Massachusetts.

They found their work, later on. My last visit to the camp of the Fifth, despoiled of most of its men, was at Framingham; Colonel Stover and Captain Lattimer were the last men I saw that day, both of them terribly depressed, and moving heaven and earth and the Washington authorities to get a change made in the orders.

I next met them at Verdun, the high-tide mark of the war, whither they had come with their regiment of pioneers just in time for the last big party of the war. Generally speaking, the man with the patriotism, the initiative, the training, and the willingness to serve that would make a good soldier found he was needed somewhere in this war. Few were actually obliged to give up going altogether.

The 102d Infantry was composed of the whole of the Second Connecticut and the great bulk of the First Connecticut, a few from the First Vermont, and about one hundred men from the Sixth Massachusetts. It was called, with less and less justice as time went on, the Connecticut regiment.

The 103d Infantry was built from the whole of the Second Maine, most of the First New Hampshire, and the bulk of four companies of the Eighth Massachusetts. It was called the Maine-New Hampshire outfit.

The 104th Infantry was composed of big detachments, — over two of the new companies, — from the Sixth and the Eighth Massachusetts; the whole of the Second Massachusetts, and some more scattering detachments of the Eighth. It came to be known as the up-state regiment.

In the new tables of organization, the four infantry regiments were divided into two brigades of two regiments each, instead of the old three-regiment brigade. The artillery had also a brigade, two regiments of three-inch field pieces — the wonderful "*soixante-quinzes*" of the French — and one of "heavies", 155-millimeter howitzers and long-barreled guns.

The 101st Artillery was built up of the old First Massachusetts Field Artillery, plus about two hundred men from the New England Coast Artillery. The 102d was really pulled right out of the air, for Lieutenant Colonel John F. J. Herbert of Worcester organized and offered the Second Massachusetts Field Artillery, to which was added some more of the coast artillerymen. The 103d, the heavy artillery regiment, was composed of a battery from the New Hampshire Field Artillery, three from Rhode Island, two from Connecticut, a transformed troop of cavalry from Rhode Island, and the remainder of the coast artillery.

For the machine gun battalions, a lot of new creation was necessary. A squadron of Connecticut cavalry, leavened with about two hundred men from the First Vermont Infantry, made up the 101st Battalion: the 102d had the Massachusetts squadron of cavalry, minus Troop B, which was taken for headquarters troop, and about two hundred men from that same seemingly inexhaustible First Vermont Infantry.

The nucleus of the 103d Machine Gun Battalion was the Rhode Island Cavalry Squadron, minus two troops; the separate machine gun troop of the New Hampshire cavalry, and somewhat more than two hundred men from the First Vermont Infantry.

Maine's heavy field artillery gave us our Trench Mortar Battery, an outfit seldom heard from in the news, but one which every doughboy knew and cherished. Behind the deadly screen of its huge projectiles our infantrymen went forward in perfect confidence always.

The 101st Engineers was centered round the First Massachusetts Engineers, built from the Cadets, with detachments of the First Maine Field Artillery and the New England Coast Artillery added.

The First Massachusetts Field Signal Battalion became the 101st, and except for recruiting, made no change.

The Sixth Massachusetts furnished the train headquarters men and the military police. These police made a name for themselves all through the American Expeditionary Forces; carefully selected in the first place, given much responsibility from the very start, they took to their difficult, dangerous, and often unbearably unpleasant work and became known throughout France for their effectiveness, their smartness, and their clean record.

The 101st Ammunition Train was built up from the First Vermont Infantry and the Massachusetts Coast Artillery, the Vermonters being put into the horsed section and the artillerymen into the motor-truck battalion of the new outfit.

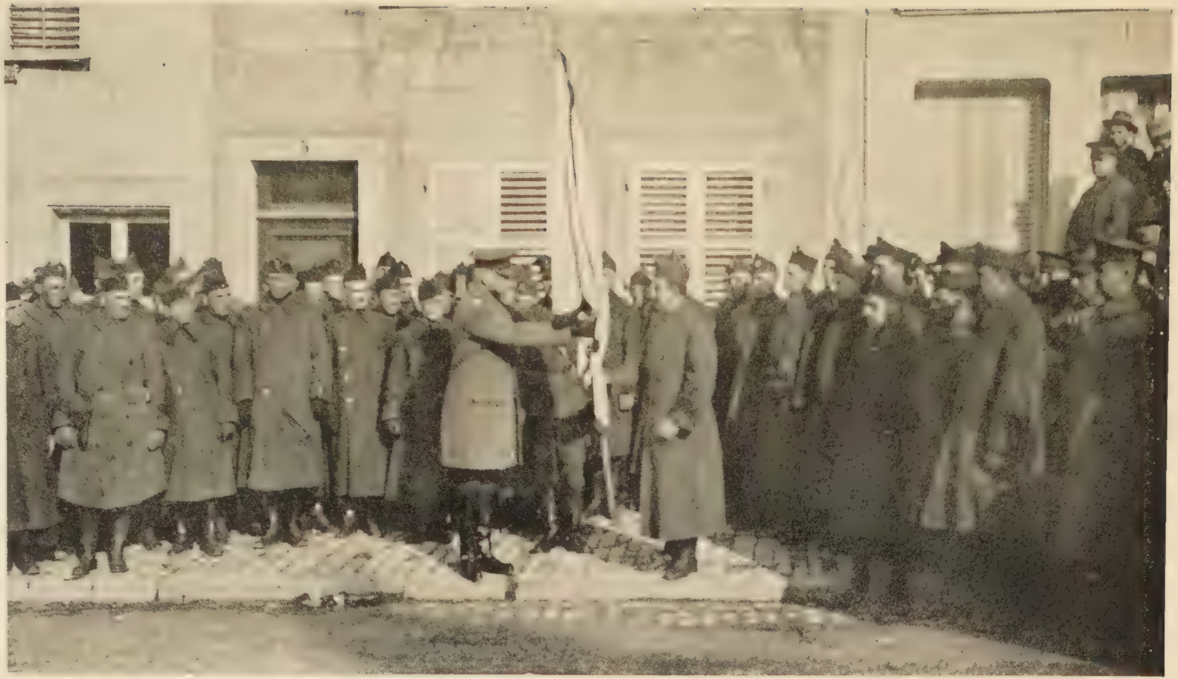
The Engineer Train, a small unit, was made up of men from the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry.

The Sanitary Train had the First and Second Massachusetts Ambulance companies; the First and Second Massachusetts Field Hospitals; the First Connecticut Ambulance Company and the First Connecticut Field Hospital; the First Rhode Island Ambulance Company and the First New Hampshire Field Hospital.

The 101st Supply Train was organized from the Troop B of the Rhode Island cavalry, a big bunch from the Eighth Massachusetts Infantry, and a small group from the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry.

The commanding officers of these units were the following:

Division Headquarters Troop	Captain Oliver Wolcott
101st Machine Gun Battalion	Major James L. Howard
51st Infantry Brigade	Brigadier General Peter E. Traub
101st Infantry	Colonel Edward L. Logan
102d Infantry	Colonel Ernest L. Isbell
102d Machine Gun Battalion	Major John Perrin, Jr.
52d Infantry Brigade	Brigader General Charles H. Cole
103d Infantry	Colonel Frank H. Hume
104th Infantry	Colonel William C. Hayes
103d Machine Gun Battalion	Major W. G. Gatchell
51st Field Artillery Brigade	Brigadier General W. Lassiter
101st Field Artillery	Colonel John H. Sherburne
102d Field Artillery	Lieutenant Colonel Thorndike D. Howe
103d Field Artillery	Lieutenant Colonel Richard K. Hale
101st Trench Mortar Battery	Captain Roger A. Greene
101st Engineers	Colonel George W. Bunnell
101st Field Signal Battalion	Major Harry G. Chase



General Edwards Gives to Colonel Logan the Massachusetts Colors sent by Governor McCall. Neufchâteau, Vosges.

Throwing Grenades in Practice, near Neufchateau, January, 1918.

A raiding party going over the top, in the training area at Neufchateau.

Headquarters Trains and Military Police	Colonel W. E. Sweetser
101st Ammunition Train	Lieutenant Colonel William J. Keville
101st Supply Train	Captain Davis G. Arnold
101st Engineer Train	1st Lieutenant S. R. Waller
101st Sanitary Train	Lieutenant Colonel James L. Bevans

Of these men, Captain Wolcott was the son of a former governor of Massachusetts and an enthusiastic cavalryman who had just received his troop. He later on became an aide to General Edwards and then was sent away to staff school. On his return he became an assistant in "G3", the operations bureau of the Division When the Division went into its final sector, Captain Wolcott was liaison officer with the French.

Major Howard was an insurance man from Hartford. He was later brought into the Division staff, first as operations officer and later as division machine gun officer. He was wounded during the Château-Thierry drive but recovered in time to take part in the Saint Mihiel push. At Marcheville, he was the liaison officer with Colonel Bearss, then commanding the 102d Infantry, who conducted the raid. Major Howard was in the little group which was practically surrounded in an underground *abri*, and had to fight its way out of the town.

Brigadier General Traub was a regular army man, who had been an instructor in languages at West Point and was the author of a textbook of Spanish. He was promoted to be a major general and was given the 35th Division before the Château-Thierry push.

Colonel Edward L. Logan had been the commander of the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry and was one of the best known and most loved National Guardsmen in New England. Membership in his regiment has always been a personal affair; there never was a colonel who knew more of his men personally, their families and their business. At home, Colonel Logan was the judge of the police court in South Boston. In France he worked harder than any of his officers or men to learn the war game in its new fashion. The higher command was insistent on his removal from the very first, but General Edwards said, "If I could find better officers than Colonel Logan or Colonel Hume to command their regiments, I would relieve these men in an instant. But I can't." The two colonels repaid his confidence by making splendid records for their outfits. Colonel Logan got the heavily shelled sectors, the difficult fronts, the sore corners to hold, time after time. But the regiment came through. When he had been sent to the rear under a charge of inertia, and that charge had broken down, a representative of Chaumont came to question Colonel Logan, the questions showing that though it was not formally preferred, the General Headquarters had a charge against him of being thoughtful for and kind to his men. During my service, I have heard no higher compliment.

Colonel Isbell, who was a national guardsman from Connecticut, and Colonel Hayes — who had commanded the Second Massachusetts Infantry — were the first guardsmen to be relieved. Colonel Hayes, who came from Springfield, was first made assistant provost marshal general. He did not find the work congenial and in the end was allowed to resign and go home.

Colonel Hume was a Maine man, the commander of a regiment of Maine infantry. No better example of military efficiency was shown in the Division, for in spite of physical defects — he has poor sight and hearing — he carried his regiment through to such a record of success that the army couldn't remove him, though it tried.

Brigadier General Cole had one of the most dramatic stories of the whole Division. Well known in Boston, where he had been fire commissioner, he was in 1916 the adjutant general of the Massachusetts National Guard. He resigned this position in the fall to run for the Democratic nomination for governor. This nomination he did not receive, and when the troops were ordered out by the President in April, 1917, he found himself, a trained officer, entirely out of the military running. He enlisted as a private in the 101st Infantry — which was at that time still the Ninth Massachusetts — and was at once appointed acting adjutant with the rank of captain. Once commissioned, he was able to get his proper rank and was given the 52d Brigade when the Division was formed. Shortly after arriving in France he was detached from the Division and sent to Bordeaux, to organize the base section in which that port lay. That duty performed, he was allowed to come back to his brigade in time to go to the Chemin-des-Dames front. He commanded it through several vicious attacks, none of which made the slightest dent in his line. In the next sector, at Apremont, one of his regiments, the 104th, won the first decoration of regimental colors ever bestowed by a foreign power upon an American regiment. In the Château-Thierry drive, General Cole's brigade led off in the attack. It swept over the ground in the Bois de Belleau, where General Cole's brother, Major Edward B. Cole of the Marine Corps had received his death wound only six weeks before. In the Saint-Mihiel action, the 52d Brigade took the left of the advance, sweeping over Les Eparges, and down into the plain of the Woevre; in the final sector it held the difficult and strongly attacked right of the line. And then, three days before the armistice, General Cole was relieved of his command and sent to Blois for reclassification and reassignment!

General Cole was forever in his front lines. He knew from personal investigation every foot of whatever front he held, and it was this intimate knowledge, with his ability as a tactician, which made his record so brilliant.

Brigadier General Lassiter commanded the artillery up to the time of the Château-Thierry drive, when he was ordered to the corps. He was a regular army officer and came to the division with a fine record. Under him, our artillery won high praise from the French in two sectors, and the confidence of the infantrymen.

Colonel Sherburne was a fine example of the sort of man who rose to command in the Massachusetts National Guard of the old days. A member of the legislature and a lawyer, he took to soldiering for the love of the game and a patriotic intent to serve his State if need be. The First Massachusetts Field Artillery was always a crack regiment, and membership in it carried more than a little social standing. The regiment always had a little more than the regulations provided, and more than a little of that little came out of the colonel's pocket. It was the artillery that broke up one of the most vicious of the attacks on the 104th at Apremont, and it was the artillery that first made us noticed among the American divisions. Colonel Sherburne was relieved of his command and promoted to be a brigadier general just after the Division had taken position at Château-Thierry. He was given a brigade of negro artillerymen, 167th Brigade of 97th Division and he brought that too into a state of high efficiency. General Pershing himself, on the very wharf from which the negroes were going aboard their transports for home, relieved General Sherburne from that command and sent him back to the 26th, to command our brigade.

Lieutenant Colonel Thorndike D. Howe and Lieutenant Colonel Richard K. Hale, who commanded the 102d and 103d Artillery regiments respectively, did not stay long with the Division. They had both been majors in the old First Massachusetts Field Artillery and were both enthusiastic amateurs of artillery. But colonels from the regular army were placed in command of the two regiments, and shortly after arriving in France, Lieutenant Colonel Howe was transferred to the post-office service, becoming postmaster general of the American Expeditionary Force, where he became a colonel. Lieutenant Colonel Hale, in like manner, was transferred to the corps and was lost to the Division.

Colonel George Bunnell, who came to command the Cadets when that organization was turned over into engineers, was himself an engineer. He is the only man not of the regular army who was left undisturbed in his regiment when the final shake-up of guardsmen came. He was a West Pointer once upon a time. Under him, the regiment did untold labor in France; it worked until the men literally welcomed a chance to drop their axes, picks and shovels, grab rifles, and go forward into the inferno as infantrymen. The tale of its miles of roads built, *abris* constructed, wire placed, would make a history all by itself.

Major Harry G. Chase, who was in the automobile business at home, was already in command of the Massachusetts signal battalion. He was known, even to the army, as a man abreast of all there was in field signalling for military operations. He was early grabbed and made an instructor in the army schools, a position from which he really never escaped. His work was enlarged, but he never got back to the Division.

Colonel W. E. Sweetser was colonel of the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry, from which the men for our military police were chosen, and from which also many of the men of the trains that were centralized under his command were taken. He was famous for efficient, common-sense discipline; he left each of the various train commanders to control his separate outfit, keeping general supervision, and paying more particular attention to the military police. As the Division usually occupied something like fifty towns, and they all needed the military police, to say nothing of shelled cross-roads, Colonel Sweetser traveled in the course of his ordinary day's work more miles than any man in the Division, except of course the despatch riders.

Lieutenant Colonel W. J. Keville was not named as commander of the ammunition train until August 27. He had been lieutenant colonel of the Eighth Massachusetts Infantry and at home was in a financial business. Under his training — and learning, for train work was an entirely new thing to the American soldier — the 26th's ammunition train became one of the marvels of the Division. It has had decorations by the dozen and has been more than once cited. Colonel Keville's boast is that it never lost a truck.

Captain Davis G. Arnold did not stay long at the head of the supply train. He was snatched up by higher authority, and the command was given to Lieutenant Theodore C. Baker, a wholesale coal dealer from Cambridge, who had been in Troop B of the Massachusetts cavalry. When he was given command of the train, he was hopped in rank from lieutenant to major. As head of the train, he too made a record and was snatched away to do a similar job for the army of occupation, after the armistice. While in Europe he married, at Paris, Miss Ruth Prescott, who was serving in the Y. M. C. A. canteen of the Division.

Lieutenant Colonel Bevans, who was division surgeon and head of the sanitary train, was a regular army man. He served through the Chemin des Dames sector, the Toul sector and the Château-Thierry drive, then was taken up to be chief surgeon of a corps.

General Edwards announced as his personal and divisional staff, at the start, the following officers:

Captain John W. Hyatt, Infantry, aide-de-camp.

Lieutenant N. S. Simpkins, 101st Field Artillery, aide-de-camp.

Chief of Staff — Lieutenant Colonel George H. Shelton, general staff.

Assistant Chief of Staff — Major A. A. Maybach, general staff.

Adjutant — Lieutenant Colonel George S. Simonds, Infantry, National Army.

Inspector — Lieutenant Colonel Horace P. Hobbs, Infantry, National Army.

Quartermaster — Lieutenant Colonel Joseph W. Beacham, Jr., Infantry National Army.

Surgeon — Lieutenant Colonel James L. Bevans, Medical Corps.

Judge Advocate — Lieutenant Colonel C. M. Dowell.

Ordnance officer — Major E. E. Phillips.

Signal Officer — Major H. G. Chase, Signal Corps (Massachusetts).

Chief of Artillery — Brigadier General W. Lassiter, Field Artillery, National Army.

Chief of Engineers — Colonel George W. Bunnell, Engineering Corps (Massachusetts).

To this staff were added from time to time, up to the date of the Division's sailing for France, the following:

Assistants to division surgeon: Captain James Glass, Medical Corps, Captain Karl B. Bailey, Medical Corps, Lieutenant Colonel F. P. Williams, Medical Corps.

Assistants to division quartermaster: Major G. E. Cole, Quartermaster Corps; Captain Charles E. Scorer, Quartermaster Corps; Captain O. G. Lagerquist, Quartermaster Corps; Captain H. H. Wheelock, Infantry; Captain E. H. Tandy, Quartermaster Corps.

Assistant to division inspector: Major R. P. Harbold.

Assistants to division adjutant: Major L. W. Cass, Infantry; Major C. A. Stevens, Adjutant General.

Major E. T. Weisel, Field Artillery, Division Ordnance Officer, Captain Aiken Simons, Coast Artillery, assistant

Captain Andrew L. Pendleton, Jr., Coast Artillery, aide-de-camp.

Lieutenant J. Pendleton King, Infantry, interpreter.

The time for training was terribly short, because by its prompt organization the Division was able to step to the head of the list of divisions going to France and waited only for transportation arrangements to be made.

What could be done was done. Training and equipment were the two great requisites. Equipment of the Division proceeded upon the principle that the requisite field and trench artillery, machine guns, automatic rifles, animal and motor transportation, special ordnance, engineer and signal property, with munitions of all descriptions, would be issued after arrival in Europe.

Only small arms could be provided, and there were not enough of these to equip every organization throughout. Woolen uniforms and overcoats were taken; heavy tentage, cots, mosquito bars and cotton uniforms were left behind.

Of individual equipment there was more than could be carried. At first, it seemed probable that there would not be enough, but state and city officials, municipal organizations, churches, societies, and individuals went heartily to work. From state arsenals and armories, from factories and warehouse stores, and from many unsuspected sources, uniforms and outfits were secured. Every soldier had an assortment of comfort kits, knitted gear, extra gloves and toilet articles, — everything that lively imaginations could guess would be of service. Most of it had to be left behind; practically all the rest was lost at some time during the campaign, but all of it gave comfort to somebody while it lasted.

Meanwhile, the men and officers were undergoing the most searching physical tests. The regular medical officers and special boards were busy almost day and night, trying to determine the fitness of the soldiers for the duty about to be required of them.

Doubtful cases were all rejected; only the absolutely sound men were good enough to go. Each man of alien birth had to satisfy a board as to his allegiance and sympathies. Full naturalization papers were accepted as good evidence in many cases, but the man was given a searching examination by his immediate commanding officer, just the same.

Men who enlisted fraudulently — in most cases boys so eager to go that they had concealed their real age — were discharged. Men with dependent relatives, and men who for any reason it did not seem proper to include in an expeditionary force were weeded out and sent to the depot brigade then being formed. And to replace the personnel of enlisted men thus lost, draft men were brought in from the national army units then just beginning to gather at Camp Devens, at Ayer, Massachusetts.

During this time, the headquarters troop and the signal battalion remained at the armory on Commonwealth Avenue, Allston, the engineers in the Cadet armory on Columbus Avenue. The three artillery regiments went into camp at Boxford, Massachusetts. The 101st Infantry took camp on the old muster field at Framingham; the 102d gathered at New Haven, and the two other infantry regiments at Westfield camp. Of the machine gun battalions, one was with the 101st Infantry at Framingham, one at Miantic, Connecticut, and one at Quonset Point, Rhode Island.

At last came word from the commanding general at Hoboken, our port of embarkation, giving the schedule to move in-ship. The horses and mules had long before been sent to Newport News, whence all our animals were to be shipped. And there is a saga to be sung of the adventures of the men who went to take care of those animals. All the artillery horses, the troop horses, the private mounts of the officers, were thrown in with those from other divisions, in a set of great corrals.

When it came to sorting them out for shipment, the fighting began. More than one officer got his mount in Europe because and only because his horse orderly was a good scrapper. Some never did turn up, — and as for the horses of organizations, one took so many animals, run of the pen, and bid thankful to get his count.

The troop movements to the port of embarkation were made with the utmost secrecy, — that is, the utmost secrecy for the army. It wasn't secret enough to prevent a trainload of officials and politicians from going over to New York, and chartering a steamer to go down the bay and bid the 101st Infantry good-by.

But dates of embarkation were sedulously kept secret. All troop movements were made at night. Units broke camp on an hour's notice, after dark. The newspapers, fully informed all the time of what was going on, suppressed all facts concerning movements of troops under a voluntary censorship.

Once begun, the movement went on without cessation. Ships of all sorts, from fruit boats to great, fashionable, passenger racers, were used as transports. Sometimes a ship would be half filled, as to her cabins, with civilians, and of the soldiers aboard there would be two or three different organizations. Some of the ships sailed in great convoys; some made it alone. Some went direct; others put in at Halifax to wait for orders or for word that the chance of getting through the submarined waters was good.

The first sailing of any unit of the Division was on September 7. The last unit to go sailed on October 9. The first unit to get ashore in Europe was the 101st Field Hospital, which arrived on September 20. The last to arrive were the train headquarters and military police, which got in on October 24.

The following sailing list shows the order and the dates of sailing of the various units and headquarters of the division, and of their arrival.

UNIT	LEFT UNITED STATES	ARRIVED
1. 51st Infantry Brigade	September 7	September 21
2. 101st Infantry	September 7	September 21
3. 101st Ambulance Co.	September 7	September 22
4. 101st Field Hospital	September 7	September 20

5. 101st Field Artillery	September 9	September 23
6. 103d Ambulance Co.	September 16	October 2
7. 103d Field Hospital	September 16	October 2
8. 102d Infantry	September 19	October 9
9. 104th Field Hospital	September 22	October 7
10. 51st Field Artillery Brigade	September 23	October 5
11. 102d Field Artillery	September 23	October 5
12. 101st Field Signal Battalion	September 23	October 5
13. 102d Machine Gun Battalion	September 23	October 5
14. 103d Infantry	September 25	October 17
15. 101st Supply Train	September 25	October 9
16. 101st Engineers	September 26	October 9
17. 102d Ambulance Co.	September 26	October 17
18. 104th Ambulance Co.	September 26	October 17
19. 52d Infantry Brigade	September 27	October 17
20. 104th Infantry	September 27	October 10
21. 103d Machine Gun Battalion	October 3	October 17
22. 102d Field Hospital	October 4	October 17
23. Division Headquarters	October 9	October 23
24. Headquarters Troop	October 9	October 23
25. 101st Machine Gun Battalion	October 9	October 23
26. 101st Train Headquarters and Military Police	October 9	October 24

It had been announced, secretly, of course, that the American force would land at Saint Nazaire, on the southwestern coast of France. And in the end, of course, the Americans did have La Pallice (as a horse port), Saint Nazaire, Bordeaux, and Marseilles. But in September and October of 1917, when the Yankee Division crossed, it could not all go to Saint Nazaire even.

Some units did go there, and they were the more fortunate. With very little delay, they were loaded into their trains and forwarded directly to their training area.

Other units went to Liverpool. Almost without exception these were forwarded to France without their heavy baggage. Some of them spent an unhappy time in the so-called rest camp at Southampton or Borden (Oxney camp) while awaiting transportation to Havre.

The important thing, however, was that the whole Division was carried across a sea which Germany was doing her desperate worst to control by the use of submarines, and across the English Channel, which was even more infested than the waters to the westward, without the loss of a man from enemy activity.

Incidentally, the Division came into contact with a fact which was later on to become an important factor in the war, — the control of activities. The debarkation of units and their movement to their destinations were regulated by the British and French military port and railway authorities. Before we got through, it was urged that the Americans should not try to organize an army of their own, but should turn over their troops to the British, and allow England to amalgamate the Americans into their own forces. And, of course, in the end the supreme command was given to Marshal Foch, who used the American armies just as he did the French and the British, assigning to each its duty in accordance with his general plan covering all the western front.

We had marvelled at the size of a division, — and indeed, the American division was a larger unit than the division of any other country. But it was only when by this concentration of command we were enabled in imagination to envisage General Pershing as a subordinate, and to follow down the subdivision through army and corps, that we saw what a comparatively insignificant unit a division really was in this war.

The curious effect, however, was not to make one think slightingly of a mere colonel, for instance. American colonels, on the contrary, commanded as many men and had as complicated problems as the brigadier generals of other days.

It was rather that men began to sense the vast proportions of the force of which they were a part. The confidence which the thought inspired made some of us, at least, understand the tremendous effect on morale which a similar confidence built up in the German soldier. We were in no way surprised at what the prisoners had to say, later on.

CHAPTER II

The Arrival in France

Told officially, the story would be, "The Division arrived at such and such ports on such and such dates. It was forwarded to the Fourth Training Area as fast as possible. Congestion of transportation facilities caused some units to be held in rest camp for brief periods, but the whole movement was completed on schedule time." But what discomfort, misery, confusion, would be covered by such a report would be hard to describe.

One regiment of artillery landed at Liverpool. An English officer was on hand with orders for the regiment to entrain straight from the ship and cross to Southampton that night.

"We will entrain just as soon as we can get our baggage out of the ship and aboard the train and issue travel rations to the men," said Colonel Sherburne.

The British officer was very sorry, but in the first place it was not allowed to take rations from the ship into the train. All the feeding arrangements had already been made. And furthermore, it was neither necessary nor possible to wait for the regimental baggage. It would not be possible to handle it that night, anyway, and it might not even be reached the next day, — some five hundred tons of freight had been stowed on top of it.

In vain the colonel pointed out that his regiment would not have even a field stove; his officers would have to leave their trunks and bedding rolls, his men their barrack bags. The English officer assured him that it would all be quite safe and under guard, and the colonel, going to headquarters, got a definite promise that his baggage would follow the regiment in twenty-four hours.

Upon that representation he entrained his men, without food and without baggage. At Southampton he was told that the rest camp was full; there was no room for his regiment. Furthermore, the ship to take it across the Channel was waiting.

There was no chance for argument. Away went the regiment to Havre. There it was the same story; no room in the camp there. The regiment was shipped immediately in the trains of the famous French "40 *hommes* 8 *chevaux*" cars to Coetquidan, where it was to have its training.

It was nearly two months before that regiment saw its baggage again, — and then not all of it arrived. The tale of the losses on Liverpool docks was a heavy one; whole cases of tobacco and cigarettes were lost, and dozens of men told me that their baggage had been broken into and robbed.

It was all part of the confusion and disorder of war, — a confusion and disorder in which we were to live and get along as best we could for the next eighteen months. No criticism of individual men for this confusion is possible; it was unavoidable. It is impossible, for instance, to guard against thievery in an army; the only rule is that he who steals last steals best.

The first impression that our boys got of France was of cold, — cold, mud, and rain, even in late September and early October. And this impression was destined to last; except for the fine weather of the following February and a brief period in August, cold, rain, and mud were almost the daily programme.

The second impression was of a smiling people, extraordinarily hospitable and kind-hearted, with ways of living entirely strange. Their acceptance of cold as the natural and comfortable condition, their extreme economy of fuel, the frankness with which they performed certain functions of life which Americans always sedulously conceal, were matters of amusement — too often of scorn — to our boys. It was inevitable that much should be misunderstood.

The French money was a difficulty; the men did not like it and never figured its value closely. They wasted money, they gave back the change from all purchases, first to the amusement, then to the distress, and finally to the profit of the French civilians. They spent what money they had freely, especially for wine and cognac.

There was always an order against drinking anything except light wines and beer. The censorship decided that no mention might be made in stories sent home of any drinking whatever. "So far as the censorship is concerned," said a censor to me, "the lips of the American Expeditionary Force never touch liquor."

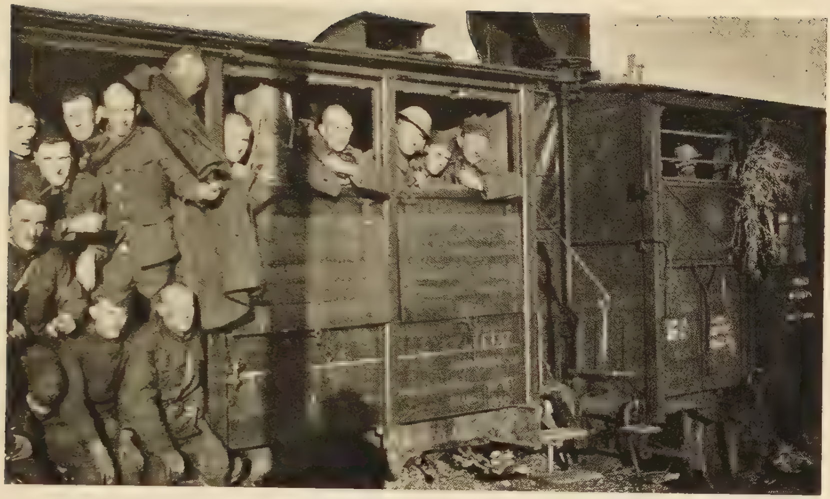
Incidentally he carried this so far that he refused to pass a paragraph of mine about the anniversary dinner of the officers of the military police from which it was possible to draw an inference that there was champagne on the table. Now that it is all over, I will state freely that there was champagne on the table.

A little further on in the same story, describing the boxing bouts of that same day, I said that the French people clustered round to watch the strange American sport, the women turning away a little when one of the boys "got his claret started." You will hardly believe this: the censor cut that out, and when I asked why, in the name of reason, he said, "I thought you meant that he had been drinking claret, and that a punch in the stomach had made him vomit!"

Our men early began calling the French "frogs." This invariably hurt, and is a factor in the thing that happened at the very end, — a distinct lessening of the mutual regard between the French and the Americans. In the beginning we seemed to be liked better than the English were; after Americans had stemmed the tide of the German offensive at the second battle of the Marne, our popularity was something marvellous. But towards the end, and especially after the end, there were mutual complaints.

The units that landed at Saint Nazaire saw little of the town, for the most part. They were herded into the "40 *hommes*" cars and sent along to the training area round Neufchateau. Their irresponsible, irrepressible, ingenious, hell-raising cheerfulness was in full bloom, and the stories of that trip were plenty and highly original.

One train pulled up for orders, in a chilly night, at



101st Infantry, with closed-clipped heads, in the "40 hommes, 8 chevaux" cars.

Pulling out for the front in "side-door Pullmans."

Gamins. Liffol-le-Grand, January, 1918.

A Mess of the Military Police.

a little country station. The boys, crowded in their slatted car, chilled to the bone, beheld through the station window a fine cheerful stove, with two Frenchmen sitting by it.

Somebody said "How about it?" and twenty men piled off, rushed into the station, uncoupled the stove from the chimney, and somehow brought it, fire and all, back into the car just as the train began to move again. A man who saw it said the Frenchmen were so utterly dumfounded that they never even objected.

Another train pulled up alongside an empty passenger train. In five minutes there wasn't a cushion left in the first and second class carriages of that passenger train, — and the cushions in French trains are most comfortable, most ornate, and rather costly.

The Yankees didn't succeed this time, however. The affair had been conducted on too wholesale a scale to escape unnoticed. Officers came sprinting from car to car, and all those lovely cushions had to be put back before the troop train was allowed to move.

But so, day after day and week after week, the 26th came trailing into the Fourth Training Area, which centered round Neufchateau, in the Vosges. At that time, it was intended to give the Vosges sectors to the Americans altogether, as their own particular section of the western front.

Neufchateau itself lies in the valley of the Meuse, fifty-three kilometers northeast of Chaumont, which was the headquarters town of General Pershing. Neufchateau lies on the hill slope east of the river; six lines of French cross-country railroads center there, and national highways run west to Chaumont, north to Commercy, northeast to Toul and Nancy, and south to Langres.

Along these roads, in every direction, are strung the little French towns. It is a farming district; the towns are mostly tucked away into folds in the hills and often are invisible from the plateau above until one is right at the brink of the slope. The fields are all cut up into the small pieces so typical of French farm land, but the proprietors are huddled in the towns, where the houses are built in solid blocks.

Neufchateau itself was a city, with brewery, distillery for a barbed-wire, white liquor made from plums, a newspaper, and two or three hotels, all of them very primitive to American eyes. But the surrounding towns were farm towns, very simple, but not too pure.

Each house-front was likely to show a door and a window. The door usually opened into a stone-paved passage which led through into a stone-paved court, or directly into a barn where a big, shaggy horse and two or three large-framed cows and perhaps a yoke of steers resided. From the passage a door opened into the front room, which very often was the family living room and kitchen combined, — and as often as not contained also a huge bed in a curtained alcove.

Out in front of the house was the family savings bank, — a neatly squared-up heap of manure, often in a shallow stone pen. Looking along any street was to glance down the ranked rows of manure piles.

Every possible bit of covered space in each town was taken by the French authorities and turned over to the Americans as billets: rooms for the officers, and whatever there might be — garrets, barns, even open sheds — for the men. In many towns each house was stencilled with a number and a statement of how many officers, men, and animals could be billeted there.

In some towns, where billets were scarce, barracks had been put up by the French. These too were turned over to us. At Rebeuville, just outside Neufchateau, for instance, Captain Christopher Lee's whole company lived in barracks. And at Reberval, just across the Meuse, Major Casey's whole battalion was accommodated in an ancient French barracks, said to have been built by the Germans in 1871.

The region was a cold one, not too fertile, but tremendously picturesque and interesting. Just a few kilometers north of Neufchateau lies Domremy, the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc, one of the great shrines of France. The "basilica" erected on the mountainside, a mile from her home, — supposedly on the spot where Jeanne had her vision — lies below the sharp side of the Julian plateau where Cæsar's troops encamped.

At the edge of this plateau, too, stands the chateau of an American woman who married a French nobleman. And no sooner had General Edwards set up his headquarters in Neufchateau than there appeared a clever, courteous American gentleman, with a tender of the chateau and its three hundred rooms as Division Headquarters. The place was too far from the center of things, however, and was regretfully declined.

The gentleman who brought the invitation was a cousin of the proprietor of the chateau. He was Mr. Richard F. Peters of Washington, Philadelphia and New York, — and most of all of France. He had had the Plattsburg training, and when he came to the Division was sixty-seven years old. He asked nothing but the opportunity to be useful and was taken on, unofficially, as an interpreter. Later on, a commission as second lieutenant was obtained for him, and the Yankee Division had the distinction of having the oldest second lieutenant in the army.

When the 26th got into action, Lieutenant Peters was used as liaison officer with the French divisions on our right or left. Lieutenant John Pendleton King of Augusta, Georgia, and New York, a playwright and poet, usually served in liaison on the flank across from Lieutenant Peters.[1] Both these men were decorated with the Croix de Guerre by the French, Lieutenant Peters being cited twice. One of his citations was literally for being sixty-seven years old. He was promoted to be a captain just before the armistice.

Division Headquarters opened on October 31. The disposition of the troops in the villages round about at that time was as follows:

51st Brigade Headquarters	Rebeuville.
101st Infantry	Neufchateau — Rouceux — Circourt — Villars — Brechaincourt — Rebeuville.
102d Infantry	Landaville — Certilleux — Rouvres-la-Chetive.
102d Machine Gun Battalion	Rebeuville — Brechaincourt — Rouvres-la-Chetive.
52d Brigade Headquarters	Liffol le Grand.

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[1] Lieutenant King died at Augusta, May 28, 1919.

103d Infantry	Liffol le Grand — Villouxel.
104th Infantry	Harreville — Sartes — Pompierre — Chatenois — Giroucourt.
103d Machine Gun Battalion	Liffol le Grand — Sartes — Villouxel.
101st Engineers	Rolampont — Bazoilles — Mont-les-Neufchateau.
Headquarters trains and Military Police	Rouceux.
101st Field Signal Battalion	Noncourt.
101st Supply Train	Neufchateau — Harreville.
101st Sanitary Train	Neufchateau — Liffol le Grand, Bazoilles.

The Division had barely got settled down — in fact, not all the units had yet arrived — when four of the supply train companies were detached. The First and Third companies were sent to Soissons for service and got their training in actual service; the Second company was sent to serve the 42d Division, and the Sixth company was sent to Bordeaux, where it helped in the organization of the base section. In similar fashion, the 103d Field Hospital was sent to Dijon.

The rest of the Division went into training strenuously for the fight that lay ahead of it, — training in warfare of an entirely new sort, formulated from the experience, through three years, of our French friends and instructors.

Before telling that, however, I must set down the story of big Bill Drohan, — Disability Bill. It shows what a spirit was growing in the Division, and it gives credit where credit is due, for nurturing that spirit.

Lieutenant W. L. Drohan was court officer in the South Boston police court where Colonel Logan presided as judge. He was also a lieutenant in the old Ninth Massachusetts Infantry, Colonel Logan's regiment, and as such had had charge of the wagon train. He was one of the best wagon masters I have ever seen. Finally and always, he was the most devoted, loyal, partisan friend to Colonel Logan that any man ever had.

Lieutenant Drohan was by no means a young man, and he had more kinds of physical disabilities, from teeth to toes, than the doctors could name.[1] In the regiment, he managed somehow to get by the tests. But on the reëxaminations in August, he was clearly shown to be far below the standards. By the time this report reached headquarters of the department, however, Bill had gone with his regimental property — wagons, draft animals, and extra gear — to Newport News, the shipping port for animals.

An order was sent, assigning a lieutenant from a machine gun company to take over Bill's property and to go in his place. Lieutenant Drohan was ordered to report forthwith to headquarters at Boston.

Then began a comedy of errors almost incredible. The commanding officer at Newport News misread the order and thought that Lieutenant Drohan and the newcomer were merely to exchange places. He accordingly ordered Bill to the machine gun company, and Bill, knowing full well what the original intention — to ditch him — had been, nevertheless obeyed the order to the letter.

He knew one end of a machine gun from the other and knew that under conditions the thing was dangerous, but that was about the extent of his knowledge. But he kept under cover, managed somehow to get along with no noteworthy mistakes, and actually crossed the ocean with his company.

On a chill, rainy night in the end of October, he led his men out of their miserable train into cold billets in Neufchateau, and bestowed them. Next day General Edwards, riding down the street, beheld, to his utter astonishment, Lieutenant Drohan striding by.

"I thought," observed the general to his aide, "that I ordered that man discharged for physical disability, back in the States."

"I'm sure you did," said the aide.

"Well, he evidently got away from them somehow," said the general. "Ask the division surgeon to order him into hospital for examination and have him tell the hospital people to take the man's clothes away from him and put him to bed. He won't get away again. Better send him to Bazoilles."

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[1] Lieutenant Drohan was stricken by apoplexy May 30, 1919, in Boston

It was done, but Fate would not have it so. The division surgeon told his assistant to get out the order. The assistant, Major Fred C. Jones of Quincy, dictated it to the stenographer, one or the other made a mistake, and Lieutenant Drohan was ordered to hospital, not at Bazoilles among strangers, but at Reberval, right in his own regiment. Incidentally, that hospital had no orders to keep him prisoner.

Major Fred Bogan, formerly of the city hospital, looked the cripple over. "You're all right, Bill," said he, "or at least as right as you've been any time in the last ten years. Of course, you've got cirrhosis, hardening of the arteries, a bum heart, doubtful lungs, and not much of anything else inside of you. You ought by rights to be dead long ago, and —"

"Sh, sh, Fred!" begged Bill. "Somebody'll hear you. I can do my work, anything they set me to do. I'm as good as any of these young fellows; I could walk any of them off their feet right now, and I can lick most of them.

"What do these doctors care where I die? I'm over here; they can't save steamer fare on me. Nobody's depending on me. I'm not asking any favors because of physical defects. Why don't they let me stay?"

"I don't know," said the major. "Anyway, I've examined you, and I'll report that you are O.K."

Away went Bill. Once more the general glimpsed him on the street in Neufchateau.

"Can't I get rid of that man?" he demanded. But already the matter was out of his hands, for higher authority had heard of Bill, and a definite order was on its way.

General Edwards signified that he would like to see Lieutenant Drohan on a friendly, social basis, and Bill went to call.

The two men took tea together alone and then lighted cigars by the fire. Each delighted the other; General Edwards was immensely pleased with Bill's naïve philosophy and his unswerving loyalty and purpose. Lieutenant Drohan came away vowing that no finer gentleman existed in the American army, — which was true.

Lieutenant Drohan found means to present his plea; it did seem hard, he said, to get so near the front and go home without even seeing it. The general said he had not yet seen the order for Bill to go home and probably would not see it for days. He suggested that the lieutenant get from his own colonel the job of cleaning up the area after the regiment went to the front. That job finished, he would of course have to report back to the regiment, — and there he would be.

Next night, at the Lafayette Club in Neufchateau, the 101st gave a shave-tail dinner to the newly made second lieutenants who had just been promoted from sergeantcies. General Edwards came down, intending to stay twenty minutes and say a few words. He stayed two hours and a half and had a very happy evening.

In his speech, after the necessary felicitations to the new officers and the regiment, the general turned upon Bill, who sat halfway down the room. He told the whole story, praising the undaunted spirit of the man whom neither age nor physical disability nor formal orders could hold. And he ended with a toast to "Lieutenant Bill Drohan, the man with the most guts in the army!"

The officers took the roof nearly off at that, and Bill rose to reply. His eyes were full of tears, and he was more or less confused.

"Fellers — gentlemen — er, General Edwards," he began. And he told the boys straight out that they were serving under the finest gentleman he had ever known. "It's a voice from beyond the grave that is speaking to you," said he. "I'm dead, and the dead are supposed to be silent. When they do speak, what they say is worth listening to."

And then he forgot the regiment and the general and turned to the shave-tails. He reminded them that only yesterday they were enlisted men themselves and that the shoulder straps had not changed them from what they were; that the men they would now command, even to the door of death, were only what they themselves had been a few days back. He laid down frankly and openly the doctrine that the enlisted men were human beings and bade the boys never to forget that.

That doctrine was the spoken thesis of the principles which General Edwards and the colonels who knew their men lived. From the army point of view it was rank heresy. But on it was built the *esprit* of the Yankee Division. And it was only a short time afterwards that a soul was visibly born in the Division.

CHAPTER III

In the Training Area

The Yankee Division paid in many ways the penalty of being the first troops on the training area ground. Its primary purpose there, to train in the new methods of warfare which this great war had developed, had to be modified somewhat to include preparing the area for occupation in American fashion, and for the use of any possible following units.

Manure had to be cleaned out of the villages; a great part of this work, after more or less violent protest, was done by the peasants themselves. But in every village, every day, one could see a detail of Yankee soldiers doing this farm work.

The beautiful French roads went to pieces very fast under heavy truck traffic, and road-mending details formed a notable proportion of the labor troops which we had to furnish. Hospitals had to be built, and before we left the area, our engineers had begun the construction of the base hospital center which afterwards grew up at Bazoilles. Our men built telephone lines, put in electric-lighting plants, and wired up town after town. In a remarkably short time every unit had its telephone. As already told, some of our units were detached to aid in the organization of the Service of Supply — at that time called Service of the Rear — at Bordeaux and Dijon.

All this was by the side; the real work was the programme of training which had been laid down by General Headquarters. This programme provided three-week periods of training and ran until March 13. It prescribed, in great detail, the weekly work — thirty-six hours a week — to be done by all infantry and machine gun units. The work ran in progressive courses, from the school of the soldier up to maneuvers of brigade and division in open warfare. This was training against a possibility, for there was no open warfare at that time. The two forces in the field were entirely in trenches, and the lines had apparently reached a deadlock.

Accordingly, the most vital training of all was for trench warfare. Bayonet work suddenly leaped into more importance than we had ever understood; the new weapons, trench knives, hand grenades, rifle grenades, automatic rifles, 37-millimeter guns, all had to be mastered; and most of all, gas defence had to become second nature.

The First Corps opened a school for officers and non-commissioned officers on the hills outside Gondrecourt, away to the north. At the same time, the army schools were opened at Langres. Officers and non-coms, more than could really be spared, were rushed off to these schools to take courses in what might be called infantry specialties. The courses varied in length, naturally, and as fast as the officers and non-coms passed in their work, they returned to their own outfits to become instructors in this or that branch.

Field and staff officers were detailed to the army schools at Langres, or sent to the French or British front to learn in actual fighting conditions what they must later teach their men. British instructors set up a school of the bayonet at Bazoilles. General officers were taken to the various fronts to learn dispositions and conditions; the medical officers were detailed to hospitals actually in service on the various sectors.

The work in the area was done under the most difficult and trying conditions. Mere living was hard enough to achieve, and training, at first glimpse, seemed practically impossible. There was a great shortage of supplies of every sort; medical supplies, clothing, blankets, and shoes were all lacking. Whole platoons sometimes got into so bad condition, in the matter of shoes, that they could not go out in the mud to drill at all. There were practically neither tools, lumber, nor construction material; nor was there transportation to haul them if we had been able to find some.

We did receive at Reberval, in November, about four

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

Colonel Edward L. Logan, commander of the 101st Infantry.

FUNERAL OF OUR FIRST MEN KILLED IN ACTION; AT VAILLY, CHEMIN-DES-DAMES SECTOR, IN A SNOW STORM. FEBRUARY, 1918.

FATHER O'CONNOR AND REV. LYMAN ROLLINS READING THE BURIAL SERVICE.

hundred French draft horses, but the principal result was the establishment of a horse hospital there.

All these horses were in bad condition; many died of sheer emaciation. For a long time we could not even get brushes or curry combs for them. We became acquainted with mange and lost many animals from that disease. We could not even distribute these animals to the units which needed them so sorely, for the organizations had no wagons in which to haul forage for the horses.

For non-commissioned officers, schools in the evening were prescribed. But in most billets no lamps were available; if there were lamps, there was very little kerosene. The available stock of candles was quickly used up.

The daylight hours were so short that to reach their drill grounds men had to rise, breakfast, and start off on the march, usually in shoes still wet from yesterday's mud, before daylight. They carried luncheon, which too often consisted of cold corned beef, hard-tack, and the water in their canteens, — and they stayed out until darkness fell.

Merely to keep the mud out of billets was impossible. Sanitation ran down; colds increased. It spoke volumes for the good condition of the average American boy that the Division did not have more serious sickness. Pay was very slow in arriving, and little comforts like cigarettes and chocolate were for the time out of the question. Even the comfort of writing home was curtailed by the censorship rule against mentioning the place where the outfit was stationed.

Unit commanders had to face the problem of teaching their men the essentials of trench warfare without grenades, without any instruments of precision for the machine guns, without even trench knives, Very pistols — used for shooting up flare lights — or other signalling devices.

But these were the dark hours of the beginnings of things. In spite of continual bad weather, matters improved. The 162d French Infantry, commanded by Colonel Bertrand, lay to the north of us, with headquarters at Frebecourt. This regiment became instructors for our infantry. Detachments — usually commanded by lieutenants — worked with our men daily, teaching them the use of the Viven-Bessieres (usually called "VB's") and hand grenades, automatic rifles and machine guns. They showed them the various formations for attack or defence, for small units.

Sometimes the French sent us their motor trucks and hauled the pupils over to their towns. On other days, a model French platoon, company, or battalion would come over to our drill fields, to teach by demonstration or individual instruction.

A signal school was established, with specialists (French) for teachers. Our signalmen and liaison men were taught thoroughly the working in the field of telephones, radio, T P S (earth telegraph), the use of carrier pigeons, and telegraph.

Most impressive of all, actual entrenchments were dug on the plateau south of Neufchateau, towards Noncourt. A complete system of fire trenches, cover and communicating trenches, and support trenches, with wire entanglements, and a noble great "*abri*" for the command post was dug, all to absolute model. The work was done by successive details of engineers and infantry. It was all valuable practice, and as soon as the trench system was finished, it was put into use.

It represented a sub-sector held by one battalion. Every day a battalion went into the trenches for terrain exercises in attack and defence problems. Night attacks and defences, with realistic fire signals, followed. And presently, two battalions a day were working, under the keen criticism of their French teachers. One battalion would make the attack formations, while the other stood on defence.

Buglers, stationed at fifty-yard intervals on the line of the advance, represented the artillery barrage, and their mournful tooting of single notes stood for shells. As the line of raiders advanced, first one and then another bugler would fall silent; this of course, was the rolling barrage advancing to cover the infantry advance.

When the attack was finished, the officers would gather in a group, the French instructor — with an interpreter — would deliver his critique, and as likely as not the whole maneuver would be repeated. Sometimes at night, when there was snow on the ground, the scene became very beautiful; but there was always behind the beauty the consciousness that this was merely a rehearsal of what was soon to come in grim, deadly earnest.

In the meantime, friendships that have lasted through the war and that will not be lessened by distance had grown up between our men and their French instructors, — especially among the officers.

Just at this time, too, the French Mission of the Yankee Division was formed. It had its own headquarters, always in the Division Headquarters town, and it had members attached to each unit of the Twenty-sixth.

These officers made lifelong friends of their American associates. They were devoted, enthusiastic, tireless in giving practical assistance and advice. They took very seriously their responsibilities in making what they came to regard as "their" division the smartest and most effective of any under French training.

Generous in recognition of good qualities, equally generous in making allowances for American ways, they were nevertheless keen critics. Major de Boisrouvray, Captain Malick, Captain Wesphalen, Captain de St Croix, Captain Le Meitour — to name only those who were attached to the Division Headquarters and the infantry brigades — were remarkable examples of professional efficiency and teaching ability. It would be hard to find American officers of equal rank who would compare favorably with them. And there were attached to each regiment, also, officers of instruction and interpreters, whose work was invariably competent, whose personalities were always charming and admirable, and whose services were in daily demand and were always of the greatest value.

The Yankees had the sense to appreciate the French officers who formed their mission. And it was largely because the Division was capable of learning from them that their fine record was made. I had opportunity to see, later on, the results in the American forces which would not learn from the French.

Meanwhile, also, the work we did ungrudgingly and uncomplainingly — for though it is true that the Division later on became noted for its bitter complaints, at this time the boys were swallowing the hardships and the heavy labor with hardly a murmur — the work on other things than military training was having a fine result for us. From the engineer, sanitary, and quartermaster projects which the various units were required to take up, we were fast learning to take care of ourselves in unfamiliar and difficult surroundings.

From October to January there was always a large amount of construction work going on, even when we were very short of picks and shovels and had nothing but entrenching tools to work with.

We built barracks, hospitals, telephone lines, and target ranges. We had large daily details to handle quartermaster stores and property of all sorts. We cleaned, drained, and policed the muddy villages. We cut firewood in the wonderfully neat French forests and hauled it to billets, — and all this, be it understood, in the mere interstices of a difficult and busy training programme that never let up.

Improvement moved forward all along the line. As the boys cleaned up the villages and learned the elementary part of warfare, so did their bearing, discipline, and morale come up. And at the same time, more animals, more transport, more equipment, began to come in; the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. got in canteen supplies and comforts, and we even had a few days of fair weather. Some of our long-lost mail turned up, though vast quantities of it were lost, both during that first fall and through the year that followed. Incidentally, the best service we ever got was three weeks, in either direction.

Thanksgiving was a make-the-best-of-it feast. Christmas was much more cheerful, and some of the lucky ones even got parcels on time. Others, who must still be classed as lucky, received their Christmas parcels from home at intervals all through the next spring and summer. The unlucky ones didn't get them at all, or found that they had been opened and robbed en route.

In January, the State of Massachusetts sent to the 101st

Infantry a beautiful set of colors. The presentation was made in the square at Neufchateau with impressive ceremony. In that square, also, religious ceremonies were held. An altar brought by Father M. J. O'Connor, then the regimental chaplain of the 101st Infantry and afterwards division chaplain, was set up in a truck. The chaplain would say mass for the men, packed in solid formation before him, and then yield place to Reverend Lyman H. Rollins, the Protestant chaplain, who would preach the sermon.

In January, too, the changes in division and regimental staffs began to occur. From the 101st Infantry Lieutenant Colonel John Dunn, who had been with the command for many years, was sent home. Another to go was Major William J. Casey.

Colonel Isbell of the 102d and Colonel Hayes of the 104th were relieved of their commands about this time.

In the Division, Lieutenant Colonel Simonds, the division adjutant, was transferred to duty at General Headquarters; Colonel George H. Shelton, the division chief of staff, was given command of the 104th, and Colonel John H. Parker, famous as a propagandist of the machine gun, came to take the 102d Infantry.

Lieutenant Colonel Cassius M. Dowell, the division judge advocate, became chief of staff. Major L. W. Cass was made adjutant and was succeeded a short time later by Major Charles A. Stevens.

The training period came to an end suddenly some five weeks earlier than expected. We had some hint of this from the departure of the First Division for the trenches of the Toul sector. And in the first week in February, the Twenty-sixth was put into its trains and sent to Soissons. This was only the result of the policy of General Headquarters of supplementing the training of combatant divisions with experience in the line in a quiet sector.

Arrangements were entered into with the French authorities, and Division Headquarters issued its Field Order Number 1. Under this order the Division was placed under the tactical command of the 11th French Army Corps, "for training in trench warfare of all divisional elements in units smaller than a brigade, during a period of about thirty days."

The 162d French regiment, our instructors, went away just before the Division. Its departure was made a considerable ceremony, a battalion of the 101st Infantry escorting it, with music, to the end of the village. There Colonel Bertrand dismounted and embraced Colonel Logan, who was reviewing the departing regiment. Tears were frankly running down the French fighter's face, and more than one American was distinctly moved.

There had been a dinner the night before, when the French and American officers tore off their marks of rank and their decorations, and exchanged them. Colonel Logan received from Colonel Bertrand a trench cane, appropriately inscribed, and presented to the French officer — who is well known as a warrior in his own army — a beautiful silk American flag.

Three months later, the 162d was destined to be our neighbor in the front line, in the Toul sector, and Colonel Bertrand was to show us some of his quality.

During the training period, we had a narrow escape from losing General Edwards. Attacked by a severe cold and laryngitis, he fought against going to hospital until pneumonia had developed, and it was a near thing to being too late. He was desperately sick for a time, but was back at his desk again and driving round the units in training before the middle of January.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE LINE AT LAST

THE weather cleared as the Division went forward to its first taste of German fire. The long trains, made up French fashion with fifty cars — one coach of ancient vintage for officers, some dozen or so flat cars for wagons and equipment, and the rest of the train slatted cattle cars for the men — loaded at the several towns in the area and pulled away into the sunset, day by day.

The commanding officers, for the most part, went up in their automobiles, which were easier to have and to hold then than in the later and more strenuous days. They traveled westward along the line, by Chalons, Epernay, and Château-Thierry, and then up the road they were to fight across in the summer, to Soissons. Chalons, except for an occasional bombing, was hardly touched; Epernay had been worse bombed, but was still recognizable as a going town. When we saw them next, they were badly wrecked, and on the bare edge of being taken.

It was astonishingly mild; we picked violets, and even daisies and a few poppies, though it was the first of February.

Soissons had recently been in German hands, and on garden walls and street corners their signs still directed "*nach den Bruecke*." The noble cathedral was a total wreck, and no street was without a ruined building. Two or three hotels were open, however, and there were plenty of shops doing business though they had very small stocks.

The sector in which the Yankee Division was to undergo its second phase of training had been, very shortly before, one of the most violent on the western front. It was the scene of Nivelle's offensive, which was followed by violent unsuccessful counter-attacks by the Germans, right through the spring of 1917. When the Yankees arrived, it was quiet, but with no guarantee for future good behavior.

The plan of the High Command was to put the Division in, mixed with the French, platoon by platoon. As soon as the Yankees showed that they could be trusted, they would be given the line company by company, — first a French, then an American company. Later still, they would hold the line battalion by battalion, and if all went well, before they left the sector it would be American from end to end.

The sector has been described many times. North of the valley of the Aisne the hills rose in a very irregular line, indented by deep, wide valleys. At the valley level little towns had been scattered along; at their tops lay the long plateau of the Chemin-des-Dames, which ran from west to east. And on the far side the hills broke down again, with the same curious limestone valleys, into the flat lands of the Ailette River.

On the crown lay what was left of the famous fort of Malmaison. Here and there along the edge were the wonderful French quarries. They were not great open pits, like our quarries at home. They were more like elaborate mines, with broad tunnels. In almost any one of them a battalion could be comfortably housed; in one or two of the largest there was room for a regiment or more. They bore names like Montparnasse, the Panthéon, Montmirail, or Carrière du Sourd. They were all lighted by electricity; some had their own water supply; all were fitted up with floored and ceiled rooms.

General de Maud'huy, a famous French fighter, was in command here, and the Americans passed into his control. This was for two reasons; it would never answer to have green hands left alone to face the tricks of foxy Fritz, and second, the Americans needed instruction which they could get in no other way.

The Americans needed equipment, too, and the French furnished it. They did everything for us; when some of our rolling kitchens failed to turn up, they fed our men, and they waited on us in every way. Their officers were courteous as only French officers can be, patient with our mistakes, — and if they were amused by some of our ways, they concealed it from us.

The Yankees rolled out of their trains, got their wagons on the road, and swung out through Soissons, singing. The boys were all excited; at last they were at the front, and the visible signs were all about them.

In the villages they passed every house was a ruin. Every wood was a dump for ammunition or barbed wire or endless miles of narrow-gauge railroad track, the lengths neatly corded up like so much lumber. Every road was one long procession of army transport of every sort, with the French staff cars whizzing in and out of the columns. On the roadsides were machine gun pill-boxes; trenches led off here and there, and piled stone barricades completed the assurance that not so very long ago there had been close-up fighting on this very ground.

The boys did not go very far from their trains, unless they happened to be in trains that arrived at the drop of dusk. In such cases, they marched all night.

Under cover of dark they were guided to the lee side of the range of hills, where they dropped into quarries, or billeted in ruins, or even — in some cases — changed from columns of squads to columns of files, and with a guide ahead, trudged through kilometers of trenches, emerged on hillsides where the line wound in and out, following the ridges between shell holes; saw their first real flares hang white on the dark skies, and came finally into the "strong points" which took the place of trenches in that sector.

Strong points might be the remnants of a wood, or a set of shell holes connected up rudely by an imitation of a trench, or a shelter made naturally by rocks; any place that could be held by a few men against a larger attacking party was seized on as a strong point.

Company headquarters — or "*postes de commandement*", as we learned to call them — were likely to be dugouts, and in the most unexpected places. You jumped a trench — for the slope of the hill towards the enemy was naturally a network of trenches, used or abandoned — you followed along the edge of the next one, and at its intersection, you dropped down into it. Fifty feet away the trench gave a casual wiggle, and in the elbow, carefully hidden, you found a narrow opening. Down the timbered stair twenty feet you came upon a fairly serviceable kitchen, whose smoke pipe led far away before coming to the surface.

Another stair, going still deeper, led to the captain's office, which might have a stove and surely had two bunks at least. There would be a passage leading to a second exit, and that passage would always be the sleeping place of soldiers. In some places there were bunks for two or three squads along the sides.

These posts were at the foot of the hills, towards the Boche. Battalion headquarters were likely to be in the quarries at the hill tops, and regimental in the valleys at the back slope of the hills. This was not always true; some of the regimental headquarters were on the front of the hills, and some in valleys opening towards the north.

Colonel Logan's headquarters were in a valley which ran right up to the plateau, in the northwest part of the town of Vailly. Colonel Parker's were in one of the quarries, right on top of the hills. Colonel Hume's were in a quarry on the outer edge, and Colonel Shelton's in the side of a valley which was perfectly open to the Boche artillery.

General Traub's brigade headquarters were pleasantly situated, with a fine view towards the rear, under camouflage, on the rear slope of the hills. General Cole had a little barrack standing right out in the air on the hilltop, near what was left of Juvigny. It was so unprotected that during their spare time — which was plenty because the general immediately went to work to travel through every foot of trench and visit every strong point in his sector, and so was much away from headquarters — his orderlies began to construct a shelter, an *abri*, for him near by. With immense labor they found and tugged up by hand flat slabs of stone with which to roof over thickly a hole they dug in the ground.

The general found what they were doing on his return from one of his journeys. He immediately ordered them to stop building an *abri*, and to turn it into a stone walk from the barrack to the road! Safety for himself alone, when all the rest of his headquarters personnel must still be unprotected was of less importance than getting from motor to barrack without getting muddy. The nearest shelter was three hundred yards away, and not too good at that. Luckily, it never was needed during the stay on the Chemin-des-Dames.

The artillery regiments were headquartered like the infantry; Colonel Sherburne in particular drew a headquarters in a little circular corner of one of the valleys, which had been built and used by the Germans. It was most elaborate, and even had a tiled underground bathroom. There was no bath in it.

Division Headquarters was still farther back, at Couvrelles. This little town is on the far side of the valley of the Aisne. It consists of one street and a chateau, a beautiful, grand house which had been occupied by the Germans, but not damaged. Behind it lay a carp pond with two swans in it. A gardener had been left as caretaker, and he was going right along raising vegetables and flowers.

The far end of the garden held a barracks for the junior officers, and three more housed the messes and the headquarters offices, — for it was at this time we changed the system to conform to the French.

Adjutant, chief of staff, judge advocate, surgeon, quartermaster, inspector, sanitary inspector, ordnance officer, chaplain, with their assistants, were all kept, and to them were added a machine gun officer, a gas officer, an athletic officer, a signal officer, and the heads of the bureaux.

These bureaux were known to the French as the first, second, or third bureau. In the American army they were known as G–1, G–2, and G–3. Incidentally, there were at General Headquarters a G–4 and G–5, but these bureaux did not function in a division.

G–1 took over all business that would be called administration. G–2 was Intelligence and G–3 Operations. They all worked together, of course; Intelligence furnished material for Operations, and Administration kept the whole machine moving inside the division. It seemed to be a practical way of doing the work, and so long as the work was wisely assigned this was the best plan that could be devised. There came the moment, however, when it was discovered that there was some confusion as to what should go to the adjutant, what to the chief of staff, and what to one of the bureaux.

There was something very impressive in the way the Yankees went into sector. They were so excited, so interested, so happy over it, — and so utterly unconcerned about the danger. If a plane buzzed overhead, every man gazed as long as it could be seen. At each distant explosion of gun or shell, the whole column remarked "Powie! There's one!" And they searched the horizon for the smoke puff.

The 101st Infantry was the first unit of the foot soldiers on the ground. It moved by battalions, only one battalion taking the forward position. The rest went into so-called rest billets.

The men carried the full packs, which weighed anywhere from seventy to ninety pounds. They had a ten-mile march to make, practically all of it after dark. But their winter's training told, and they were in fine condition. They took it singing. The roads were muddy with a cream-colored paste, thick over broken stone — hard marching.

The guns were speaking, always nearer and nearer, but lazily, as if merely to give notice that they were there. At this or that wood, this or that village, companies would be swung out to go into camp or billet. The selected battalions for the first tour in the front lines kept on and turned from good roads to bad ones, from a wide valley to the hillsides, from road to field, from field to trench, from trench to quarry.

Here all but one company in each battalion fell out and found beds in the strangest quarters any American command ever saw.

Some went into the quarries, where the French had lined the walls with crude bunks built of raw lumber and bottomed with chicken wire. Other platoons halted in ruined towns, and lived in basements and in the still standing lower floors of ruined houses. Some had to put up pup tents in open fields. Others found deep shelters dug into hillsides. One battalion camped in woods, on the rear side of the Aisne, and another deep in the woods of the bottom lands, near the big ammunition dump.

The one chosen company went forward again, through pitch darkness, split up into small groups, to make the relief in the front line itself.

This was the hardest part of the trip, — from quarry to trench. The entire ground was churned by shell fire; the holes — each anywhere from the size of a barrel to the size of a cellar — impinged on each other, and the footpath wound its way on the ridges between.

Absolute silence was enjoined. No smoking was allowed. A sinister silence lay below in the foggy flat. Here and there flares soared up, blossomed, and hung in the night.

It was so dark that the man in front, at not more than arm's length, could not be seen. It was dangerous to follow by sound, for the path twisted so that the man you heard cough was probably on the other side of a shell hole.

It seemed all confusion to the green men, yet a formal and carefully planned occupation was made. Machine guns were posted in craftily chosen spots, with their limits of swing rigidly fixed. The group of shell holes were really strong points.

There had been no interference with the movement. Far up the line there were occasional rattles of machine gun fire, and some of the boys got excited at once. But the guides explained that that was a matter of routine; somebody somewhere thought he had seen something and had let go at it, that was all.

It was also explained to the boys that they must husband water and food. The whole face of the hill being under plain view and within easy range of the Boche, no ration parties nor water carriers could come down after daylight broke.

This was true of parties, but single men could cross up or down in that visible zone without drawing a shot, — sometimes.

Half of each platoon was told to lie down and sleep if it could, the rest standing watch for two hours. Then the watch was changed.

As eyes grew wonted to the night, the men began to see things, — some of which weren't there. Out in front was a tangle of dark which they recognized as wire. Beyond was open, shell-pitted ground, with a dark background of woods. Patrols of Germans and patrols of French were in those woods; it was the true No Man's Land. But nobody tried to come over. It was a quiet night.

Hot coffee and breakfast of a sort came down from the reserve lines just before daylight. When the light was fairly strong the guards were reduced to a few men, and all hands were told to get some rest. Some of the boys couldn't sleep, but most of them, worn out with their twenty-four hours' steady work, drifted off into slumber as if they were back in the United States instead of in the front battle line of the Great War.

In this fashion the first company of the first regiment of the first National Guard division to get into the battle line took up its position. The experience of all the companies was practically identical.

Next morning, from every billet, from every headquarters, from every reserve post that was not actually down in the valley, the boys swarmed up on to the plateau to have a look around.

The French were first amused, and then alarmed, by the inordinate curiosity of the Yankees. The fields on the hilltops were crisscrossed with old trenches and littered with all sorts of German relics. Hasty orders were immediately sent out against touching any of these relics, especially shells that seemed to be unexploded. The German trick of baiting explosive traps with attractive souvenirs was explained, and the extreme whimsicality of duds, — as unexploded shells are called.

The soldiers were very obedient, but very ingenious. I found one of them coiling up a length of old field telephone wire, — about a hundred feet of it. He made a noose in one

At a French Decoration Ceremony.

Left to right: Col. de Gouvello's horse, Brigadier General Traub, Chaplain O'Connor, General Edwards, Col. Dowell, Capt. Wolcott, Major Wade, French liaison officer, Capt. Nat Simpkins.

A Group of Chaplains.

Left to right: Rev. H. Boyd Edwards, 101st Engineers; Father John B. de Valles, 104th Infantry; Father Michael J. O'Connor, Division Hq.; Rev. Allen Evans, Jr., 104th Infantry; Rev. Charles K. Imbrie, 104th Infantry.

Chaplain M. J. O'Connor, senior chaplain and later division chaplain.

Inside the ruins of Fort Malmaison, on the Chemin-des-Dames.

end, dropped it round a helmet which he wanted, unrolled his line, and pulled from the other end. When the helmet came along with no disastrous results he went back and picked it up, utterly charmed because it had a bullet hole in it and stains inside that might have been Boche blood.

At ten in the morning the regular work of the artillery began. The Germans fired slowly on rear positions and suspected battery emplacements, regulating their range by observations from balloons and planes. The Americans, under French tutelage, began the same work. And they began learning the routine of a defensive sector, the getting ready by day to dig trenches and put up wire at night, the planning of exploring patrols and possible *coups de main*, the bridging of the canal which ran alongside the Ailette in front of part of our sector, the endless reporting, the relief of the front lines at the end of four days.

Our first unit to get into position was a battery of the 101st Field Artillery. Battery A it was, and the Yankee Division's first shot at the Germans was fired by its Number One piece at 3:45 P.M., February 5. The first infantry in line was the 101st on the night of February 7–8.

The engineer regiment was split up into fragments as small as platoons, each of which was sent forward with an infantry unit. There was endless work for them, then, in the next sector and all the time. The engineers got so much digging, so much building, so much concrete mixing, wire stringing, wire blowing, mine laying, to do that when they were impressed as infantry and sent forward with rifles, they whooped with the joy of it. They had the most cheerful, the hardest worked, and one of the cleanest units in the whole division, and some of their performances were almost incredible.

On the day when the last of the Division units arrived, there came up from Neufchateau a party of newspaper correspondents — accredited correspondents who lived at press headquarters and had automobiles. General de Maud'huy received them in the railroad station at Soissons and made a little speech. He said some very pleasant things about the American Division which had just been placed in his corps; he promised to receive the Yankees not as guests but as brothers. He said he already regarded them as thoroughbreds, eager to gallop where his own poilus were content to trot and to conserve their energies. He promised to show our men the habits and wiles of the wild beasts the Allies were hunting, before turning the Americans loose to go it alone.

The railhead for our supplies was now at Soissons, the ammunition park just outside the city. There were supplementary parks for ammunition all through the Aisne valley; one of the biggest was just across the road from a big French base hospital. This always struck me as being a peculiar arrangement, because if aviators tried to bomb the dump they were likely to hit the hospital. It never was hit while we were there, as it happened.

Our artillery had come up from Coetquidan in a hurry. It was first ordered to go into the training area with the rest of the division and had even sent a billeting party ahead to prepare for its arrival. But the artillery never got there; it came straight through to the Chemin-des-Dames. This partly explains its early arrival, ahead of the infantry.

The ammunition train, which had also trained in Brittany, placed itself under French command just outside the city and got some wagons and some trucks. For a long time, however, the artillery had to send its caissons back every afternoon to the nearest dump for its shells.

On our third night in the line came the first casualty in the Division. We had had, in the training area, two "gun accidents" and one peculiarly distressing bayonet accident, all three of them fatal.

The bayonet accident came about in this way. General Cole, Lieutenant Francis Logan, and some other officers were inspecting units at work, and came upon a bayonet squad at drill under the direction of a sergeant who had just come back from a British bayonet school. To demonstrate, the sergeant called a man from the ranks and told him to lunge. The sergeant's intention was to show how an unarmed man would go about to beat a man with a bayonet; he intended to knock it aside with his wrist, wrench the rifle away from the attacker, and disable him with a kick.

The man lunged so suddenly, at the order, that the sergeant never got into position. And contrary to custom, the bayonet was naked. It penetrated the non-com's abdomen and his liver; he died before the general's automobile could get him to hospital.

The first front-line casualty came from an American, not a German bullet. It was due to American enterprise, American lack of caution, lack of discipline and over-confidence.

Robert Bayard of Winthrop, a boy in the 101st Infantry, was in an outpost, a shell hole some thirty yards behind the wire. It was very dark, and the boys had been told that the Boche patrols were out, working in No Man's Land.

The men in the outpost thought they heard something moving. Strict orders had been given as to what to do in such a case, but young Bayard for some reason left the shell hole. He probably was eager to get the first Boche.

He crawled out to the wire and disappeared in the gloom of No Man's Land. The men of his squad waited anxiously, peering into the darkness, but he never came back.

The boy apparently lost his sense of direction, for he came back towards another point in the line, a point where a machine gun was posted. Challenged, he did not reply. After a second challenge the machine gun fired, and a bullet struck Bayard in the thigh. The Americans crawled out to him and brought him in. They put a tourniquet on, but the boy bled to death.

Two days later he was buried in a little French cemetery below the village of Vailly. Close by a gray observation balloon was huddled down in its nest; above, the hillside was dotted with the openings of hundreds of deep burrows. The cemetery, enclosed by barbed-wire fences, stands close by a wrecked house which bears German signboards.

The cemetery was of bare brown earth, the graves close ranked. Almost every one bore the huge, beaded wreaths the French use, and on some were elaborate portraits of the soldier who lay below. At the far end two whole rows of graves had been dug and left open; these were for the use of the Americans.

It was a sunny, cold morning. Overhead passed a squadrille of planes, heading for the Boche lines. Outside the fence a group of French soldiers watched the little ceremony at a respectful distance. Colonel Logan and the French colonel stole time from the activity of commanding officers in a front line to come down. Father O'Connor and Parson Rollins, Catholic and Protestant, read the service by alternate paragraphs.

An armed escort was sent by the boy's company, but there were no blank cartridges with which to fire a parting salute. there was not even a coffin; the soldier was buried in his blanket. A bottle containing his name and the date of his death was buried with him, and a duplicate was placed on top of his grave. This is always done, if possible, but there is a sad number of French graves marked "*Inconnu*"—unknown.

The first officer killed in the Division was Lieutenant Harold Edie of the 103d Infantry. He was buried in Soissons, but Lieutenant John Flenniken of the 101st and seven more were later placed in the little plot of sacred ground at Vailly.

Later on the German offensive flowed over this ground. I have often wondered whether they respected our graves.

About this time we began to get the French daily intelligence reports and to make our own in imitation of their system. These reports covered all enemy activity, counted up the number of shells that arrived, and gave, so far as possible, their caliber, told of what work and what movement had been going on among the Boches, — besides giving our own activities in less detail.

The reports were compiled from telephone and written reports of all sorts. The best sources were of course the balloon observers, who sat high up over our lines in their cold gray sausages, their glasses forever busy.

If artillery began range-finding, they telephoned down from their baskets the result of each shot; if enemy artillery began to send over some visiting cards, they tried to see whence the shells came and especially to discover new battery positions.

Our men quickly became expert at this work and won quick praise from our French instructors. These young observers all craved the chance to make parachute jumps, which are occasional unpleasant necessities of the observation balloon game.

One of them, young Lieutenant Charley Ferber of the 101st Field Artillery was ordered away to a school at Gondrecourt to learn to do what he was already doing very successfully. He protested and showed his record in vain; orders were orders, and he had to go. He stayed only ten days at Gondrecourt; then he convinced the instructors there that he was already thoroughly instructed and was allowed to come back. I saw him on his way back — via Paris — and he was complaining bitterly of his luck. During his absence his balloon had been shot down by the incendiary bullets of a German aviator, and the two observers had had to jump. He had missed it.

Perhaps the parachute jumping is not entirely understood here at home. I learned the detail later by personal experience, — all but the jumping.

When one prepares for a trip up in a sausage, he is first clothed in a fur-lined Teddy-bear suit, and then buckled into a harness of webbing. There is a belt round the waist and another surcingle effect round the chest; stitched inside of these are two stout straps of webbing that run over the shoulders, and pass downward, inside the belt, back and front, and finally come together between the legs and are drawn tight against the body.

In the middle of the back is a stout ring. On the outside of the balloon basket, small end down, is a cone-shaped bag of painted canvas. In the bag is stowed scientifically a white silk parachute, arranged so that it will not fall out, but will pull out. The line from the parachute is led out below and round to the side of the basket. When the observer gets in, an attendant snaps a hook into the ring on his back. Then, as the instructor says, "all you have got to do is to drop." When you have reached the end of the line the assumption is that your weight will pull the parachute out of the bag, the rush of air will cause it to open, and you will float earthward in safety.

The peculiarity of the situation lies in the fact that the observer is so close up under his balloon that he usually does not see the Boche who attacks him. The plane comes down on a sharp dive.

The first the observer knows about it is usually when a watcher on the ground, stationed there for the purpose, telephones up to him "Jump!" After that, he has just seven seconds in which to climb over the side, see that his line runs clear, hang by his hands and let go, before the balloon bursts into flame. And this is the merry sport which the young observer was so anxious not to miss.

It was because Ferber was so grieved about it that I felt sure the story told of him is not true. It was said that on the day he was due to go away to Gondrecourt he made one final ascension. He stayed up so long that train-time got uncomfortably close; in fact, with his powerful glass he could see the train while it was still many miles away. To come down in ordinary fashion, to be wound down by a winch, meant missing the train, so Ferber jumped. On the ground he got a side-car motorcycle, ran into Soissons, and caught the train.

Ferber had the balloon at Vailly, and the Germans went after it one way or another every day. If it was fine weather there was usually a plane or two pestering round. They were almost always seen in time so that the sausage could be hauled down by its winch. This winch, operated by a gasoline engine, was mounted on a heavy and powerful truck. When Fritz changed his tactics and tried bursting long-range shrapnel shells at the sausage, the truck simply moved off five hundred yards or so. Then the next shell would burst where the balloon had been.

One of the first things impressed upon our officers was the extreme need for secrecy. The Germans were credited with most uncanny cleverness in getting information. One story, which is told of every unit in every sector, was that the day after we got into sector, a board was displayed on the top of the German trench, bearing the legend "Welcome 26th Division." I couldn't find the man who had seen it.

Many stories as hard to trace were told. One favorite tale was of the explosive German trap; sometimes the bait was a picture on the wall, or a helmet on the table, which on being moved set off a mine and blew everybody present to small bits. Under such circumstances I was always left wondering who told about it.

Ten days before we went to the Chemin-des-Dames, everybody knew of the plan to go. Most people had the destination wrong, however.

I was called to the office of the censor at night and told the date and destination. I was also pledged to secrecy. As I came out into the dark street, a soldier said "Hist" and offered me a news tip. He told me when we were going — correctly, and where — about one hundred and fifty miles out of the way. And in the next four days I was given the information, always with adjurations to secrecy, at least thirty times, and fifteen times correctly.

The Germans certainly made some remarkable demonstrations of a good deal of knowledge. Before we went up, Brigadier General Peter E. Traub made a reconnoissance visit to the French general commanding in the sector. He took along with him Captain Oliver Wolcott and two colonels.

Just as the visit ended, the French general was showing General Traub a map, holding it by the window for better light. The two colonels had just stepped outside, and Captain Wolcott was in a telephone post across the road. Just then, powie! A bomb dropped from an avion passing overhead exploded in the road, wounding the two colonels, blowing in the door of the telephone post on Captain Wolcott, showering window glass all over General Traub, and killing the French general's cook.

This might have been thought merely a coincidence. But soon after the Division took the line, a similar case occurred. General Edwards, not yet wonted to all the tricks, telephoned to a French general that he was coming to call, naming the hour. He was on time, and so was a lively shower of shells from the Boche. It was not usual for the Boche to shell a general's headquarters.

At any rate, the need for care in telephoning was impressed on us. A code was at once arranged for telephone use. The assumption was that the Germans listened in on our lines by using induction lines alongside, and the new order said, "It is safe to assume that all telephone conversations within a thousand yards of the front line will be heard by the enemy."

It was forbidden to speak into a 'phone the names of organizations or references to locations. From regimental headquarters forward the telephone could be used only for tactical purposes; administrative messages had to be sent in some other way. Cipher was used for all messages concerning movements or operations, except in attack, when secrecy gave way to urgency.

The first code was composed of Indian names; thus Division Headquarters or General Edwards was known in the telephone as Powhatan, General Traub as Sitting Bull and General Cole as Black Hawk. The 101st Infantry was Iroquois, the 102d Huron, the 103d Apache, and the 104th Comanche. The artillery regiments were Cheyenne, Mohawk, and Seminole; the machine gun battalions Crow, Yaqui, and Creole, and the trench mortar battery rejoiced in the title of Walla Walla. The engineers were Pawnee and signalmen Hiawatha.

Later, in another sector, a bird code came into use, when we had Kingfisher, Gray Eagle, Black Hawk, and Blue Jay. Later still all our names began with J; there were January, Jewel, Jamaica, and Johnson.

As soon as routine of front-line life was fairly understood, the Yankees began to go out in small parties with the French, on night patrols and working parties in No Man's Land. Some of these expeditions were merely to investigate recent construction work Fritz had been building. Others were to put up new wire on our side of the canal, or to try to throw new bridges — little light ones called *passerelles* were mostly used — across the canal.

The first prisoners lost were from the 102d Infantry. One of their working parties was surprised, and two men were gobbled up.

The first real raid was when we had been in a week. In the course of it, the first Croix de Guerre to be given to the American soldier were won by New Englanders. We took our first prisoner in that same raid, and so far as I know he was the first prisoner taken by American troops.

Lieutenant James W. Brown — now Major Brown, adjutant of the 51st brigade — and Sergeant John W. Letzing, both of the 104th Infantry, were the first men of the Division to win the coveted French decoration. At the time, Americans were not allowed to receive decorations from foreign powers, but the bill to permit this was already in Congress, and General Pershing's office gave consent for the men to take the cross.

Jimmy Brown was a Vermont boy, but he came to live in a suburb of Boston. Letzing came from Roxbury. The 104th Infantry was on the left end of our sector, with headquarters along the side of the valley of Vauxaillon. Out in the flat land facing them were the Quincy Wood and Quincy Basse, a little heap of pulverized ruins.

On St. Valentine's Day the order came for a little patrol to go out that night, with a party of the French. Volunteers were called for, and the whole company responded. This, by the way, was almost always the case. Twenty were chosen; Lieutenant Brown was given command, and the party was joined to twenty French soldiers under a lieutenant who was in command of the whole patrol.

The mission was to explore the new construction work that the Boche had been doing, and the men were forbidden to cross his wire. The party went out in a definite, carefully planned formation, the lessons learned at Neufchateau now counting for full value.

They went slowly, carefully across the back flat, feeling their way through the dark, stopping when they thought they heard noises. But they got right up to the German wire without meeting anybody.

The mission accomplished, the patrol turned back. Halfway home there was a sudden halt; the leaders had seen figures on the skyline between them and their own lines. It could not be friends, for nobody would be sent out when the patrol was out.

"Lie down!" said the lieutenant. He watched for a moment until sure that what he saw were really Germans, and then opened fire, — though firing towards his own front line.

At the first shot the Boches disappeared. Then they began to fire, and everybody shot at the flashes. Most of the Americans had pistols, and they got in two or three shots to every one from the Boches. They moved up all the time, too, to get into hand-to-hand fighting.

The French, firing with rifles, moved up also, and presently the two parties were so close together that the men didn't even dare to use grenades for fear of hitting their friends. There was a lot of confusion, and the shots were popping on all sides; the formation was broken up, and it was largely a matter of single-handed fighting.

Sergeant Letzing was out on one end of the American party, with a French soldier. He saw a German make a break for it and went after him in the dark, alone. When he caught up with the Boche he tackled him hard, kicked his rifle away from him, punched him once or twice for luck, and told him — Letzing speaks German — to stick up his hands and be good.

Meanwhile the main party was going on. It lasted for about half an hour. The German rifle flashes suddenly ceased, however, and the Franco-American party moved cautiously forward, watching for ambuscades. There was nothing, but as they came to the ground the Germans had occupied, they found one wounded German. They took him along and in a few minutes were back in their own lines. They took the prisoner to company headquarters, but he was too badly wounded to talk, and in a few moments he died. His identity plaque showed that his name was Joseph Lentz.

There was a good deal of excitement in the strong point over the success of the first American patrol, but presently the roll was called, and Sergeant Letzing and eight other men were missing. Daylight was coming fast, and to be caught out in No Man's Land in daylight meant death.

Without a second's hesitation Lieutenant Brown crawled out through the wire again to look for his missing men. He was seen almost immediately, and the German machine guns began to chatter hotly, to right and left. But the American kept on; he scrambled from shell hole to shell hole, and by good luck was not hit.

He got out to the ground where the fight had taken place. There were German relics enough to load a mule; rifles and equipment had been abandoned all over the place. But there was no sergeant, and there were no men.

Lieutenant Brown looked back and just happened to see a small bunch of men crawling into the American lines. He judged rightly that Letzing had found his own way home.

As a matter of fact the sergeant had lost his way in the dark, during his scuffle with the German. He told the Boche when the latter surrendered that he would trust him to be good, but that at the first sign of getting gay or of an attempt at a rescue, bang would go his brains.

Just then a flare went up and showed Letzing that he was heading for Germany. It also showed him several Americans close by. As soon as the flare went out, Letzing got the group together, all of them lost, — eight men. He was now so thoroughly turned round that he decided to take the chance of waiting for light before trying to crawl in. And in the first glimmer, back he came, party, prisoner and all.

The prisoner was a slight boy, so youthful that when Letzing — who was given the honor of taking him in to headquarters — posed beside him for the army's official photographer, Lieutenant Edwin H. Cooper, he asked the photographer if he couldn't put the prisoner nearer the camera, to make him look bigger, more ferocious, and harder to take.

Sergeant Letzing and Lieutenant Brown were decorated next day with the Croix de Guerre by General de Maud'huy, and were the first men of the 26th Division to win that decoration.

The Croix de Guerre is a bronze Maltese cross, suspended from a red and green striped ribbon. You see it on hundreds of French soldiers, but this does not mean that the cross is easily won. It means rather that the Frenchman is a warm proposition when he gets under way in the general direction of a Fritz.

The citations of the two men can be translated as follows:

"James W. Brown, lieutenant of the 104th Infantry, U.S.A. In the course of a reconnoissance made in conjunction with the 19th Regiment of French Infantry, February 15, 1918, pulled off a night fight with a German patrol and distinguished himself by his coolness, his energy and his daring."

"John L. Letzing, sergeant of the 104th Infantry, U.S.A. In the course of a reconnoissance made in conjunction with the 19th Regiment of French Infantry, February 15, 1918, distinguished himself by his bravery and contributed to the capture of German prisoners."

CHAPTER V

Raids and Attacks

At this time there were nightly patrols by both sides, not the big organized parties with definite missions, box barrages laid down around enemy positions, and big results, but literally patrols. Parties of eight or ten men would make a swing out through No Man's Land, and if they met nobody would simply come home again. These little trips were full of exciting incident but didn't count in the general story. They came to be routine.

Four days after the patrol in which Lieutenant Brown and Sergeant Letzing won their decorations, Fritz sent over another real party on this same 104th Infantry. Every evening the German artillery had been making a concentration of fire on our front lines, but on this particular night the shelling preceded a party.

All through the evening — there was a young moon, and the evening was frosty — the artillery pounded on the front of the 104th. About ten o'clock, the fire became very violent and stayed so for thirty minutes. Then it stopped, and our men were told to watch closely, as that probably meant an attack was coming. Sure enough, the Boche was walking up right behind his creeping barrage.

By this time, the French and American artillery were plumping shells into No Man's Land on that particular section of the front. Then was displayed first that wonder which never ceased while the war lasted, — how men could pass alive through a zone of shell fire thickly falling. Over and over again the wonderful inefficiency of shell fire has amazed the observers; over and over again we have seen men walk right into the hell of flying metal and go through unscathed.

In this attack of the Germans on February 19, a fairly large body was seen in the tender moonlight, coming along well scattered. The advance was met by rifle fire and machine gun fire; accuracy was difficult to get in the gloom, but eventually the attack hesitated and stopped. Here and there a lone figure would emerge from the woods, only to drop. Very soon, it seemed, the whole thing was over.

As soon as it seemed to be definitely finished for the night, patrols were sent out by the French and the Americans. On the ground where the Boches had come out of the woods only two men were found; one was dead and the other so badly wounded that he could answer only a few questions before he died. There was token that other Germans had been hit, but as we came to know later, the Boche was always most scrupulous in trying to conceal his losses by carrying off his dead and wounded.

Only one man on our side was wounded; an American soldier got a mere graze.

It happened that the attack came on the very first night that particular company was in the line. The French were enthusiastic over the behavior and especially over the shooting of the American soldier. Their officers gave us to understand that the French had not always succeeded in breaking up attacks at such long range, and formal compliments for division and brigade came flying over from General de Maud'huy's headquarters next morning.

During the early part of the stay on the Chemin-des-Dames the 103d Infantry, whose headquarters valley overlooked the powdered brick-heap that had been the town of Pinon, was not interfered with at all. The Germans kept pouring in gas on the 102d, which had the hardest luck of all at first.

Some of their men, badly but not fatally burned by the mustard gas, were taken to the hospital near Division Headquarters. I went through the hospital, watching the treatment and the recoveries. Immediately on arriving, the patients who had been gassed were stripped and bathed — under showers if they could stand — put into fresh nightshirts or pajamas and put to bed. After that, the treatment

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

Brigadier General John H. Sherburne, commander of the 51st Artillery Brigade.

The Château at Boucq. Our division headquarters in the Toul sector, was like the ordinary treatment for burns, with of course a great deal of special bathing and greasing for eyes.

One boy's case was so typical that it is worth repeating. He had been sprinkled liberally with shrapnel; he had lost a finger, been wounded in the scalp and in the thigh, and the gas burns were all over his body. He opened his eyes for the first time five days after he came in.

"How did it happen?" I asked him.

"I got hit by the shrapnel first," he said, "and I had my mask on. But the fellow who came up to help me, and who put a bandage on my hand, didn't have his mask on. He said the gas was gone, and it was safe to take mine off. So I did."

That was all he had to tell. It explained his face burns, but what he had gone through — the piling in of the quiet, deadly gas shells, the whirl of machine gun fire, the mixing in of the shrapnel bursts — that didn't seem to occur to the boy as being apposite or interesting.

The Yankees had now made good on an offensive raid and had taken care of themselves when cut off. They had stood an enemy raid of determined force. The natural confidence of the American young soldier was augmented.

"Nothing to it," they said. "If this is all it's like, we can go to Berlin."

The French were amazed and delighted with this spirit at first; then they began to be a little alarmed. A little later on, they found our soldiers following up their own barrage within thirty yards. Now the area of a mere zone of dispersion for artillery made this a horribly dangerous thing to do. The French cautioned our officers; they quoted aphorisms to the effect that the braver a division is the fewer men it loses, and they begged their own high command to make some rule which would save American lives.

In the following November, Brigadier General Frank Bamford, then commanding our 26th Division and afterwards the head of the army schools at Langres, formulated for me the American belief on the subject of losses. "A division's achievement," he said, "is measured by its losses. Look at the First Division; it has lost 33,000 men!"

Our men weren't exactly modest. I met a private of the 104th the morning after his company had stood off the German raid. "Great stuff you fellows did!" said I. "The whole Division is talking about you."

"Well, why the hell shouldn't they?" said he and swaggered off down the road.

Lieutenant Jud Hannigan (afterwards a brigade adjutant) was the intelligence officer of the regiment at this time. He had an outpost of his own ten kilometers up to the left, away from the regiment. There was a crew of four men, two on and two off through the twenty-four hours.

When the story of the two parties the regiment had had got out to that post, the two men who had the afternoon off started for regimental headquarters. It was a seven-mile walk, part of the way under shell fire. And when they got there, they pleaded almost with tears in their eyes to be relieved of their detail so that they might get into the next fight.

These nights were interesting, even back at Division Headquarters. Almost every night one section or another of the northern horizon would set up a twinkling of the big guns, pink glows against the low-hanging clouds.

Almost every night a bombing expedition would start from somewhere back of the German lines and come across, apparently at will. The German aeroplanes made a sound different from ours, and presently the anti-aircraft shells would begin to break sparks aloft, and the long beams of the searchlights to our right and left would feel patiently around the sky.

The pounding of the aerial barrage would be punctuated by the shaking roar of a dropped bomb; we would hear the Boche apparently directly over our heads and wondered when he would drop a bomb on us.

Whenever this happened, the whole Headquarters staff and the orderlies invariably came out of doors to see the show. The French officers of the "mission" didn't understand a curiosity like that. But all through our time it never ceased.

One night the Boche planes kept coming over until some nine squadrons had passed. We heard next day that they had gone to Paris and bombed the city terrifically. About eleven o'clock back they came, and every anti-aircraft gun in our region began to pound away at the sky.

Captain Hartwell, commanding the supply company of the 104th Infantry, inhabited a barrack well back from the front line, in the other valley in fact. He was just going to bed. In the next room was Lieutenant France, at that time the veterinarian of the regiment. Lieutenant France is a Yankee from Indiana; Captain Hartwell, before the war, was a school-teacher in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Captain Hartwell heard a plane apparently flying very low and ran out just in time to see a gasoline explosion. A German plane, a four-seater biplane piloted by the famous German ace, Captain Wolff, had had its gasoline tank punctured by gun-fire, had crashed in a field near the barrack, and caught fire. Wolff tried to make a landing and did touch once or twice lightly in the shell-torn field. But his wheels dropped into a shell hole and the plane flipped its tail over its head, throwing one of the men in it at least sixty feet ahead.

Three men were found near the machine. Captain Hartwell promptly covered one of them with a pistol; a second was caught by a sergeant and two men who had followed the captain out. This man was hurt and was found writhing in a ditch.

Lieutenant France ran ahead after the man who was thrown. One of his legs was broken and his back was badly hurt, but he was game. He tried to get out his pistol, but hadn't time.

When the prisoners were lined up, it was discovered that the pilot was the celebrated Captain Wolff, a German flyer with at least thirty Allied planes on his score. His name was lettered in gilt on the blades of his propeller. With him was a Lieutenant Kaemmerer, and the injured man was a sergeant-major named Fischer.

The plane burned merrily for awhile and then went out in an explosion. It appeared that Wolff, for some reason, still had on his machine two of the bombs which he had carried to Paris and back again. It was one of these which went off.

The other was kept for examination; it was a wicked-looking bunch of high explosive and was very instructive.

Reverend E. Dwight Moody, chaplain of one of the infantry regiments at that time — later raised in rank and taken to Chaumont to direct the chaplains' department of the whole army — told one morning of a grim find some of the boys made on the plateau of the Chemin-des-Dames. They would poke round in spite of any orders and would unhesitatingly explore any hole they came to.

"They found the entrance to an old German *abri*," said the chaplain, "fully thirty-five feet deep, with a room ten feet square at the bottom of the stairs. There was a table in the room, and four German officers were still seated at the table, where they had been playing cards. The last hands dealt were still on the table. They had been dead ever since the place was taken, last October."

"Phew!" said I.

"Yes," said he.

"They got a lieutenant, and when he went down, he stumbled over the body of a fifth Boche on the doorsill. On the stairs at the other exit there were three more. They had all been killed apparently instantly by some tremendous explosion overhead.

"At the table three men had fallen back in their chairs. The fourth had pitched forward on the table, where the cards were still lying. One man had just reached for a bottle; it was on the floor, but his fingers were still curved to clutch it."

It was a second-hand story, but full of convincing detail. There was more than I have told, but the souvenir craze doesn't interest me beyond a certain point.

It was during this time that we began to be inspected. Every few days an officer would drive up to Division Headquarters, announce his errand, and begin an inquisition into the state of our affairs. The first time it was for reported scarlet fever; we did have three cases, but they had been promptly isolated, and there was not the slightest danger of an epidemic.

The next time it was on a report that the New England men had been wounding themselves to escape front-line service. This was started by a doctor who had been forced to resign from the National Guard on the Mexican border, but who had somehow got back into the service. He said there were fifteen cases of self-inflicted wounds; the inspecting officer, after rigid search, found just one in which it was possible for the man to have wounded himself deliberately, but hardly probable. It was just a dirty lie, promptly nailed, but one which undoubtedly did some harm to us just the same.

Finally General Pershing himself came on a hurried visit to the Division. He called at Division Headquarters and then ran round the area, swinging away on his road to Paris in the late afternoon.

It was a surprise visit, but none the less the Division knew he was coming. In some extraordinary way the telephone tip that came in at 10 A. M. reached even the men far out from their billets on road work before noon.

The men were proud; they had been told by others that they were good and felt entitled to an inspection by their own chief. General Pershing didn't say anything in the Division, but to others he said that the Twenty-sixth was a "cracking good division." This too came back and helped discipline and morale.

Saturday morning, February 23, the 101st Infantry had a raid in conjunction with the French and under French command. The day before, the men who went on the raid were taken back across the Aisne and rehearsed in what they were to go through. It may be said that they did not keep strictly to programme when the party came off, for some of the boys chased some Boches far into their own trench lines.

Two second lieutenants — William L. Koob of Company E and George H. Davis of Company H — were chosen to go. Volunteers from the two companies were called for; only twenty-six were wanted, but as usual the whole outfit clamored to go, and the men had to be chosen.

From Company E the men were Corporal Francis E. Hurley, Corporal John N. Gibson, and Privates Archie E. Doyle, Edward F. Gavagan, Edward A. Larkin, John J.

Mahoney, Frank W. Manning, Stewart W. Miller, Steven Puleo, Alexander A. Rumsey, Claude M. Sykes and Walter F. Owens.

The detachment from Company H consisted of Sergeant George F. Dever, Corporal Frank T. Hurley, Automatic Riflemen Joseph M. Bazer and Leo J. Lipsie, and Privates Benjamin Beal, Harold Eldridge, William L. Holland, Michael G. Letorney, James A. McRae, Richard J. White and Thomas B. Tiernan.

Each party of Americans was attached to a party of about forty French soldiers. Lieutenant Davis went with a Lieutenant Thomas, commanding the French, and Lieutenant Koob with a Lieutenant Dufilhol, who was in command of the whole operation.

An artillery barrage was laid down on the German front lines at 5 : 55, as nearly as we could judge the hour of making the relief for Fritz. As it turned out, we had hit it exactly right, the fresh men being already in the trenches. They all took what cover there was in their front line and stayed there.

The two parties started off just at six, five minutes after the barrage began. At the same moment, the artillery lengthened its range fifty yards.

The start was from an interesting place. The Ailette River had a canal alongside it, and just a little to the left of what is called a *bassin d'alimentation*, or storage basin. It made a long pond, with a ruined white house near one end. To the east the canal turned away from the river and was led south to the foot of the hills, when it ran right through a tunnel under the whole range, coming out in the valley of the Aisne.

Right where the canal entered the tunnel was a place called Albia, one of our strong points, and out far in front was an observation post. Here the two parties started, that under Lieutenant Davis and Lieutenant Dufilhol moving off to the left, and the other going straight down the road northeast to a bridge over the river.

The party going to the left had French engineers with them, and the engineers carried sections of a bridge which they intended to place across the two branches of the river, farther along, where a former bridge had been broken down. This party went off in a column of twos. When it got to the river, the engineers tried to throw their bridge, but were promptly attacked by Germans in a bombing post across the narrow stream. The party was in three detachments, and the second and third deployed right and left and returned the German fire with rifles and grenades.

The French coolly went about finding a better place to lay their bridge, but it was too short, and no place could be found where it would reach. All this time the firing was heavy on both sides. Suddenly the Germans quit and ran back in their own lines. The reason was immediately apparent, for down came the German barrage all over the place. It was on the Boche front lines at first, but began to creep over towards the raiders, and Lieutenant Thomas ordered the party back. It came in safely, getting back to Albia at 7 : 10. Leo Lipsie, nevertheless, had found time to distinguish himself so that he later received a French decoration.

The other detachment had a more exciting party. It went along in three waves, but in group formation, to the northeast. It crossed the bridge, re-formed on the far side, and sent patrols to right and left.

The rate of movement had been carefully fixed, but the boys were so tickled by the perfect artillery protection they were getting that they exceeded the speed a little.

"It was a pudding," one of them said to me afterwards. "We could see the dirt flying where the shells hit, always a little farther ahead. There wasn't a thing coming in our direction. We were just as safe as we would have been at home."

They got up to within thirty yards of their own barrage and frightened their French instructors, who knew just how dangerous flying fragments can be at thirty yards. However, by the luck of the 101st, nobody was hurt.

The party had gone only a little way when two Germans appeared and surrendered. They were sent in, and the party went on. Across the river, the patrols were scouring through the front-line trenches. Three Boche posts were included in the attack. In one of them the officer who had been making the relief had brought a friend, another officer, down to inspect the post. Caught by the barrage, they ran into a trench shelter, which was simply a hole in the side of a trench, with railroad iron, banked up with sandbags, on top of it. A shell landed on top of this shelter, one of the last shells fired. It knocked the thing to pieces. Such of the Germans as were not hurt jumped up to find the French and Americans right on top of them. Lieutenant Koob in his report gives credit to the French sergeant, Bluere, and two men, for the captures here.

A few Boches got away, and the Americans chased them up the trench, yelling like Indians. They finally went out of sight, but the Americans had penetrated seven hundred and fifty yards into the German lines before they could be stopped.

Meanwhile the third group of this party had found a dugout with two entrances. Corporal Hurley took his stand at the southern entrance and fired down into it with his rifle every time he heard the least sound. Some of the French soldiers threw grenades in at the other entrance, and after a few moments of this twelve Germans came out and surrendered.

The noise had brought the rest of the party back, and Lieutenant Dufilhol now ordered the whole party to return. The German barrage was already falling, and they had to come back through it. One of the Germans didn't care for this; he sat down and said he couldn't walk. A little prod with a bayonet made him come along, however. It was noticed also, later in the day, that some of the prisoners taken in a chase had beautiful black eyes, which made people ask what weapons the Americans used.

Even going back, the luck of the Americans was wonderful. The German artillery fire was dropping all round the party; one shell landed squarely in the middle of them. It wounded five of the prisoners and six French soldiers, but not an American was touched.

Colonel E. L. Logan and his adjutant, Captain Thomas F. Murphy, had come down to the observation post near the jumping-off place to see the party. The men coming in caught sight of them and called out joyously, "Hey, Colonel, look what we got here!"

The prisoners said they had not known there were any Americans in that part of the world. They had heard that there were some in France, but they had understood that there weren't very many; they thought there might be a regiment or two.

We lost our first prisoners to the Germans on the night of February 28. Leiutenant Bishop of the 102d Infantry, with Sergeant Sheehan and a platoon of Company A went out from the ruined town of Chavignon to the canal, to put up wire entanglements. Every man in the party carried a burden; some of them had the reels of barbed wire, some the stakes, and some of them the tools.

They hadn't very far to go, but had barely reached the head of the bridge, called the "Pont Oger", when a German barrage fell on them. The party was spread out over perhaps one hundred yards of ground where its work was to be done. Lieutenant Bishop immediately ordered his men into shell holes, in groups. The barrage passed on, and two big parties of Germans appeared suddenly behind it, and in a moment were all around the Americans. The parties were so big that the two French patrols that were supposed to be protecting the flanks of the working party had to fall back.

What had happened was this; the working party had chosen the same moment to go out that the Boche had chosen for a fairly heavy raid. It was aimed at a point on the right of the working party, and only the edge of the raid swept it. But it caught up Sergeant Sheehan and one other man, and they spent the rest of the war in a German prison.

Lieutenant Bishop's party became separated. As soon as the shelling let up a little, Lieutenant Bishop began to hunt for his men. He finally found some twelve of them in a strong point and immediately organized them to defend the place. But machine gun fire opened up, and all they could do was to sit tight.

On the right of their position the fighting was going on heavily. The American trench there was a built-up trench; the ground was so low and wet that it was impossible to dig a trench, so two walls were built up into a sort of open corridor.

The men at this point, when the German attack came over, fired their rifles steadily until their ammunition was all gone. By that time what there was left of the raiding party was very close, so they threw grenades. Even these were soon used up, and the Americans, never budging, began to throw rocks. The Germans gave it up at about the same moment and went back. They laid down an artillery barrage again to keep the Americans from following.

Through this went Lieutenant Bishop with Sergeant Sanderson and Corporal Olson, looking for the missing men of his platoon. Some of them were hurt, one or two very badly, and he also had some killed. He found one litter, and lacking another, took a section of duck-boards. He helped his men back to Chavignon and then went back twice more under the barrage, looking for the rest of his party. The sergeant and the corporal stuck to him all through, and all three won their decorations.

It has seemed worth while going into a good deal of detail in these first little fights, though in comparison with the big actions of later days they do seem very small affairs indeed. But they were our first; much was learned from them, and in the end their effect on the spirit of our men was good. The men discovered right at the start that they could lick the Germans going or coming, and they never forgot it.

Incidentally, General Edwards, though we were under the tactical command of the French, suggested to our commanders that our men be allowed to carry their rifles slung at their backs, on raids. This had not been the French practice, and their orders to us were that the men should go armed only with pistols and grenades. But General Edwards was a great believer in the infantryman and in the infantryman's weapon. He believed, also, that the American soldier, while learning all he could from French experience, ought to develop his own characteristics.

In February, then, the 26th Division, as a pioneer of the fighting divisions, took the first German prisoner taken by the National Guard, and lost the first National Guard prisoner to the Germans.

In the Front Line. General Cole lecturing soldiers caught without gas masks, Xivray-Marvoisin.

Afternoon Sport in a defensive sector; Menil-la-Tour.

My Billet in Boucq: the last house on the right.

We were placed on a 30-kilometer front, — though of course this does not mean that Americans occupied that whole front. There were as many French as Americans, in alternate units. In our next sector, which was also a defensive sector, we took fifteen kilometers of front, and learned the lesson of bigger battles at Apremont and Seicheprey. The Division was still the pioneer, for these battles were the biggest that had been fought by Americans up to that time.

Later still, we went on defence at Château-Thierry, turned it into offensive, open warfare, and with heavy loss and heartbreaking labor, learned what served us well at Saint Mihiel. Our final sector on the Meuse was a combination of all the fighting we knew. This succession of experiences is so logical in the training of troops that sometimes the war seemed conducted especially to our order.

The Division, though tactically under French command, was nevertheless, so far as administration went, in the First Corps, under General Hunter Liggett, and of course still a part of the American Expeditionary Forces also. The Division was not allowed to forget these things.

One day General Liggett came visiting to Couvrelles, and with him was his chief of staff, Colonel Malin Craig. Colonel Craig made the round of the brigade and regimental headquarters and afterwards went in to Soissons, in the evening.

There he met Colonel James Bevans, the division surgeon of the Twenty-sixth and made some very serious statements, statements that amounted to charges, against the conduct of the Division. The statements involved staff officers, commanding officers of the units, and the sanitary conditions he had found. All of the charges Colonel Bevans knew to be untrue, and he reported them to General Edwards immediately on his return to Division Headquarters.

It was already late, but General Edwards ordered his automobile, took Colonel Dowell, his chief of staff, and Captain Simpkins, his aide, and started for the headquarters of the French army commander, whither General Liggett and Colonel Craig had gone.

General Liggett was in bed when the party arrived, but

General Edwards talked with Colonel Craig in the presence of Captain Simpkins, indignantly demanding an explanation and an apology for Craig's statements. This was made next morning at General de Maud'huy's headquarters.

It was the first of a long series of incidents that all tended to show that the Twenty-sixth and General Edwards did not stand well with the American higher command.

General Brewster, the inspector general of our army, was the next visitor. He went to the French commanders at Maudelon and Crouy and asked questions that amounted to a real investigation of General Edwards. He asked the French how often General Edwards had visited their headquarters and how many times he had been in the front lines. The courteous French showed their astonishment at such a procedure and then refused flatly to answer such questions concerning an American officer.

General Brewster then questioned Colonel Dowell, Captain Simpkins, and other officers of the Division, going into such details as the movements of General Edwards hour by hour. Major Hyatt took him round the sector and showed him the various units; the investigation was thorough and lasted two or three days.

The thing was so serious that it looked as if General Edwards might be relieved of his command right there. But General Brewster was a conscientious man, and he *had* to make a report favorable to the Division and its commanding officer.

General Liggett had said he would make another visit. He never came again, but General Pershing did come. After his visit — he stayed for luncheon at Division Headquarters and afterwards visited the brigade commanders, staying a considerable time with General Traub — he departed. Shortly afterwards, a letter came from General Headquarters asking General Edwards for an explanation of his criticisms of his superior officers. The source of this charge was not given.

General Edwards replied, denying the charge. To this reply there was no answer.

CHAPTER VI

FROM TRAINING TO SERVICE

THE period of the stay in the training sector was originally limited by our orders to March 7. Just before that date, however, new orders came extending the stay to March 18. Officers who had been assigned to French headquarters of Corps and army for instruction had been recalled, to make arrangements for the relief of the Division by the 21st French Division.

The change in orders was accompanied by a rumor, unusually well endorsed, that the Yankee Division might be kept a long time in the Chemin-des-Dames sector and in conjunction with the French. This was accompanied by an understanding, which reached down as far as brigade commanders, that the tactical command — up to that time limited to battalions — would be so extended that on March 10 regimental tactical command would be given.

Upon this Colonel Shelton, commanding the 104th Infantry, addressed a letter to his commanding officer, Brigadier General Charles H. Cole, upon the subject. He rehearsed the service of the regiment for a month in the sector. Though at the moment he had only one battalion in line, his orders provided for a rearrangement so that all three of his battalions were presently to take the line, and all his machine guns to go into continuous service. Up to that time, in order to give as much instruction as possible, the regiment had been broken up into small and widely scattered units; there had been many moves and much marching, most of it of course by night.

The regiment had been daily under shell fire, machine gun and rifle fire, and had stood two severe bombardments. Trench digging and construction had been extensive and constant. Everybody had had his turn at patrolling; there had been one fight, and German prisoners had been taken. One strong raid had been defeated.

Colonel Shelton said he believed the regiment had now got all the good it could from French instruction. It had learned much that was good, but because of the mere difference in the way of thought was in danger of now learning some things that were to be avoided, at least by Americans. The French, though splendid instructors, and so courteous and willing to help that they were so much the harder to oppose, were also sensitive and obstinate; the American officers were in danger of losing their own initiative. There was a practical division of responsibility because the troops were mixed, and a consequent loss of frankness through international efforts to be polite. This division of responsibility also threatened a danger, if the enemy should make a determined attack.

Colonel Hume, Colonel Parker and Colonel Logan all expressed practically the same views. The report was forwarded by General Cole, indorsed with the suggestion that the Division should henceforth be under American tactical command alone. In this indorsement cropped out one of the little stories of the front which as much as anything shows the spirit and ingenuity of our officers.

"The conditions of the dugouts and *abris* on the front of both the 103d and the 104th should also be brought to your attention," says General Cole. "Many of them are not properly protected against 75-millimeter-shells and hardly any at all against high explosive shells. Many of them have their entrances towards the enemy and in many of them the protection against gas is entirely inadequate."

This paragraph grew out of an inspection made by Captain (now Major) Carroll J. Swan of the 101st Engineers. Before the war, he conducted an advertising agency, he was a well known entertainer, and a member of the First Corps of Cadets. His studies in engineering were all made after the Cadets changed over to an engineer regiment.

He received orders one morning to report to the headquarters of the 104th Infantry. At the time, his company was detached from the regiment and was doing construction work for the infantry in the front lines.

When Swan arrived at the regimental headquarters, he found a French general, an American general, a French colonel, and an American colonel in the dugout. And he presently discovered that he had been sent for as an expert engineer. The question of the condition of these *abris* was being discussed, and the French had determined to get the opinion of an American expert on them.

Captain Swan was not an engineer at all. But he observed that when the matter was put up to him, General Cole never turned an eyelash. Accordingly, Captain Swan did not demur when the request to report as an engineer was made to him. General Cole a few moments later took him aside and pointed out that this work was vitally important, that the lives of all the men in the brigade were in a way at stake, and that it was a serious business. "I think you can get away with it," he said.

"I can, sir," said the captain.

He put in the rest of that day and that night — it being too light and too late to go forward to the inspection that morning — studying every printed or written word he could find on the subject of construction of trench shelters. He called in two sergeants who were familiar with the subject, and coached up with them. He was up practically all night and started for the front lines before daylight with Lieutenant Colonel Exton, a regular officer at that time attached to the regiment.

There were seventeen of the shelters, and Captain Swan undertook a minute and thorough examination of each one. Colonel Exton became impatient at the expenditure of time and wanted to take a few of them as being typical of the lot, but Captain Swan persisted. There was a lot of morning hate coming over, and it was not a comfortable job.

Finally the colonel ordered the captain to come along home. The captain refusing, Colonel Exton went back, leaving him alone. Captain Swan promptly lost his way and spent a mighty nervous morning; at that time this forward trench was not held in daylight, and he met nobody at all. Luckily, he came upon one of the shelters on which a 77-millimeter shell had hit the night before. It had set the timbering afire, and the *abri* was still smouldering. Captain Swan found a fragment of the shell which established its caliber and took it along. It showed conclusively that the shelters were unsafe.

The next twenty-four hours Captain Swan spent on his report. It was forwarded to the French, and General de Maud'huy commented in highest complimentary terms upon it. He was enthusiastic over the way Americans had been able to get their great engineers into the ranks of the army, and over the completeness of their knowledge and the thoroughness of their work!

With the endorsed report, General Edwards forwarded to General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force at Chaumont the first recognition of a French officer who was to become of so great importance and value to the Yankee Division that his name should be inscribed on its honor roll, and he himself should be called from France that New England might do the utmost in her power to show him admiration, recognition and honor.

This was Captain Malick, head of the "French Mission", — fifteen captains and lieutenants who came to the Twenty-sixth and were assigned to battalions, regiments, and brigades. They considered themselves instructors and were excellent officers who had already done distinguished field service in their own army.

General Edwards wrote of Captain Malick — who despite his humble rank is recognized by the French themselves as one of their real geniuses — "I consider him invaluable. His office is a real liaison; he oils the wheels and removes the obstacles for the things that a division commander is ordered to do, and I should hate to be deprived of such aid as his services.

"With this exception, and unless our G. H. Q. has decided otherwise, I am inclined to believe that the time has come when all the other French officers should be relieved. It might be wise to have as liaison officer only one French officer to the brigade and possibly, on account of its size, to each infantry regiment."

Captain Malick was taken from the Division, being needed by his own army. Major A. de Boisrouvray remained at the head of the mission with the Division for the rest of its time in France, and the suggestion of General Edwards, to keep one French officer with each brigade and one with each regiment of infantry, was also adopted.

Major de Boisrouvray was a French officer who represented the best type, the very *beau ideal* of a French officer. His record is written on his breast, where the *batterie de cuisine*, (kitchenware) as the French call their rows of decorations, is formidable and suggestive of dare-devil fighting. Though a major, he had commanded a regiment, and he was known and adored throughout the French armies.

Physically, he was stocky, sturdy, a crisp personality, with a presence more military than any man I had ever seen. Yet he was a most courteous, thoughtful gentleman, as merry as any young lieutenant, as quick and sure in decision as any expert in his technical game, and so broad-minded and efficient that General Edwards at once recognized him as the sort of man he wanted.

At the end of the training period as first arranged, March 6, the French reported to the American General Headquarters at Chaumont that the 26th Division was far ahead of any other they had seen, that it was already competent to take over a sector of its own, and that the French were ready to have us do it. It was from this report that the story grew that the French wanted to place the 26th Division on the Chemin-des-Dames sector.

The change in the condition of the men when the Division took the line was plainly visible. They had withstood big and little attacks without giving an inch of ground, even when heavily outnumbered; they had put over winning patrol parties of their own at various points and had taken a respectable number of prisoners. They had sent over artillery fire that was the wonder of the critics, and machine gun barrages which made the infantrymen almost dangerously confident of their own safety. It satisfied everybody except its own sanitary inspectors, — and sanitary inspectors are notably querulous persons whose occupation in life is fault-finding.

There were days when the food couldn't get out to the front at all, and other days when the soup went sour before it got there. There was all the variety of weather which Northern France can purvey, and there was all the variety of shell fire which the Boche could invent.

The 102d Infantry got a gassing once that sent a heavy toll to hospital, though causing very few if any deaths directly. The 103d came in for a dose of gas that lasted thirty-six hours. It is said to have contained thirty thousand shells.

Under and through all this the Yankees went, and at the end they looked different men from those who went up to the front. It wasn't any access of smartness; they were smart and soldierly before. Certainly they were wearier and more in need of a rest. The gruelling month of toilsome nights and comfortless days, of lack of sleep and bathing, of shortness of hot food and constancy of danger, had taken a little of the edge and "pep" from them — and still they had visibly improved.

Their color was not so high, though beside the poilus, who are often rather sallow of complexion, they were fresh-colored. Their equipment was better than when they went in.

But they had a new swing, lacking some of the buoyancy of a month before, but showing in place of that buoyancy a canny conservation of energy. Perhaps the difference is best expressed by saying they went in highly trained green men and came out real soldiers. They no longer howled with ignorant enthusiasm for the chance to go against anything that might turn up. But they had a quiet confidence in their ability to handle anything the Boche might offer. And they had the steady look in their eyes of men who have seen their comrades killed and have felt death brush by them.

A month before they would have been crowing over how good they were. In March there wasn't anything of that sort. They had begun to get a sense of proportion and to see fine qualities in the French — which they would not have acknowledged before — and in their own comrades.

The number of casualties, considering the amount of fighting, was astonishingly small. The deaths, including those who died in hospital from wounds and sickness as well as those killed in action, were only twenty-two, in a body of nearly twenty-five thousand men. The total of wounded was only fifty-five, and on the day when I looked at the record, March 6, there were only one hundred and fifteen men in hospital from all causes. This is a far healthier condition than any American city could show in peace times.

The first Croix de Guerre presentations were made to eight men of the 101st Infantry, on a field near Chassemy. The men decorated were Corporal Francis E. Hurley of Company H; Corporal Edward A. Larkin of Company E; Private Harold Eldredge of Company H; Private Stewart W. Miller of Company E; Private George F. Dever of Company H; Lieutenant Harold K. Davison of Company G and Reverend Osias Boucher, one of the chaplains sent over by the Knights of Columbus, and an immense favorite. These men decorated were those who took Boche prisoners in the night of February 22–23. I asked Father Boucher what he did to earn the cross, and he said he didn't know.

"The colonel said something about bringing in wounded under fire," I persisted.

"Oh, we always did that," said he.

Corporal Hurley had been twice cited by the French. Counting both his citations, the 101st Infantry now had eleven Croix de Guerre, the 104th two, the 103d two, and the 102d one. There were several on their way to the artillery, but the list had not then been made up. The list at that time included Lieutenant William E. Koob, Lieutenant George F. Davis, Private Leo J. Lipsie, and the eight men named above from the 101st; Lieutenant Harold F. Eadie (who had been killed) and Private Henry J. Duplisses, from the 103d; Lieutenant James W. Brown and Sergeant John L. Letzing of the 104th and Lieutenant William S. Tucker of the 102d.

Lieutenant Ralph Bishop of the 102d, with Sergeant Eric

S. Olsen and Corporal Earl H. Sanderson; Lieutenant A. Chester Searles of the artillery and Lieutenant Will N. Thompson of the 104th, were all recommended for the distinguished service cross, and were the first of hundreds to win this coveted decoration of their own country.

The men of the 102d who failed to report after the attack on Lieutenant Bishop's working party were Sergeant John Sheehan and Privates Carl Schultz, W. F. Marvin, D. F. O'Connor, A. M. Kennedy, H. E. Birney, J. Reid, J. Moran, E. M. Curtis, G. C. Leithouser, and W. F. O'Connor.

The dead of our Division, up to that time — our first dead — were:

Ralph R. Spaulding of the 103d, struck by shrapnel in front of our lines, February 14.

Lieutenant Harold F. Eadie of Boston, struck by shrapnel or machine gun bullet February 28, died in hospital the same night. He was inspecting his outposts and was talking with a sergeant when he was struck. It was very dark, and no report of a gun was heard, so it was believed that he was hit by a stray bullet.

Arthur Vandricul, 103d, struck by shrapnel, night of February 28. Died in hospital the same night.

W. H. Darling of the 102d, killed by shell fragment on the night of February 28.

Charles Sutter of the 102d, killed by shell fragment, night of February 28.

Lieutenant John Flenniken of the 101st, killed by rifle fire, February 27.

Corporal Homer J. Wheaton of Boston, killed by an accidental explosion of hand grenades. He was distributing the grenades, with Sergeant Timothy Sullivan and Private Arthur G. Smith, both of Boston. A soldier dropped a box of grenades which he was bringing up to the dugout, and the ensuing explosion killed Corporal Wheaton and wounded the other two men.

Samuel Kaplan of Boston, killed by shrapnel, February 27.

James E. Mulvehill and Lawrence Lacasse, both of the 101st Infantry, killed by the caving in of a dugout. The dugout had been hit on top by a shell, the cave-in occurring some hours later.

Robert Bayard of Winthrop, killed by American machine gun fire February 9, when he failed to respond to a challenge.

John J. Crowley of Boston, died of a shell wound.

Clifford Wilson, died in hospital, of pneumonia.

Patrick Morrissette of Boston, killed by shrapnel, February 23.

Sergeant Joseph F. Chaisson of the 103d Infantry, killed by the explosion prematurely of a rifle grenade, February 26.

Edward M. Baker of the 103d Infantry, died of peritonitis in hospital.

Norman Macrillis of the 103d Infantry, died of scarlet fever.

John Freeman of the 101st ammunition train, died of cerebro-spinal meningitis, March 4.

Frank R. Doucette, headquarters company of the 104th Infantry, died of pneumonia, March 6.

John K. Norton, 101st supply train, died of cerebro-spinal meningitis, March 6.

Corporal Robert Wilcox of the 102d Infantry, died of cerebro-spinal meningitis, March 5.

Harold J. Sweeney of the 103d Infantry, killed in action February 18.

These men made up our first roll of honor, men who gave their lives in actual service in the front line. On that first honor roll should be placed also the men who died before we reached the line.

The raids against us were on the 104th Infantry on February 19, on the 101st Infantry on February 24 and on the 102d on February 28. Our own attacks, by small parties of volunteers, were from these same regiments. The 103d Infantry, though very active, was in a part of the sector difficult to attack because of the terrain. It was equally difficult for the Yankees to attack the Boches, and on this account the regiment did not appear in the list of fights.

The physical condition of the men was bad; they had been run down by the long exposure, the weather, and the unremitting labor. Equipment was short; underclothes, shoes, uniforms, and blankets were lacking in proper quantities. It was time to move.

CHAPTER VII

Going into the Toul Sector

On March 10, after the conflicting desires of the French army and our own officers had reached General Headquarters. the decision was made by General Pershing to relieve the Twenty-sixth from the Chemin-des-Dames sector on March 18. This gave the Division ten more days in sector than originally provided by the training schedule.

The French wanted to keep the Yankees on, but the American general officers had reported that in their opinion the Division ought to come out. The telegram from Headquarters to Colonel S. R. Gleaves, liaison officer with the French corps, settled it. This read:

"The commander in chief desires the relief of the 26th Division to take place on 18th as previously arranged. He desires you to say to the French commander that considering the condition of the Division as he found it, and also considering the presence of contagious disease in part of the Division, he, the commander in chief, has decided that it will be best to relieve the Division as originally contemplated. He also desires that in returning to the training area at least four days' march be made by marching. Orders for march emanate from corps headquarters. It is desired that arrangements be made which will permit part of signal battalion and one field hospital and one ambulance company to reach the training area five days ahead of the arrival of the troops. Acknowledge."

The telegram interested me, because of the reason — the contagious disease — given for relieving the Division. General

Pershing in his visit to the Division saw very little of the condition which he gave as another reason for relieving the Yankees.

As to the scarlet fever, of which we had very few cases, — it was absolutely in hand. The men had been promptly isolated, and orders so meticulous in detail that they were impossible to obey had been issued to keep watch on the units in which the fever had appeared.

Doctors were supposed to inspect every man in these units every day during the given danger period. Now to take a bunch of tongue depressors, a clinical thermometer and an electric torch, and visit every shell hole where the men might be stationed — not to go by day when movement meant shelling, and not by night when the use of a torch would mean sniping — the doctors threw up their hands in despair when they saw that order.

But it meant that the Division was doing all that was necessary or possible to take care of its own health. The telegram from General Headquarters to get out field hospital and ambulance company on five days ahead hinted that the Division was not attending to details. It was hardly necessary to make the suggestion.

Preparations for the relief of the Division were simpler than in subsequent reliefs, largely because the troops relieving us were French and well habituated to the business. But Fritz was not minded to let us go easily. The relief was to take place on March 18; on March 16 and March 17 he sent over a gas bombardment of great proportions and of suffocating intensity. More than five thousand shells (officially; to the mind of many of the observers there were nearer thirty thousand), mostly containing mustard gas, hyperite and phosgene, fell on the Division. The bulk of them were directed against the 102d Infantry, with some on the 101st and of course the usual liberal dose on battery positions. The 103d Infantry was also treated to a heavy dose of gas.

Whether this was part of the beginning of the Boche offensive or whether it was due to their knowledge that the Division was about to be relieved, many of us would like to know. In fact, just how much the Germans knew of the movements of the Allies will always be a subject for conjecture.

Very often, they were credited with a knowledge that premised superhuman agencies in their intelligence service. The earlier censorship rules were founded on a belief that from the name of a lieutenant, printed in America, the Germans could infer a division, — and its position, — even better than by taking prisoners.

Two of our officers, Captain Oberlin and Captain Landon, were captured in the Saint-Mihiel salient. They told General Edwards that the first question they were asked, when they were examined by their captors, was whether General Edwards was still in command of the 26th Division.

They said that when they had refused to answer, the Germans had said they knew that up to a few days before, Edwards was in command. And then they produced a *dossier* with the complete record of the Division and a complete roster of its officers.

Against this is the fact that the Division, in early March, had long been looking for the start of the German offensive, — and even was a little nervous about being right in its predicted path. By this I mean that the junior officers, the lieutenants and captains, were on their toes all the time; not in the least that anybody feared the attack. If we had a fault it was overconfidence, not nervousness.

The offensive did not begin until the third week in March, and the Twenty-sixth barely stepped out of its way. Whether we were taken out because the offensive was expected and we were believed to be not good enough to stem it was another question which I have heard debated by the hour by doughboys.

It had been planned to give us maneuver practice on our way back to the training area for which we were supposed to be heading. After we had left the Chemin-des-Dames, however, this was suddenly changed. The Twenty-sixth was rushed to the Toul sector, relieving one brigade of the First Division, one whole division of French, and one regiment of French. This was the first time that an American division took the

Colonel John Henry Parker, commander of the 102d Infantry, on the Chemin-des-Dames.

In the front line trenches. Sleeping on the parados at noon — near Seicheprey.

The one street of Beaumont, a village in the Toul sector, just above Seicheprey.

line as a whole and held a whole division sector. The First, which had gone to the line much earlier, — in January, in fact, before the Twenty-sixth went to the Chemin-des-Dames at all, — was not in as a division, but as a brigade, the rest of the Division being in reserve.

It may be said that the 26th Division never completed its training. For from March on, whenever we were moved, it was always in response to an emergency, excepting the time that we were sent to a rest area in August. We stayed in the Toul sector until the end of June, and then were rushed down to the point of the great German salient at the Marne, where the Allied counter-offensive was just making up. Then we were rushed across country again to cut off the Saint-Mihiel salient before the big Argonne offensive could be made, and finally we were made a part of that offensive. Even our stay in the rest area was cut short because of the pressure of the necessity to cut off the Saint-Mihiel salient.

Incidentally, though dissatisfaction grew all the time, you could never make the Yankee soldiers think they were out of luck. They might be worn out from a tour of duty in the trenches, or worn out by a long hard march. They might be gloating over the prospect of leaves long expected and soon to come, or facing a new operation whose size and desperateness they could only guess. But it was always the same; the chances of getting at the Germans outweighed everything else, every consideration of rest. It was this wonderful spirit and morale that made the French adore the American soldier.

An example of this willingness was not without humor. The Saint-Mihiel drive was supposed to be a surprise party for the Germans. All attacks are supposed to be surprises for the enemy, of course. And equally, the intention to attack is held a secret from all but the inner councils of the most high command.

Yet in the villages where the Yankee Division reposed, all the inhabitants knew when and where we were going in such a hurry. They told us, — it was to be a surprise attack against the Saint-Mihiel salient on September 1.

Officers on leave as far away as Biarritz heard the news; apparently every barber in France knew it. All those young officers hustled back to their Division. They traveled night and day; they rode freight trains and camions to get there. And then the smash against the salient was postponed until September 12, and they had two weeks in which to bemoan their truncated leaves.

Misgivings were heavy on us when the Division came out of the Chemin-des-Dames, because of what we were sure was mismanagement of us and prejudice against us. I realized that we were seeing only a very small segment of the war and of the army organization. Yet even so I heard constant and bitter complaint against this or that man. Then I would investigate that story as I would investigate any story on which my newspaper sent me. And in every case, without a single exception, I came at the end of the investigation to a man working at top speed, doing his bone-headed best, accomplishing more than he had ever believed he could do, — and always very bitter about some other branch or department. Our big net results were splendid; our inner details were often things one could not be proud over.

The Division moved out of position in a welter of orderly confusion, of tangled traffic on the roads, all of which traffic nevertheless knew where it was going. The men entrained in the now familiar cattle cars, at Braine, and detrained at Bar-sur-Aube and Brienne-le-Château next day.

The move was accomplished so smartly as to make the French use very flattering language in comment. But the Frenchman is ever flattering; he lives behind walls of politeness. General de Maud'huy asked for an American liaison officer, and drew Captain McCormick, — of the Chicago family associated with reapers, newspapers, and the United States Congress. And the first job given the captain by General de Maud'huy was to get behind American politeness and find out what the Americans really wanted the French to do for them. General de Maud'huy was so polite himself that he could not believe in the frankness of Americans. He wanted an American to get behind American politeness — American politeness! — and discover if there wasn't something he could do for them.

It was at this time that dissatisfaction began to arise from the impersonality which the regular army heads injected into our system. Letters began to reach me from anxious parents in the United States, asking me to hunt up their sons and insist that they write home. It wasn't very difficult unless the man happened to have been wounded and had disappeared into our hospital system.

When wounded, he was littered to a dressing station, sent in an ambulance to a *triage* or an evacuation hospital; thence, as soon as he could be moved, to a base hospital, and when recovered sent back still further for convalescence. When quite well, he went to a replacement division or depot.

In the French army, a man recovered was sent back to his own regiment. In our army, the man was regarded as just so much material for the line. He was like issue breeches. If a pair of breeches got torn, another pair was issued to the wearer, and the torn breeches were salvaged, — sent to the rear like a wounded soldier. If the breeches could be mended, they were mended and reissued, — to the first soldier needing breeches. There was one chance in a million that they would go back to their first wearer.

In the same way, men wounded and mended were issued, so to speak, to the first requisition. When I asked why the thing was done in this way, officers explained that the United States army was one army, and it did not matter, as to the efficiency of the whole, in which unit a man was placed.

It mattered to the man, but the army did not consider that. If a man had pride in his company, his regiment, his division, his morale was lowered if he wasn't allowed to go back to it. Americans do not like to be reduced to the level of "*kanonenfutter*."

Chaumont had promised General Edwards that the Yankee Division should have its recovered wounded men back, but the men were not returned. We got replacements from Montana, from Ohio, from Tennessee, and from California in considerable quantities as the fighting went on. Later still, the other States contributed, and at the end, one officer has said, every State in the Union was represented in the 26th Division.

It was at this time, when we moved into the Toul sector, that complaints began to crop up regarding our new-made officers. We made a lot of officers from sergeants, agreeably to the rule. As soon as made, these officers were ordered away to officers' schools. When they completed their courses, they were sent to other divisions, — or grabbed by division commanders who knew good men when they saw them. It was hard on the officers and hard on the Division, but it became a matter of pride with the Yankees, the ability to go on furnishing good officers from the ranks of its enlisted men.

One consequence of the shortage of officers in the Twenty-sixth was that by the time we got to Toul many captains were commanding battalions, and many lieutenants had charge of companies. The story of one of these lieutenant captains is worth telling.

Sherman D. Shumway was a Californian who came to Bowdoin College and became captain of the college nine. Bowdoin set up a course in military training, and the United States inspector-officer who came down found three hundred boys ready to take the course, and no instructor available. He looked round for a natural born leader of men and picked Shumway.

The boy was told to take command of the battalion and to act as instructor too. He asked if he could drop the baseball and was told that he must keep the team going also, because baseball is the best of training for soldiers.

How he managed about the ball team I never heard. But he ran his battalion because he is what he is, and he ran his classes by sitting up nights and keeping just one day ahead of them in the books.

He intended to go to Plattsburg, but there were complications and delays. It is typical of Shumway that he regarded a commission as a side issue; the principal object just then in view with him was to get into the war. So though efforts were made to prevent, he enlisted. One day he was a major; the next a buck private and on his way towards a sergeant's chevrons. He got them, became top sergeant, offered to lick any man who didn't obey his orders, and was one of the first men selected for a commission.

As a lieutenant, he commanded company after company, as captain after captain was sent away to school. As a captain he commanded a battalion for most of his time. He took his battalion through the Château-Thierry drive gloriously; he was on the front line itself when the armistice came, hardly able to speak, unshaven, dirty, a very hard looking citizen, but still the ablest of his command.

He never got a leave until the Division was back in the Montigny-le-Roi area, and when he went away he had not even an overcoat left. Business with Major Shumway — his gold leaves had arrived — had been too swift to think of the ornamental side of life.

His final promotion to the seat as Colonel Hume's executive officer came long after he had been doing the actual work of the job, and he went out with a straight record of promotion won from the very bottom, and the enthusiastic love of every man associated with him, from General Edwards to every private in his own command.

The Division, upon detraining, marched eastward for five days, only one of them a fair day. In raw cold, under constant rain, the troops tramped towards the training area, moving always in conformation to the plan for a field maneuver; the Yankees had gone back from actual to play fighting.

Major Caffrey was sent down by the corps to watch the Division's performance, and away we went. In a word, we were supposed to be hurrying to protect the flank of a retreating army. Our mission was to prevent a crossing of the Marne at Joinville. Our marches, halts, and dispositions were all planned to that end.

It was a hard, uncomfortable march, but it had great value for the Division. It taught the elements of march discipline and hardened the men; taught methods of billeting on the march which were especially needed later on; it turned fancy into practicality in the matter of rolling and carrying packs; and it gave the company and battalion officers experience in handling their men under march conditions.

General Traub, commanding the 51st Infantry Brigade, made all his officers leave their automobiles and do the march afoot, carrying packs and wearing helmets. To be a good sport, he marched along by his columns, passing the singing battalions, — for there never was a column in which you would not hear a song going while on the road. To be sure, the favorite song was likely to be the soldier's variant of "Home, boys, home, that's where we ought to be", with its sarcastic assurance that "we'll all re-enlist again."

General Traub was pleased. He mogged along with his orderly, and presently, in a halted column, came upon a baggage camion piled high with blue denim barrack bags, and a big buck private sprawled on top.

"What are you doing up there?" asked the general sharply.

"Holding this stuff on the wagon, sir," said the private.

There wasn't really any answer to that, for it was precisely what he was doing; watching that none of the bags bounced off and got lost. But General Traub likes his little joke and was not wary about laying himself open to soldier retort.

"Hard job, isn't it?" said he.

The private smiled angelically. "Oh," said he, "after a couple of days you get toughened to it."

The hundred or so people within hearing snickered into their rifle barrels, and the general passed on.

Our "enemy" was the 42d Division, which was east of Neufchateau. With him we had to get contact; his dispositions and direction we had to discover and provide against. Major John Wesley Hyatt was appointed commander of our "point" and given the cavalry for reconnoissance. His cavalry consisted of five bicycles, two motorcycles, and an automobile. Daily and nightly he sent his scouts ahead, and he himself scouted in his chilly car. He reconnoitered every road down our front and had discovered the enemy when the maneuver was called off. The Division had in the meantime so made its plan that we had the Forty-second beaten completely. To that extent, everybody was sorry the maneuver had to be abandoned.

Major Caffrey, the corps observer, seemed to be satisfied, though he had very little to say. Some months later, however, he criticised the work of the Division severely. The French had complimented us on our detrainment, which was smartly and cleanly done. For myself, I know that the road discipline was good and was carefully watched and criticised day by day.

There is before me now General Edwards' memorandum of March 25, which was sent to all organization commanders, down as far as companies. He called attention to the little straggling he had seen, ordered his brigadiers to inspect constantly for it and to watch especially the tails of the columns to see that adequate measures against straggling were being taken. He criticised the way packs were slung, most of them being too low; noticed the extra shoes which some men were carrying in spite of Secret Order Number 1, which limited each regiment to a five per cent. reserve of shoes; ordered overcoats carried in an uniform manner; limited the number of men riding on kitchens and wagons, regulated spacing, and suggested a little quicker step. It was the critique of an officer of experience, jealous for the discipline and orderliness of his Division.

Arrived in the Rimacourt area, west of Neufchateau, Division Headquarters was placed in a beautiful chateau at Reynel, and the units went into barracks at Grand, Aillanville, Trampot, and a large number of little towns among the hills. Here we were visited by a commission from home, consisting of former Lieutenant Governor Louis Frothingham, Honorable Charles S. Baxter, Honorable John Coughlin and Doctor Morton Prince. The party came representing the governor and legislature of Massachusetts; Mrs. Frothingham, who had come to France with the men, remained in Paris and opened rooms in the Hotel Lotti in which finally the mission of the delegation was crystallized into a clubroom and liaison office under Doctor Morton Prince. When the others went home, he stayed on; Charles F. Crane, a nephew of Honorable

Murray Crane, joined him, and with a set of stenographers and a supply of funds which one suspects came largely from the pockets of the doctor and Mr. Crane, carried on the club-rooms and the never-ending search for boys from whom their parents had not heard for a long period. The work proved to be of the utmost value, and was continued until February, 1919.

The Division as a pioneer division was first to establish a number of activities that later were taken as models for the entire American Expeditionary Forces. One of these, which began on the march across country, was the use of military police — familiarly known to the doughboy as M.P.'s — ahead, as guides at road crossings, and with the units. Our method was entirely successful, and our military police were acknowledged to be the best in the army.

The 26th Division devised a method of handling and settling claims of the French for damages in towns where we had been billeted which worked satisfactorily and was adopted by others. Our method of ammunition supply, which was modified from the French method, was universally accepted. In the treatment and care of animals we were held up as a model division.

The Yankees did not devise but were the first to use the delousing system. Our first machines, two portables, were really steam automobiles, with steam to spare. You remember the steam automobiles; they always had steam to spare and traveled in a cloud by day. The delousing machine has two big tanks on it, into which the clothing of the men is thrown as they take it off and go into a bath near by. Live steam is turned into the tanks, and all the cooties in the clothing are killed, except those that hide in the seams. Each garment, as it comes out, is supposed to be ironed along the seams to get the cooties that have survived. In the early days, this was not always possible, and the men often got into clothing still infected.

Division Headquarters remained at Reynel just two days. Then it was decided somewhere in the High Command that the exigency of the situation demanded the use of every

American division that could possibly be put into line. The Twenty-sixth was ordered thereupon to go as fast as possible, by train and trucks, to the sector north of Toul known as "La Reine et Boucq."

The infantry went up in trucks for the most part, but the artillery marched over the road. Colonel Brabson was sent down to assist Major Maybach, the Division G–3, in issuing orders for the movement and the relief of the sector.

At the very start, Major Maybach was ordered ahead to Toul, to open Division Headquarters there. Colonel Brabson, left alone, issued the orders for two or three days. He was inexperienced, which was his misfortune and the Division's hard luck. His orders produced some very severe criticisms from the Corps later on.

One order in particular brought trouble and suffering for the men. Against protests, Colonel Brabson had our rolling kitchens hitched to the tail of trucks and dragged along the road at the speed of the trucks. It cost the Division a lot of kitchens, for the axles froze, and the kitchens had to be abandoned by the roadside, or the rapid motion over rough roads shook the slum-guns to pieces.

Everybody knows what Napoleon said about how an army travels. We mourned the slum-guns; we didn't so much mind the criticism, for one gets used to that in the army. But the men who really suffered were the soldiers, whose cooking apparatus for a while thereafter had to be devised out of slabs of stone and sheets of iron.

The Division's orders were changed nine times before it arrived in Toul. The advance headquarters was reduced to such a state of bewilderment that it could literally do nothing at all. When the 104th Infantry, the first regiment in, got to its "debussing point", Colonel Shelton moved it into sector without ever receiving the order to do so.

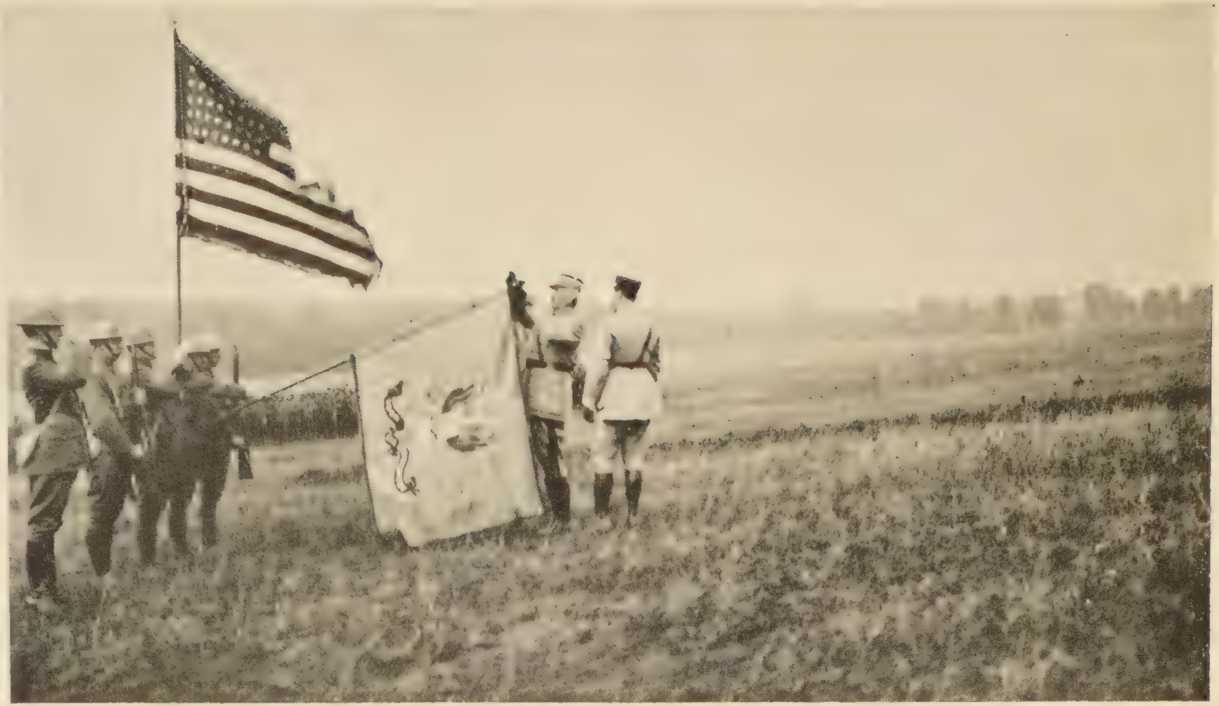
The Twenty-sixth found one brigade of the First Division in the sector, and its other brigade at Gondrecourt, a good many miles back. The Yankees began the relief on the night of March 28, and the command passed to General Edwards on April 3. The Yankees took over the ground held by the brigade of the First, and in addition that of one French division and one extra French regiment. General Buck, who watched the relief, telegraphed to the Twenty-sixth Headquarters that he never had seen a relief made so well as the Yankees made it. Later on, incidentally, at La Ferté, the Second Division paid the Twenty-sixth the same compliment.

The Yankees now held fifteen kilometers of front as against the five kilometers held by the First Division. The sector was in bad condition; all communication had to be rearranged and brought into one system of wiring from the two or three that had existed. An American railhead, engineers' dump, and camouflage dump was just in process of construction in the wood of La Reine. And finally, because the Yankees had taken so much more front than the First had had, it was necessary to change Division Headquarters from Menil la Tour, where the First had placed them, to the more central point of Boucq.

Colonel Craig — General Liggett's chief of staff — asked General Edwards to have Colonel Horace P. Hobbs, the division inspector of the Twenty-sixth, report on the conditions as we found them. To this General Edwards replied, asking that the corps send its own inspector, as he did not wish to be put in the position of criticising the conditions left by a preceding division. As a matter of fact, it would have been a most irregular proceeding. But to his request the corps replied by ordering Colonel Hobbs directly, on its own account, to make the inspection and report.

In the meantime, we had left a brisk drama behind us at Soissons. Whether the Boche knew that the Division was being relieved from the Chemin-des-Dames or whether it was merely part of his new offensive just beginning, Fritz shelled our departing battalions generously, without doing much damage. Then he turned his guns on Soissons itself and hammered that city day and night for a week.

The Division's railhead was there, and vast stores of supplies and a whole park full of wagons had to be got away. Major Harold B. Estey, Lieutenant Edwin G. Hopkins, and Lieutenant Leavitt Parsons of the engineers, with two hundred



The first time a Foreign Power ever decorated the colors of an American regiment — the 104th Infantry — Boucq, April 28, 1918.

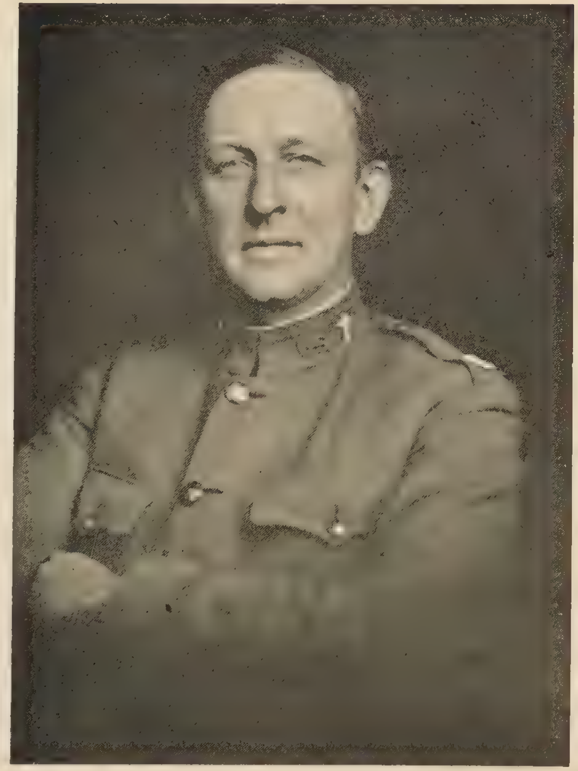


Photo. by Eichler Studio, Springfield, Mass.

CHAPLAIN WALTON S. DANKER, OF THE 104TH INFANTRY.

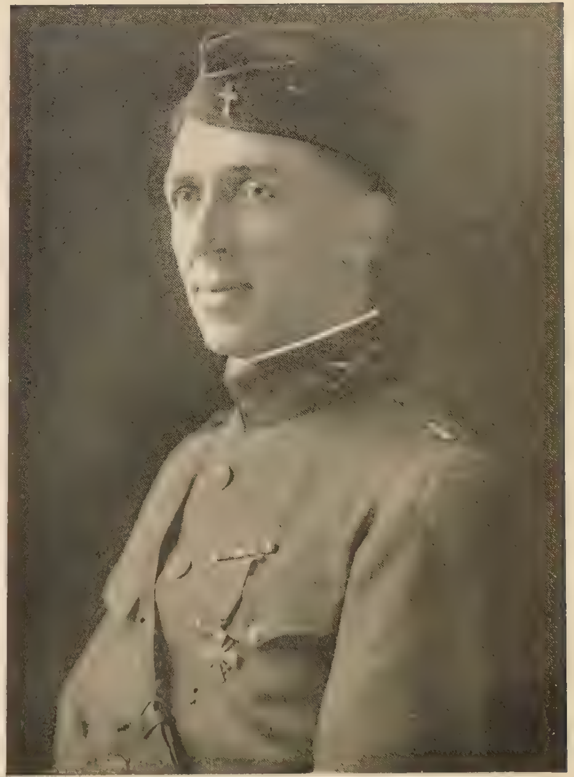


Photo. by Marceau, Boston

CHAPLAIN JOHN B. DE VALLES, OF THE 104TH INFANTRY.

men, stayed behind when the Division went on and hustled the stuff into the railroad cars as fast as they could be shoved up and out again.

Fritz had the range of that railroad yard and storehouse perfectly, and he kept it under shell fire the whole week. At any given minute the big whistlers would come along, and then the loading gangs would seek shelter, light cigarettes, and wait for the shell shower to let up. In fifteen minutes it might be over, and the work would begin again. Half an hour of it, and then the shells began once more. The Americans worked and slept under shell fire for a week, and not one of them got a scratch. Major Estey and Lieutenant Hopkins, however, won the Croix de Guerre for their share in it, and for rescuing French wounded in a house which was knocked down by a big shell.

Young Lieutenant Parsons proved his mettle here. Though by no means the ranking officer, he had the initiative to take up a situation when he saw one that needed handling and take chances on being rebuked for acting without orders.

One morning the whole medical detachment gave signs that it would pull out next day. "And leave two hundred men here without any medical attendance whatever, under fire?" quoth young Parsons.

"My orders say so," said the medical captain.

The chief of staff, the only man who could reverse the order, had already departed. Lieutenant Parsons first got Lieutenant Hopkins to join him in a formal protest against the departure of the medical contingent; then he set about finding the chief of staff in a telephoneless, heavily guarded reserve area of a fighting sector.

He worked it like a city editor. First he sent a man in a motor chasing down the road after the chief of staff. Then he sent motorcyclists to possible cut-offs. Then he found a railroad telephone line working, — not connected with the general system, which had been blown out of existence. He telephoned down the line to head off the chief of staff. And finally he got out a dozen copies of a little note to "M. le sentinelle" — though *sentinelle* in French is feminine — describing the chief of staff and his car and asking French sentries on the road to stop him. And it was one of these French sentries who finally held up the chief and sent him tearing back to Soissons, only two hours later.

"Well?" said the chief. Parsons explained.

"Sure — by all means," said the chief, and gave the order.

Parsons' next stunt was to borrow an abbey from the French to house the two hundred engineers more safely. And he wound up his week by a brilliant bit of Yankee trading. There came a day when all the railroad cars were gone and there were still twenty-nine wagons to be shipped. It looked as if they would have to be burned.

Lieutenant Parsons waited until after *dejeuner*, when he was sure to catch his prospect in good humor, and then went out to the French artillery park, caught the commanding officer, talked like a real estate agent, and actually sold the French Government our wagons.

CHAPTER VIII

Apremont, Seicheprey and the Hickey Raid

When we arrived in the Toul sector, the censor forbade me to write anything for publication until the Germans should have captured prisoners and through them have identified the Division. The army held it to be important that the Boche should be kept from knowing what Division he was facing as long as possible.

The rule might have been a good one in the case of correspondents who were using the cable, — even if the Boche had put up the sign on his trench "Welcome 26th Division." But to a correspondent who was using the mail only, and whose stories would not appear for at least three weeks, it seemed — well, over-cautious.

The new sector was in many ways the exact opposite of the Chemin-des-Dames. Only one constant remained — the mud. For practically the whole front was in low, marshy ground, and in many places the trenches were built-up corridors rather than ditches below the ground level.

The sector was really at the foot of the great plain of the Wœvre. Its left, where the Twenty-sixth joined on to a French division, lay among hills which marched away in a series of bold shoulders, a long rank fading into the distance towards Verdun. Standing out from the range by itself was a peaked height named Mont Sec, which was the outstanding feature of the sector.

Past Mont Sec the line ran southeast, irregularly. Little ruined towns were scattered along; Bouconville, protected by a little lake, was in our hands; then the trenches lay out beyond the little brook called the Rupt de Mad and embraced the ruins of two towns that were practically one, they lay so near together. These were Marvoisin and Xivray-Marvoisin, soon to be the scene of one of our prettiest fights.

Next the trench system sloped backward a little, covering the outer edge of Seicheprey and the woods of Jury and Remieres. Beyond these lay the French front again.

Back of this system of trenches, running along a ridge in the land, was one of the famous national highways of France. Strung along its length were the towns of Raulincourt, Rambucourt and Beaumont.

From Beaumont the ridge road ran on to Flirey, which later became one of the towns in our sector. But from Beaumont, a branch road went over still more rolling ground and into Bernecourt. This road, just outside Beaumont, curved towards the rear, and that curve in the road became known as Dead Man's Curve. Going to the rear from Beaumont — and because of the marshy character of the ground to the north this was practically the only way to the rear — the road passed through Mandres, Ansauville and Hamonville, joining another great highway which ran from Menil-la-Tour straight out to Bernecourt and so over into German territory.

Menil-la-Tour, with Royameix and several little cuddled villages in the folds of the hills to the south, was really the center of the right end of our sector. Here our field hospitals were centered and our quartermaster's department was set up, the echelon of the artillery was stabled, and the principal boxing entertainments were staged. Here the judge advocate, the gas officer, and the rest of the auxiliaries of division headquarters had their offices.

The hills that marched into our lines from the village of Apremont, which was held by the Boche, straightened out to a parallel for a few kilometers and then fell back farther in our own territory. At the point, the picturesque, dirty little town of Boucq lay sprawled along the hillside. It was chosen as the Division Headquarters town; General Edwards and his personal staff lived in the beautiful old chateau at the top of the town, and the rest of the headquarters staff were billeted on the inhabitants.

The hills ran back in a long V, on the other leg of which were sprinkled still more of the dirty, picturesque, wine-growing towns, all the way to Toul.

Now the Division was in its own hands, though still under a French corps. And the dispositions made by the French were difficult. The front line was held in a series of strong points, which were intended as "sacrifice posts." If attacked, the men were to stay and fight it out, but there would be no reinforcements for them. The real line of resistance was along the ridge road, and was called the "1 bis position."

Back of this ridge road our batteries were tucked in, camouflaged in hollows, or buried right up against the bank of the ditch bordering the road. One very famous piece, a "sniping 155" of the 103d Artillery, lay in an open pit on the front side of the road, but still below the height of the ridge. Fritz fired at this gun almost daily, but owing to the angle of the hill he had the smallest chance in the world of making a direct hit, — and he never did make a direct hit, though he spotted the landscape round her with shell holes. She was called Betsey the Sniper, and her mission in life was to pick out particular spots and plant her big shells on them. Her crew became almost uncannily accurate and even managed to put a shell one day smack into a group of Boches who had run out to see a fallen aeroplane. At seven thousand yards, and on so small a target, this was considerable shooting.

Betsey was in charge of Captain A. C. Barker of Providence, and more immediately of Lieutenant Hugh B. Scott, who was Yale's star pitcher in 1913. Her crew became so expert that they could fire fast enough to keep four shells in the air at one time.

In and out of these arrangements wandered a "roving piece", a 75, and also Lieutenant McGrew, "Dangerous Dan McGrew", poet, artilleryman, and adventurer. He had a little one-pounder gun, a 37-millimeter which threw a pretty little shell about the size of an inkstand. It was a vicious little shell; it could knock holes in things that were fairly solid, and if it landed among people, it could reduce morale at a surprising rate.

These wandering pieces would hunt up a comfortably dry spot, take their map ranges and corrections for some well-known Boche kitchen, and pump shells into it vigorously for half an hour or so. By this time the Boche observers would have spotted the gun and ordered return artillery fire on it. But it takes minutes to get artillery going, and in the meantime Dangerous Dan and his little pet would have meandered elsewhere.

Of course, if he had happened to set up shop near the home of infantry, the return fire of the Boche pestered those foot soldiers for the rest of the morning. So McGrew was not altogether popular.

When we came into the sector, Colonel Parker set up the headquarters of the 102d Infantry in a splendid *abri* under the rear wall of a big chateau in Beaumont. His regiment held the right of the line.

Next to him was the 101st, with Colonel Logan's headquarters buried at the foot of an orchard, behind a church, at Rambucourt. As Colonel Parker was behind the main road along the ridge, Colonel Logan was in front of it, and the orchard through which one must pass to visit him was under perfect observation from Mont Sec, — where the Boche had a most able observer.

Colonel Hume and the 103d Infantry were placed in reserve, back in the area, and the 104th, commanded at that time by Colonel George H. Shelton, was placed on the left end, his extreme left resting in the Bois Brulé, or Burned Wood, where our trenches joined the French.

In the meantime we got transportation, — quite suddenly. In the Chemin-des-Dames and especially on the rush across country, we had been terribly short of trucks. When we left Soissons, the Division had just fifty per cent. of the transportation to which it was entitled, under the tables. We had called for more, insistently and constantly, but Colonel De Witt, the chief of transport for the corps, said there wasn't any more in France.

When the Twenty-sixth relieved the First, the thing that struck the Yankees most forcibly was the plenitude of transport which that regular army division had. Investigation was made and showed that the First had more than one hundred per cent. transportation and was especially long on motor trucks. A list was made up and was shown to the corps, — whereupon the Yankees immediately got trucks.

Now began anew three fights with the A. E. F. — first for the promotions in the Division as contemplated by the Congress which had passed a bill providing for them. This bill provided for promotion upon the recommendation of the Division commander to the corps; the corps was supposed to approve formally, except in unusual cases where there was clearly something against the man recommended. But the 26th Division recommended promotions which were never given.

The other fights were to get our own men back from replacements — which had been promised before — and for decorations. Recommendations for bravery went unheeded.

Oddly enough, the conference of officers which was called at Paris in February, 1919, to suggest betterments for the army, made practically the recommendations for which the 26th Division was fighting almost a year earlier.

There was the usual string of inspectors traveling through the Division, but nothing sinister developed, such as we had seen in the Chemin-des-Dames sector. General Pershing called at Boucq one day, stayed a few minutes, and said he would come back again and remain for two or three days. General Edwards responded heartily that he hoped the commander-in-chief would do so, and that he would demonstrate then what the Division needed. But General Pershing didn't come back again. His aide, Major Quackmyer, came down for a short stay.

As soon as the Division was settled in sector, General Passaga, the French corps commander, came to visit General Edwards and to point out the features of the military situation. He told the Yankee general that the left end of our line was the trouble spot, and that the Germans made a practice of seeking prisoners there. For four years, he said, the Boche had made prisoners practically whenever he wished. The ground was very bad, was under the easiest sort of artillery range, and was perfectly registered. The front line was necessarily composed of sacrifice posts. The Boche never tried to penetrate in force, because the rear areas were easily defended from the hills, but the front lines were so locked together that it was even difficult to tell, in some trenches, where the Boche terrain ended and the Allied section of the trench began.

The weakness of the place struck General Edwards at once, and he immediately made plans for the engineers to construct a new trench, short-cutting the old system, straightening the line — though drawing it a little back — and strengthening the possibilities of defence. Before this work was done, however, the Germans sent over an attack which developed into a battle, though only a small number of men was involved.

Command passed to General Edwards on April 3. On the night of April 5, heavy shelling of the line at the juncture of French and American forces began. After a few hours it stopped, but on the sixth, seventh, and eighth it was resumed with a good deal of intensity.

Our allowance of artillery ammunition from the French was limited, and our reply was governed somewhat by the limitation. But there was always, of course, an emergency supply of ammunition.

On the ninth, the German guns were fairly quiet. On the morning of the tenth, however, they broke out suddenly and with an intensity of fire that said something to the ear of Colonel John H. Sherburne, whose regiment was covering that end of the sector. It was very early in the morning, and the colonel was still in his bunk. As the guns began to roar, he reached out for a telephone and without getting out of bed commanded a barrage to be laid down in front of the German line.

The attack was supposed to be a surprise attack, of course. But as a matter of fact the Division had already had information of the concentration of troops back of the Boche line and was expecting the attack. There were eight hundred of the attackers, and we learned afterwards that they formed a body of specially trained shock troops, and that they had been rehearsed thoroughly for this particular attack and then brought down in trucks. They were from the 25th, 36th, and 65th Infantry regiments.

When, therefore, the night-long continuous rolling of the German artillery fire changed just before dawn to the concentrated, much livelier "*trommelfeuer*", Colonel Sherburne simply touched the button of a prepared plan.

Down came the American fire, and less than ten per cent. of those eight hundred Germans ever got across that deadly narrow strip between the lines.

"They just plumb saved our lives," said a weary infantry lieutenant. He had had two hours' sleep in the previous forty-eight hours; he was unshaven, — and incidentally, he seemed to be the only man in all his company who had not shaved. But he had been on the jump, seeing that all was well with his men, in the time in which he might have been shaving.

The German attack came squarely on the front of the third battalion of the 104th Infantry. This battalion occupied the top and the edge of a hill, its front line running close-locked with the Boche trench over the edge of the hill and half-way down the slope. On its left lay the French, on its right, on lower ground, the first battalion of the regiment.

The artillery stopped the rush of Huns for a while, but then they came on again. The one hundred or so who survived through the first storm of shell fire were followed by many more who recovered a little their nerve and their formation. They came a-fighting, too, right up to our front. They got so close that rifles were flung aside, and fighting with grenades began. This ripped up what was left of the attack; the Germans began to disappear into shell holes and communicating trenches, and for the moment the fight simply faded out.

The ground in front of the American position was not pretty. Dead Germans were scattered all about, all the way from their own wire to ours. Among them were the wounded, and as soon as it was possible, the Americans began to bring some of these into our lines.

One of these prisoners gave the American command a good deal of valuable information. He also told us to expect another attack the next night. It happened that a relief had been decided upon for that night, the second battalion going in to take the place of the tired third battalion, which had been in the front line ever since we had come into sector, a week before. The relief took place, though the Boche put on a heavy cannonading throughout the night.

Next morning's party seemed to have been postponed. Nothing happened except the most intense artillery fire the Division had seen, up to that time. As usual, the first thing that had happened to us was the cutting of our telephone lines. The signalmen went out and repaired them; as fast as the lines were mended they were cut again. These boys worked all day and all night under the shells, tracing and repairing breaks in the wires with a courage whose magnificence can hardly be understood.

On the twelfth, the attack came on again, as soon as it was daylight. This time it was a divided attack, one end of it falling well to the right on the second battalion of the 104th, and the other end on the French beside us.

The Germans came out of their positions in little groups or driblets, ten men in a group and each group in single file. On this morning we found telephone wires that had been unmistakably cut by German wire-cutters. We never did catch that spy.

The attack on the French was pushed hard, and word came over from our Allies asking the Americans to counter-attack. The effect of a counter-attack would be of course to flank the attack on the French, with the idea of swinging to the left and forcing a withdrawal of the Germans.

Over went our line, in the well understood fashion which had been learned and rehearsed on the plains south of Neufchateau. This was the first time it had been used. The fire on that advancing front of groups was terrific, and most of the men wounded that day were wounded in this counter-attacking party.

As our men went forward, the pressure on the French front was almost immediately relieved. The Boche heard firing on his flank and turned some of his men towards the sound. All the fighting in this morning's bitter scrap was close-up fighting, with grenades and pistols as the most favored weapons.

This fight, on the twelfth, lasted all through the morning, all through the long afternoon, and into the night. Company G of the 104th sustained it and made the counter-attack at seven o'clock in the evening.

Correspondents were not exactly welcome down near the front that day. In any command post they would only be in the way of desperately busy commanders, and in the front itself they could not get. I climbed a hill back of Boucq, from the shoulder of which I could see the slope of the hill below the Bois Brulé and had a clear sight of a daylight fight. As a picture it was impressive; to the man who understood just what was happening below those shell bursts that jumped up right in our trenches, and who knew the meaning of those little columns of men who wound in and out of the turns of the trench, it was heart-wrenching.

It was not even to be endured, and after an hour of it I went back to headquarters where the news was coming in.

About one P.M., the Boches got into what was left of our front trenches. By this time it was apparent that the attack was not a mere raid; it kept coming in force and hinted at an attempt to break through to the heights that guarded our rear. Reinforcements were shifted in behind the second battalion, and it was while leading his men up in this movement that Lieutenant Rockwood Knight, a nephew of the late Senator Hoar, was killed.

Luckily, the second battalion was fresh, having taken over the front only on the night of the tenth. The Boche got into the lines in two places, from one of which he was promptly driven out again. The fight broke up into combats between little groups of men, became hand-to-hand fighting, and desultory. But always it was the Yankees who went after the Boches in those torn trenches; our boys never waited for the Germans to come to them. They had the jump on their enemies always, and the "edge" of a better morale.

Again in the night of the twelfth the Boches attacked, trying to infiltrate in the position. The attack was much weaker than the earlier attempts and was broken up promptly. It being apparent, however, that the enemy had not yet had enough, Company G went forward in the early hours of the thirteenth, clearing the Germans out for good. The fight ended with the lines just where they had been before it began; the Germans had found out that when Americans held the trenches, they could not come over and make prisoners as they pleased.

So many gallant things were done in these four days of battle that it seems almost unfair to mention the few which came to be known. When the list was made up for decorations, one hundred and sixteen men stood in the line, or were represented by vacancies.

One who attracted great attention was Reverend Father John B. de Valles, a Knights of Columbus chaplain. He was one of the most brilliant-looking, most fiery, high-spirited, tender-hearted men I knew in the American army. He had tried to be accepted as a chaplain, but was refused, like all the Knights of Columbus priests who sought to serve with the boys. They were allowed to join as "Knights of Columbus secretaries", their official position being similar to that of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries.

Father de Valles was forever in front lines; all the chaplains were. His billet was always open, and his supplies, sent him by the Knights of Columbus, were of course at the service of the soldiers. If he were at his billet when they came, he supplied them; if he were not, they helped themselves. "I didn't mind at all," said he later on, "though I did think they rubbed it in a little when they took my only other suit of underwear."

The four days of what came to be known as the Battle of Apremont Father de Valles spent right in the midst of the fight. He helped to carry wounded and worked until his wrists gave out and he had to adopt the soldiers' trick of binding them with telephone wire, with loops to slip over the handles of the stretchers. He searched in the wake of the fighting

Memorial Day in the 52d Infantry Brigade, May 30, 1918, at Vignot, in the Toul sector.

American Graves Decorated by the French; Vignot, May 30, 1918.

wave for those who had been dropped and comforted the last moments of many a hard-hit boy.

He was not the first priest to be decorated. Reverend Osias Boucher, another man of French blood and also a member of the Knights of Columbus, had received his Croix de Guerre on the Chemin-des-Dames, and earned it in precisely the same fashion, in the less spectacular but no less deadly raids in our first sector.

Reverend Walter Danker, the Protestant chaplain of the 104th, also won decoration from the French in the battle of Apremont. The quiet clergyman from Worcester bore his part like the rest, and his boys told me he never flinched, even when they themselves felt more or less like quitting.

Lieutenant Ray E. Wilcox of the machine gun company of the 104th was in the fight at the beginning, with the third battalion. When that battalion was relieved, Lieutenant Wilcox and his platoon were too late to get to the rear; the German barrage came down and cut them off.

He sat waiting for his chance to go back, next morning, when word came down from the front that Germans had got into the trench farther out. There was no attack on at the moment; it was just the steady pressing forward of the enemy.

The lieutenant suggested that if he had a few volunteers he might put in the time by going forward and poking the Boches out of there. His whole detachment promptly volunteered, and he picked out five of them, took an automatic rifle himself, and started along.

At a corner in the trench, he suddenly saw a whole flock of Germans coming down the communicating trench, straight at him. He shot the first man dead, and half-turning, shouted to his squad as if he had a whole company, to get out of the trench and run behind the Boches to cut them off.

Whether the Germans understood English or not, they threw up their hands. Lieutenant Wilcox, keeping them covered, ordered them to keep their hands up and to come along. They did so, and he turned in nineteen prisoners, who had really surrendered to one man.

In this fight the Germans used *minenwerfer* extensively.

These *minenwerfer* are really trench mortars, which heave out tremendous shells or "mines." The things have comparatively a short range; they can be seen from the very start of their flight as they sail up in a high curve and come slowly across to drop and make a hole as big as a small cellar. The men hate them, but they are so slow that if a man seems to be exactly in line he can get into a neighboring traverse before the mine arrives.

One of them dropped quite close, on the first day of the Apremont fight, to Lieutenant Galvin of Greenfield. It stunned him but did not wound him. When he picked himself up, he found that he was entirely deaf, and his head was ringing and hurting him so badly that he believed an eardrum had been burst. He went back to the nearest *poste de secours*, and the surgeon put a dressing in his ear. Then he started back towards his platoon but was killed by a shell which burst at his feet before he got ten feet from the dressing station door.

Lieutenant Horton Edmands, the son of a former colonel of the Cadets and himself a former newspaper man, had an adventure of the same sort that Lieutenant Wilcox had, and at about the same time. Lieutenant Edmands was ordered forward along the trenches to clean up a bunch of Boches that had got into our front line, and he took along a squad of five men.

He and Lieutenant Wilcox were really converging along two sides of a triangle towards the same spot. Edmands left two men, as he went along, to clear any possible Boches out of a trench dugout they passed. He had been told that there were "two or three Boches" up there.

They were in a strong point, and as the Americans — three of them — came up, the Germans began to throw hand grenades, — the German grenades have wooden handles on them and are called "potato mashers." There was a rush and a good deal of confusion for a moment. Edmands ran ahead, pistol in hand, jumped down into the strong point, — and found eleven Germans.

Luckily, their nerve was gone. One of them threw his arms round Edmands' neck, crying "Kamerad" and getting the lieutenant's collar all covered with blood from his wounded hand. And the eleven Germans surrendered forthwith.

Lieutenant Wallace E. Day had a machine gun position. The German barrage came down, on the first morning of the fight, and drove the machine gunners to shelter. There the crew had to wait for that psychological moment when the barrage should lift; then it must leap out and get the gun going on the Boches, who would be advancing behind their own barrage. The margin of time would be measured in seconds.

The moment arrived; Lieutenant Wallace and his men rushed out. There were the Germans plain enough, — and no machine gun. Where it had stood was a mound of earth; a shell burst had buried the gun two feet deep in mud.

There were two things that could be done, — run away or dig the gun out. For Yankees there was only one thing to do, and the machine gunners went at it like madmen. They tore the earth away with their hands; they pulled the gun open hastily and took her down enough to get the dirt out of the mechanism; they blew out the last specks, stuck her together again, slipped in a strip, and went contentedly to spraying the Boches. It was barely in time; the Germans were less than fifty yards away.

Later in the day, another shell arrived and blew the emplacement to blazes. Lieutenant Day reported by telephone, cheerfully, that his emplacement was gone, but that he had set up his guns on the open ground again and that they were "going like hell."

Lieutenant Crawford Ferguson had a trench mortar section. A shell dropped right into the middle of it and wounded or killed all but the lieutenant and one man. A trench mortar crew needs five men, but the officer and his one helper managed somehow to handle the heavy ammunition and kept on tossing "hunks of hell", as the boys call the trench mortar shells, into the thing until reinforcements came up.

One of the little accidents at the rear fell under my eyes as I sat watching the battle from the hill. On the road below me a string of empty wagons, horse-drawn, was trotting along briskly in the general direction of a supply dump, to be loaded before dark. A big limousine going towards the front came to one end of the string just as a little ambulance, going like a bat out of Hades, rushed up to the other end. By the gait at which the ambulance was going, I knew that it contained wounded men.

The road was narrow, and there was not room alongside the wagons for the limousine and the ambulance to pass. There was only one thing for the ambulance driver to do and he did it. He cut into the string of wagons, pulling in so sharply ahead of the horses of one wagon that he hit their noses, and they reared.

The limousine had been going fast, too. It stopped, but not till it had got by; it couldn't have stopped in time to save a smash.

Unfortunately, at the speed the ambulance was going, the driver couldn't make the reverse turn back into the road, and his car went with a sickening crunch into a roadside tree.

The poor lads inside must have had a cruel blow. The driver was unhurt; his helper, on the seat beside him, was flung like a stone from a sling clear across a wide ditch and into the field. He staggered up with a cut head and a dizzy feeling, but manfully helped to put his *blessés* into another ambulance that came along just then, empty.

One of the two wounded, not seriously hurt, remained conscious. For the other chap, seriously hurt, it looked already to be a matter of life and death. Away they went, flying.

Next all hands — teamsters, chauffeur and the helper — took a look at the ambulance. Its radiator was cock-eyed and dribbling; the front wheel had missed the tree, but the body was considerably crushed. Oddly enough, if the ambulance hadn't hit the tree, it must have taken the ditch, and at its speed that would have meant a capsize. The ditch was four feet deep, and the chances of any of the four men in the ambulance would have been rather slim.

As it was, the wagoners lent a hand, all hands lifted the thing back on to the road, the driver cranked it, the engine miraculously responded, and off it waddled towards the repair shop, sprained, its frame askew, its drunken radiator spouting steam and dripping copiously.

The sector quieted down after April 13; the 103d relieved the 104th, and Colonel Shelton's tired regiment came into the rear area for rest, baths and a turn at the deverminizing machines. For a few days absolutely nothing happened excepting a very informing little *coup de main* which the Germans pulled off on us.

The lakes which cut up the middle of our front have been mentioned. Round them it was always possible for patrols to sneak at night, and to come far within our lines. One patrol did come in for a kilometer — five eighths of a mile — and emerged on a road near Xivray-Marvoisin.

It came upon a mess sergeant driving a mule wagon with supplies, took him prisoner, killed the mules and left the wagon on the road, carrying off the supplies and a sack of mail that was in the wagon.

The lesson was a wholesome one for the Twenty-sixth, and though everybody was sorry for the sergeant, the lesson was learned at a very low price. A few days later, the price paid for the same lesson as to our front-line disposition was heavier.

As the reports came in from the Apremont fight, it developed that there was a small raid, of eighty men, on April 5; another raid, not much bigger, under cover of the artillery fire on the seventh, and then the two big attacks of the tenth and thirteenth. Our losses were comparatively small; the Boches lost, by count of the dead from our own front line and not counting at all the large number they carried away, at least five for one.

The only American taken prisoner in the Apremont fight was a corporal who, against orders, stuck in his strong point to cover the withdrawal of his squad when he sent them back according to the plan.

Colonel Shelton, when I congratulated him on getting a rest for his regiment, said, "But I didn't want to come out. My men had just got to the frame of mind where they didn't want to take prisoners; they wanted to kill Germans, and it seemed too bad to take them out at just that moment."

Later that same day he addressed a battalion of his men. Said he, "You know now what war is, and you have seen, face to face, the men who produced this war. In your hearts you know the Boche is yellow. You have shown that, man for man, you are the better. And you can beat him at his own nasty game, if he is bound to fight that way.

"You have seen your fellows hit. And you have taken prisoners, — four to one, I believe. But that's not enough, taking prisoners.

"The Boche is a bully, and he is always yellow. He can fight, and he will even go on fighting beyond where he can win. He will try every nasty trick to kill you and make you suffer. Don't forget that. When you meet him, remember what he has done. I shan't be satisfied with even forty to one, and I don't want you to be.

"Get every one of them you can. Go into a fight cool of head, but with hatred in your hearts and venom in your bayonets. It may be a horrid thing to say, but every Boche killed brings the end of the war nearer."

It happened that just about that time, the story was running round the Division that the Germans had been mutilating Americans they found wounded, and even mutilating our dead. It was said that American bodies had been found mutilated.

The cry of "no prisoners" was immediately raised, for this was the first time when German savagery and ferocity had been found where there was a chance to verify it. In more than one regiment it was understood among the men that the only good German was a dead German, and the men prepared to act on that theory.

But the story reached Division Headquarters finally, and a tracer was promptly sent out on it. The story came down finally to two actual cases in which mutilation might be suspected. On careful examination, the surgeons said that both those cases might have been the result of shell explosions or even of shrapnel wounds. Then the story was shifted to another division, — but it was never verified to us.

General Edwards heard the mutilation story. His comment to his staff — it was never made the subject even of a memorandum, let alone an order — was "I think we shall continue in the Yankee Division to fight like white men; first because we are white men, and second because if the Boche finds out that he has not a chance in the world of being taken prisoner, he will fight that much the harder and cost us just so many more Yankee lives. Bitterness of the sort that refuses to accept a surrender of a beaten enemy only makes our difficult and dangerous task that much more dangerous and difficult."

Some of the incidents that came drifting in, as the excitement cooled, showed how the war machine at home was hustling. One man was reported missing; his name was Glenn Hill, and he had come with some other drafted men to the 104th Infantry, right in the midst of the Apremont fight. He had come straight from a camp in the United States; the machinery of war had seized him upon his arrival in France and had ground him through to his outfit with hardly a stop by the way.

He arrived on the thirteenth. The battalion was too busy and too tired to notice him; the guide who brought him in turned him over and he simply joined the nearest squad,— for at the moment, the company where he found himself was just starting forward.

As it happened, he was not in the company to which he was assigned. And as his company clerk had already received his record, description, and assignment to the unit, of course Hill's name was called at roll call, and he didn't answer. He was put down for the moment as "missing", and he hadn't been in the front line six hours.

He was an extra man where he was; nobody knew him, and an amused lieutenant questioned him. He found that Hill belonged in the other company, but because he was freshly arrived and had already been over the top, asked him about his experiences.

"Did you get a Boche?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Shoot him?"

"No, sir, I stuck him. I ran my bayonet into him twice."

"Didn't he see you coming?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Hill. "He saw me coming all right, and he hollered 'mercy, Kamerad,' or something like that. But I told him I didn't come all the way over here to play with him, and I stuck my bayonet into him. Then I stuck him again. But," he added reflectively, "I didn't do it either time the way they taught me in the camp, at home."

The draft men had been sent over in such a hurry that some of them had never loaded a rifle. A sergeant saw one of the newcomers, just as the party was going forward, looking at his rifle, which he held in one hand, and a clip of cartridges in the other, with a puzzled expression.

"In trouble there, Jim?" said the sergeant.

"How do you put these things into the gun?" asked the man.

"Why, this way," said the sergeant, showing him. "Haven't you ever loaded a gun before?"

"No, sir."

"For Heaven's sake, what did they drill you with over there?" asked the sergeant.

"With a wooden gun," said the boy. He practiced slipping the clip into the rifle two or three times, and then, at the word, went along with the rest into a counter-attack, carrying the gun he had never fired.

The left platoon of the company which got the brunt of the fight on the last day was called the "foreign legion." It came from a manufacturing town and was composed largely of Italians and Poles; some of them spoke very little English, but every one was a fighting man. Sergeant Charles Olari was its top, and when his lieutenant was wounded, he took charge and fought the platoon for the rest of the day. He himself was hit, but he went right along with it. He won a D. S. C. for that day.

Captain Edward M. Connelly of Wakefield was commander of the company. He was a good disciplinarian and had ridden his men hard on the way down from the Chemin-des-Dames sector. When he made the relief before Apremont, he had to take the company over a stretch of road where the shells were landing as thick as in a barrage. There was a hundred yards of it, and it will always remain a mystery how the company got over it at all. As it was, Corporal Henry L. Damon and Mechanic Spooner, both from Orange, Massachusetts, were the only men killed on the trip in. Not another man was even wounded.

Captain Connelly led his men in two counter-attacks, and it seemed as if every wounded man who came back to the dressing station was singing his praises. The men couldn't say enough about him; they called him their "come-on captain" from then on.

Captain Oscar Dudley of Saxonville had charge of that dressing station. It was simply a little hollow, dug into the side of a hill, and roofed with boards and corrugated iron. It was rain-proof all of its width, and shrapnel-proof for half of it. At the very back, there was a tiny depression that was really shell-proof.

Three days and three nights Doctor Dudley and his detail of ten men stayed on the job, dressed the cases as they came in, and sent them along. It was a mile down the hill to where the ambulances waited, and the men who could had to walk down.

One hundred and sixty-one men were treated in that tiny station in the three days.

One of the detail was Rudolph Foster of Chicopee Falls. He was wild to get down to the fighting line and finally managed to get himself sent there, with a gunny sack full of bandages and splints, and some antitetanus serum. He also had nestling in the bag, strictly against the rules of civilized warfare, a nice Colt's automatic pistol. He never used it because he never got time.

Foster went merrily down to the line and found a man shot in the thigh. He bandaged him up and sent him along, and the doctor at the dressing station found him so well bandaged that he didn't have to make a new dressing. Another and another of Foster's patients came in, and all of them were bandaged and splinted, under the heaviest sort of fire, so well that the dressings didn't need shifting. He had even managed to clamp two torn arteries in the trench, undoubtedly saving the men's lives.

Captain Dudley had expected a good deal of shell shock, of hysteria, of howling when painful dressings had to be done. But Foster's men came in cheerful and quiet, and stood the first operations well.

When Foster ran out of dressings and came back, Doctor Dudley said, "If I had known how efficient you were, I'd have given you a hypodermic, and let you give all these men a little shot, to make it easier for them."

"Hypodermic hell," said Private Foster. "I gave 'em all a quarter of a grain apiece." He had been doping the wounded with stolen morphine, which explained why they came in so quiet and cheerful.

The story of the stretcher bearers at Apremont will never be adequately told. To take a litter to the front trench, find a *blessé,* bring him all the way back through the terrible mud and round the trying corners of the *boyau,* to brush past the passers in the trench; to get him dressed at the station and carry him down to the ambulances, finally returning to the *poste de secours,* meant a trip of two hours. Then it had to be done again and again and again, until flesh and blood couldn't stand it any longer.

Captain Herbert Taylor sent up Sergeant Patrick T. Kelly of Boston with sixteen other Boston boys, from the ambulance company. The 104th's band was turned into stretcher bearers, and Father John B. de Valles went with them. Many men owe their lives to these untiring bearers, who went on when their wrists gave out, and they could hold the litter handles only by looping wire round wrists and handles of the litters.

Corporal Shaw of Watertown had a squad of ten men. They went out into No Man's Land, in daylight, and brought in three wounded and four dead. One man the corporal had to drag in, lying flat and pulling him along the ground, an inch at a time.

Lieutenant Edward H. Phillips of Athol was an officer who was promoted to his straps after the Division arrived in Europe. He began the Apremont fight with a platoon, in a place where he couldn't get out, and where nobody could get in to him. He presently found himself in command of the whole of Company E, the captain having been evacuated. The Boche was particularly vicious on his flank and even got behind him several times; but Lieutenant Phillips' men say the Germans hadn't a chance against his cheerful deviltry. But I never got him to tell what he had done; he simply said he was there and refused details.

But the list goes on and on; there were one hundred and sixteen of such men who were seen and who were decorated. It is absolutely certain that if justice could have been done, there would have been a great many more. But the greater number by far went through their own particular little hells and stood the gaff as it came to them, and their fine deeds were never noted at all.

Just after the Apremont fight, the Division chief of staff was relieved and was sent to the 102d Infantry as a supernumerary, really to study the sector and the regiment with a view to the possibility of taking command if Colonel John Henry Parker should be relieved.

The chief of staff was Lieutenant Colonel Cassius M. Dowell, a man with a remarkable personality and an unusual history. He had been a private soldier in the regular army and had raised himself from the ranks. Interested in the study of law, he was on his way to become a judge advocate when he was appointed to the 26th Division.

Colonel Dowell gave serious attention to every matter that fell in his province. The consequence was that though he sometimes did not show the speed of a more superficial man, his work never had to be done over. A paper which he studied and upon which he acted was finished with. He was an adjutant's delight. The Division learned, later on, that at the staff college the orders written in the 26th Division — the work of Colonel Dowell — were considered models and were used as examples of what orders should be.

Because of criticism from the Corps, however, Colonel Dowell had to be relieved. General Edwards asked for one of two officers to succeed him — and unfortunately put first in his request the name of Colonel Duncan K. Major, Jr.

He named also Colonel Samuel R. Gleaves, but the General Headquarters at Chaumont sent us Colonel Major.

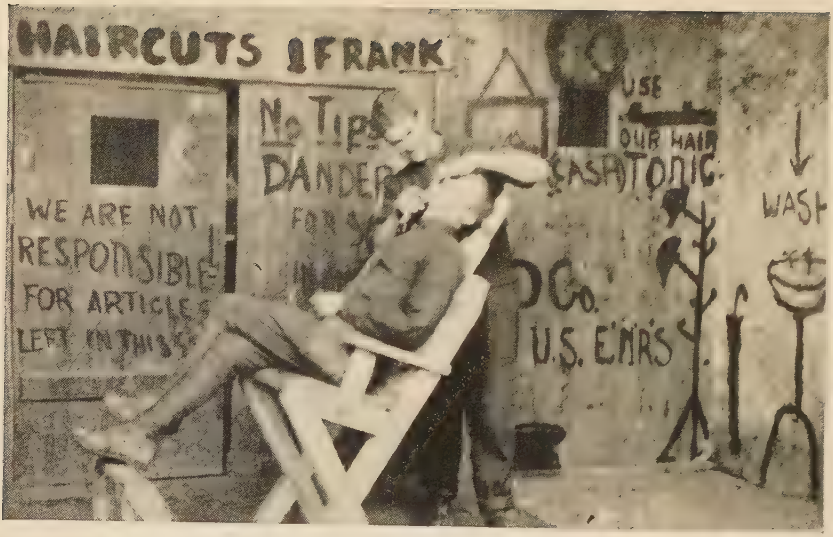
The new chief of staff was a West Point graduate whom General Edwards had known at Texas City. At that time General Edwards commanded a brigade and Major — who was a captain — had a company. The general got the impression of a driving, efficient officer, and retained it. On this impression he asked for Colonel Major.

Within two weeks of the new chief of staff's arrival, General Edwards threatened to relieve him because of his treatment of junior officers. Some of the orders which Colonel Major got out in General Edwards' name the general was forced to countermand. But General Edwards found himself in the dilemma of having asked for a man and then wanting to change his choice. Colonel Major was kept on.

The Colonel was a man who worked hard himself, but who rarely found other men's work worthy of praise. Upon occasion, and more noticeably after the departure of General Edwards, he tried to make himself agreeable; on the other hand, I have seen him turn away from juniors who had reported to him absolutely without a word. There was a great difference between Colonel Major's manner and that of Colonel Dowell, who was universally loved and who was absolutely loyal to his chief and his Division.

Of Colonel Major's efficiency I myself was not able to judge. Of his lack of loyalty, his lack of feeling for the men, and his standards, I had more evidence. After the Seicheprey affair, he went to the staff college to lecture and said publicly that the Division had messed the Seicheprey business. It was not true, in any fair sense; if it had been true, to criticise his own division was not loyal. During the bitter ending of the fighting, Colonel Major did not spare himself or show the slightest sympathy for the troops. He insisted that the men had not made the advances that they should have done; that they were perfectly able to continue fighting, that they lacked courage. In my presence he accused one infantry regiment of being "yellow" when it lay utterly exhausted after many days of continuous fighting.

Hickey's Half-Portion Boche, the "million-dollar kid," the only prisoner taken in the raid on May 31, 1918.



Barber shop of D Company, 101st Engineers, at Raulecourt.

Cook vs. Mascot, in 101st Artillery Sports, in the Toul sector.

I did not personally hear the statement attributed to Colonel Major by Congressman Gallivan, his threat to General Edwards that "if you don't get these National Guard officers, we'll get you." Nor have I ever mentioned the matter to General Edwards, nor asked whether Colonel Major made such a statement.

I do know that he picked out the wrong National Guard officer to threaten when he started after Captain Al Ford, then headquarters commandant and commander of the headquarters troop.

Captain Ford was formerly a Boston newspaper man and as full of what is called "pep" in army slang as any man in the Division. He had won his commission in the National Guard, and his very high spirits had more than once got him into trouble. Of irrepressible good humor, nothing ever dismayed him. He drew many odd jobs on the Division staff; at one time he would be ahead as billeting officer, — and making a success of it in spite of an entire lack of French except a bright smile and a few expressive gestures.

He ran his troop on a loose pulley, for the troop was split up into many details and rarely if ever drilled together. Some of the boys who had joined as cavalrymen found themselves chauffeurs; many of them spent all their time as orderlies; others became despatch riders on motorcycles. There were finally only sixteen horses in the troop.

At times Captain Ford became an amusement manager; he organized the Yankee Division show, and when traveling entertainers like Miss Elsie Janis came to enliven life in the sector he was their escort and manager.

Colonel Major found fault with Captain Ford so many times, concerning his work as headquarters commandant, that the captain finally wrote a letter to the commanding general asking to be relieved of his detail and sent back to his command, and giving as a reason that he could not suit the chief of staff.

The letter had to go through Colonel Major's hands, of course, and he summoned Captain Ford before him. He demanded that the captain retract the letter, calling it an insult to himself. Captain Ford refused to take back his letter, whereupon Colonel Major said, "How long have you been an officer?"

"Three years, sir," said Captain Ford.

"In the National Guard, I suppose," said Colonel Major.

"Yes, sir."

"I'll break this National Guard spirit," said Colonel Major, shaking his finger in the captain's face.

Captain Ford remained in command of the troop, however, and General Edwards did not know of the incident for a long time afterwards, in fact not until the Division was on this side of the water again. The captain eventually left the Division at Verdun, going to the G–1, or administrative officer, of the 35th Division, under General Peter Traub, at General Traub's request.

Colonel Major had to endure a great deal of joking from brother officers in the regular army after the speech by Congressman Gallivan which made so much stir, when the congressman called the colonel a "whipper-snapper." The speech was reprinted in European editions of American newspapers and was widely read. Our French colleagues of the mission came wildly inquiring what a whipper-snapper was. But Colonel Major laughed. At the very end, he decided to ask to be relieved from the Division and gave this explanation.

"If I went home with the Twenty-sixth," he said, "and paraded with it, I feel sure that I should be insulted in Boston. This in turn would reflect upon the Division, and rather than have that happen, I shall ask to be relieved."

There is little room for the idea that Colonel Major was afraid of a possible assault. He had late in July jumped at the chance to command a regiment, though considerable personal danger would be involved in taking such a command. He suffered intensely at times from a carbuncle, but kept on with his work even when in greatest pain, until the emergency of fighting was over. He never took a leave until the Division had arrived in the Montigny area, when he went on leave to Nice, — and even then was compelled to finish his leave in a hospital.

At about this time there returned to duty in the Division the first of a squad of men who had been detailed for service less spectacular, but no less devoted, than the front-line work. These were the trench-fever squad fellows, who had been at the British front and in Paris.

During the previous winter, trench fever had made its appearance in the Allied armies, and more especially among the British. The doctors did not know what it was; nobody had ever seen such a thing before. It was an intermittent fever of very high degree, accompanied by severe pain, and though rarely fatal, it prostrated men for from one to ten weeks.

A scientific investigation of the fever and its causes was determined upon, and once more the 26th Division became a pioneer division. Colonel Bevans, the Division surgeon, went to the field hospitals and ambulance companies and asked for volunteers to submit themselves to the tests. Many more volunteered than were needed.

The men were carefully examined, to be sure that they were in perfect health when taken. Then they were obliged to sign papers stating that the service was voluntary and that they would not hold the authorities responsible for anything that might happen to them.

Then they were loaded, sixty of them, into second-class carriages and taken to the British front. The expedition left Liffol le Grand on January 28, and was made up of details from the 101st, 102d and 104th Field Hospitals, and from the 101st, 102d, 103d and 104th Ambulance Companies. Lieutenant Rapport of the 101st Field Hospital was in command.

In selecting the men, it is interesting to note, only two had to be rejected as not being up to the standard.

The squad went to British Stationary Hospital 12, back of Arras, at St. Paul. It was only a few kilometers from the fighting front. There the experiments began.

First, a few men were inoculated with the blood of trench fever patients in the hospital. Only a few of these patients developed the fever. On the arms of others were tied bags containing lice which had fed on infected men. These men all had the trench fever, and the louse was convicted of being a carrier.

Incidentally, none of the men chosen for these experiments died, but some of them had so many relapses that they never came back to duty. They were sent home to the United States.

On March 20, the Boche started in to bomb and shell the experiment station. So as not to have their experiment blown apart, the British moved patients, lice, apparatus, nurses and doctors right back to Paris. There the squad was housed in one of the smaller hospitals at Neuilly, just outside the gates of the city.

Some of the men said later that this was the most trying part of their experience. There they were, right in Paris, and still forbidden to go into the city. They were practically prisoners in the hospital.

Those who had not yet been inoculated were kept at work scrubbing floors or cleaning up around the hospitals — for there was a large group of hospitals at Neuilly — and even taking care of patients there.

In the meantime, big Bertha began shooting at Paris. Every time she bombarded, or there was an air raid, everybody was ordered to the cellars, well men helping the sick ones down. It came to be a joke among the men that they should have come away from Arras to escape shelling and run right into a systematic bombardment of Paris.

The fever seemed to come on the men at night. A man might go to bed feeling well, only to wake in the morning with a high temperature, a splitting headache, and pains in his legs and muscles generally. He would very likely break out in pink spots all over his body, and suffered from pinkeye in many cases.

This state of things lasted a day or two, and then would recur in three, four or five days. And there might be anywhere up to eight such relapses.

In June, the doctors started the "scarification" experiments. In these, the men's arms were scratched until raw flesh surfaces were obtained. On these surfaces were placed various substances from infected lice or from infected patients.

Fresh subjects had to be used for each experiment, and the whole detail lasted until so far along in the fall that some of them did not get back to the Division until the day after the signing of the armistice.

In fact, some of those who returned to the outfit at Toul were found to have been released too soon. They had relapses into fever; they were clapped hastily into hospital, and two or three of them had to be returned to Paris.

In the end, the doctors discovered that the louse was the wicked cause of the trench fever, but that the disease was infectious also, though not contagious.

The men who had courageously offered themselves for the experiment were recommended twice for decoration, once by Lieutenant Colonel Strong, and later by Lieutenant Colonel Jones.

The names of the heroes of the 101st Sanitary Train, Yankee Division, who volunteered for the entire army and underwent the "cooties" infection tests have been made public by General Edwards. The men who took the tests, all privates, except where otherwise stated, are:

C. L. Bacus, N. G. Barrett, W. C. Barrett, H. O. Buckley, Sergt. W. V. Campbell, N. D. Cann, E. B. Carroll, W. F. Charbonneau, W. W. Chase, F. Cody, N. S. Courtney, A. J. Daly, W. T. Daly, R. H. Davis, E. K. Demoulpied, W. F. Driscoll, W. Duda, J. T. Elliano, M. J. Emhoff, H. M. Eteridge, A. R. Fahy, J. L. Fiola, Leo Fitzsimmons, John Fortini, F. H. Freudenberger, Earl M. Green, Harry E. Jensen, B. A. Villancy, R. A. Walker, A. Watkins, A. J. Woodward, Sergt. R. V. Kenney, John A. Lambert, F. E. Lowell, H. A. Lucas, H. A. Morin, W. J. Murphy, F. A. Nolan, A. F. Noren, J. J. O'Connor, J. T. O'Neil, J. A. O'Neill, V. M. Peck, F. Pill, Patrick J. Quinn, W. H. Reed, H. Robertson, J. Rumano, J. P. Rupprecht, M. N. Ruskin, J. T. Scanlon, V. Schaeffer, J. J. Singer, J. J. Slater, J. J. Stanley, H. M. Stevens, D. P. Turner, J. V. Vassel, Percy Waite, J. H. Warhurst, W. R. Weyel, H. A. Worley.

Just one week after the Apremont fight finished definitely, came the heaviest attack that had been thrown against an

American force, on the left end of our sector, which was then just outside of the ruined town of Seicheprey, and in the Jury and Remieres woods.

Our intelligence bureau had given warning of a coming attack, based upon the gathering of a large force of Germans which went on behind their lines. They also gave warning themselves by registering with artillery on various trenches and special targets during the day time on April 19.

The ruined village of Seicheprey was the battalion headquarters. Its defence, and the defence of Remieres wood, near the town and northeast of it, had been a problem from the time we came into the sector. General Edwards had already protested against the system in use of keeping a large number of men so far forward in sacrifice positions. As has already been explained, there were definite and rigid orders against sending reinforcements to these posts in case of attack; the line of resistance was along the national highway that ran on a ridge parallel to our front and a mile behind it. General Edwards believed that if the system of keeping only sacrifice posts in the front line were to be kept on, far fewer men should be left out there.

Beaumont, the regimental headquarters of the 102d Infantry, lay on this ridge road. From Beaumont a road ran down to Seicheprey, through the town and straight on into the enemy lines. In front of Seicheprey and Remieres wood, which lay to the right of the village, was a gentle slope, laced with a system of half-ruined trenches, unsuitable for effective defence. The main trench of this system was known as the Sibille trench; the Remieres trench connected the garrison of Seicheprey with the strong points in the wood, and from Remieres wood the Jury *boyau* (communicating trench) connected with the Jury wood on our right, held by the 162d French Infantry, our old friends and instructors at Neufchateau.

To the west of Seicheprey a ravine curved into our lines from the north. And it was against this position that the Germans directed their attack, following their practice of attacking at the end of a unit, or at the joint between two units.

They sent us over a force of 3300 men; the attack fell on about 350, and was not able to maintain itself on the ground taken. Its repulse constituted the first engagement fought by American troops without the support of the French.

When it was over, our total casualties were 634; this includes some 130 prisoners, and a large number of wounded in supporting units which were under day-long artillery fire. Our killed were only eighty.

Rumors reached the Twenty-sixth that the Division had been severely criticised by General Headquarters because the Yankees lost a large batch of prisoners at Seicheprey. But it happened that General Edwards had nothing to do in this fight except to make suggestions; General Passaga, the French corps commander, gave orders directly to General Traub and Colonel Parker, commanding the 51st brigade and the 102d regiment.

The best estimate of the German losses was twelve hundred to fifteen hundred. We buried — and the figures were checked officially — 165 Germans. The German official report gave their total casualties as six hundred. One of our officers who was made a prisoner was told in Germany that 2798 men were in the attack, and that of these only 947 returned uninjured. Our men who were taken prisoners were forced to carry German wounded back to their aid stations; some of them made three or four trips on this work.

In its essence, the result of Seicheprey was this: the enemy came over prepared to stay and didn't succeed in doing so. His losses were heavier than ours. So if the battle was not the glowing victory for us that some of the accounts have made it, at least we had the best of it.

In the front, a relief was made during the night of April 19–20, which was clear. The first battalion of the 102d, commanded by Major Rau, relieved the third battalion, commanded by Captain Thompson, Companies C and D occupying the forward positions, and Companies A and B those further back, the "centers", so-called.

Captain Thompson and some of his company officers remained in the sector when his battalion went out, to show the newcomers the area. For it happened that this was the first time the first battalion had held this ground.

About 3 A.M. — there is a variation in the reports from 3 o'clock to 3.16 — the enemy started artillery fire of a violence that far surpassed anything the Division had so far seen. The fire was intense on the whole area, with a heavy concentration on the Sibille trench, on Seicheprey, Beaumont, all our battery positions and the main communicating trenches from Beaumont to the front. Every part of the sector received thorough attention.

Almost immediately all telephone wires were cut by the artillery fire; the radio station at Seicheprey was knocked out, and trench shelters all over the front were caved in. Batteries and support positions were thoroughly gassed, besides being shelled.

The artillery fire and the usual morning change in temperature produced together a heavy mist, in which all the fighting was done, and which was of great advantage to the attacking party.

The artillery fire went on very heavily and without any let-up until five o'clock, when it changed to the usual box barrages round Seicheprey and the Remieres woods, with a rolling barrage across the front for the attacking infantry. In the meantime, beside using guns of unusually large caliber, and using them in numbers that told plainly of a bringing in of much extra artillery, the Germans were employing *minenwerfer* on our front lines.

Our batteries, of the 102d and 103d artillery, had begun their usual morning firing schedule about the time when the Germans started their artillery preparation. At 3.08 the observation officers started the barrage upon recognizing that an attack was coming. Under almost insuperable difficulties, with telephone lines cut, batteries and battalions reduced to the use of runners for the transmission of orders and reports, with one battalion even using an ambulance to get its runners back and forth over its long route; working in heavy gas and in masks, firing so rapidly that ammunition ran out and the men had to wait hours for a fresh supply, our artillery

Betsy the Sniper, a 155 sharpshooter on the Beaumont-Flirey Road, Toul sector.

The Drum Horse of the Cowboy Band.

John Randolph Coolidge, Co. D, 101st Engineers, and Jerry. Raulecourt, in the Toul sector, June, 1918.

nevertheless played a vitally important part in the repulse of the Germans.

At five o'clock the attack came over behind its barrage, following it so closely that some of the attackers became casualties. The leading party consisted of about 1200 *stosstruppen*, — storming troops specially trained to this work. On their flanks, in support, came a battalion of infantry on each side; a safe estimate of those in the direct attack gives about 2500 men. We learned afterwards that the raid had been rehearsed thoroughly in advance.

The *sturmbattalion* was made up of two infantry companies, one machine gun company and one company with *minenwerfer*, flame throwers and pioneer troops.

Their supporting troops were the 259th Regiment, two companies of the 258th and one battalion of the 250th, giving a total strength in the attack of about 3300 men.

The mission of the attack was to go in between Remieres wood and Seicheprey, turning the town; to clean up Seicheprey and withdraw to the Sibille trench on signal; and to hold in Sibille trench except in case of a very strong counter-attack.

One arm of the box barrage fell on a strong point occupied by Lieutenant Lockhart's platoon of Company E of the second battalion, on the left of the regiment's position. Between this and the next group there was ordinarily a wide space, leading into a draw that came right up to the west side of Seicheprey.

One body of the enemy, under protection of this barrage fire, went up the draw rapidly and got into Seicheprey on the west side, more than halfway to the rear of the town. A second body flanked Remieres wood, going up a ravine between this wood and the Jury wood, also under box-barrage protection. The remainder of the attack came on frontally, following the rolling barrage. The enemy was discovered in the town and in Remieres woods even before he was known to be attacking in front.

The officers who got the heaviest of this early attack were Captain Griswold of Hartford, who got his men into dugouts as fast as possible; Captain Freeland of New Haven, who tried the plan of concentrating his men, and Captain Felsted of New Haven, whose company eventually was the hardest hit of all. Lieutenant Pickett of Hartford, more on the edge of the fight, came off more easily.

When the attack came over, the artillery fire of the Boches was laid on our 1-bis position, along the ridge road, and maintained there for the rest of the day, with frequent concentrations on other positions. When this position was occupied, later in the morning, by reserves, this fire cost us a good many casualties.

One of the places shelled was the little town of Rambucourt. Lieutenant E. H. Cooper, the division photographic officer, was out hunting for "action pictures", and immediately had the idea that the spectacle would make a good movie. Accompanied by two men, he deliberately walked up to within two hundred feet of the town where the shells were breaking, set up his camera with the utmost coolness and began to crank.

Of course, the ninth or tenth shell broke close beside him; the explosion capsized the apparatus and buried Cooper and Sergeant Gideon Eikleberry — and another camera — under two feet of mud. But he had already secured one of the best pictures of the whole war — the arrival of a shell which burst on the church tower, biting a great segment out of it.

The troops which had come in through Remieres wood now established connection with those who had come up the draw, and a large portion of the Americans were cut off.

The troops from the draw entered the town just abreast of the dressing station which was in a large building about midway of the town. The station was in command of Doctor Joseph E. Burke, who had with him a sergeant, three medical corps men and four men from an ambulance company. Joseph Cannon of New Haven was Doctor Burke's assistant.

Cannon worked steadily when the first wounded men began to come in. There was no let-up until after five o'clock. Then Cannon was overcome by curiosity; he wanted to see the shells bursting and stepped out of doors, — just as the barrage lifted. To his astonishment, he saw the village street full of German soldiers, all coming his way. Private Cannon discreetly dropped into the nearest ditch and lay quiet. The Boches swarmed past him, rushed the aid station, and captured the whole personnel.

Battalion headquarters, fifty yards in the rear of the aid station, was already buzzing forth an angry swarm of extraordinary recruits. At the very first alarm Major Rau and Captain Thompson rushed every man in Seicheprey — there were only about fifty outside of the dressing station crew — out and into some sort of fighting formation. Battalion headquarters orderlies, cooks, runners, clerks, and even some prisoners from the First Division, who had been left behind to work out their sentences, came a-running at the major's shouts. They followed him and the captain down the main street of Seicheprey, shooting at the Boches and dropping a few of them.

At the foot of the street the Germans got into an open shed which was used as Company D's kitchen. Major Rau and Captain Thompson took their men out to each side and started to flank out the kitchen, where a brisk fight was already going on.

The Germans retreated again, and the defenders chased them down into the trenches in front of the village. Then it was found that the crew of the kitchen were all dead or wounded; they had fought to a finish with the Germans, even when so surprised that one man fought with a cleaver. He did good work with the weapon, splitting a German right down through the head to the very shoulders.

Major Rau next began more formal warfare, so to speak. He ordered out two combat patrols, one under Captain C. M. Thompson in the direction of the cemetery, just outside Seicheprey, which was still held by the Germans, and the other under Lieutenant D. A. Strickland, the battalion adjutant, toward the Sibille trench. The rest of his force he set to clearing the outskirts of Seicheprey from any remaining Boches, eventually driving them from the cemetery.

Lockhart's platoon, though badly crippled by artillery fire, stayed where it was, fighting at close range and preventing the spread of the attack on that flank. And in the meantime, the artillery was sedulously and most successfully breaking up all attempt at movement, or reinforcement, by concentrated fire on all assembly points in the Boche rear.

After the first rush, the entire fight at Seicheprey was a matter of small group combats. Nowhere did more than a platoon fight in one body, and in most places there were not more than twenty men in a bunch.

The combat group in the extreme left of the Sibille trench was captured intact. A young officer, in charge of this group, put his men into the trench shelters when the bombardment began. The Germans came so suddenly behind their fire that they caught the platoon napping. As it happened, the absence of this group, which was supposed to protect the flank, may well have helped out the Germans more than at first appeared.

The next group to the right fought until every man was either killed, wounded or captured. And they were captured only by being physically overpowered. Captain Locke of Company M was killed here. He had remained after his company was relieved to explain the terrain to the incoming company.

He fought straight on, even after he was summoned to surrender. He managed to get three revolver clips of cartridge home, one after the other, in the faces of the Boches before they dared to rush him; he was reloading for the fourth time when they closed in and killed him.

Other combat groups, badly hit by artillery fire, fought until overcome; in fact, some of our boys didn't know when to stop fighting. After they had been surrounded and overpowered, and when they were on their way to the German rear, some of them broke away, tried to brain their guard, and got a lot of harsh treatment for themselves and their comrades.

The Germans made many of them take off their boots and go barefoot through the barbed wire and stone of No Man's Land, to the rear. Many of them were forced to carry dead or wounded Germans.

One man, Captain Griswold, actually did get away from his captors. Just as the Germans conducting him had reached our original front line trench, the American and French artillery set up its fire, and the first shells dropped right into the group round Captain Griswold. The Boches scattered, and so did the captain. He kept right on, too, until he was back with his own men.

Company A of the engineers happened to be at Beaumont. It was swung into line as infantry and fought joyously all through the day.

By 6 A.M. the enemy was entirely out of Seicheprey, having stayed less than forty minutes. By nine o'clock the patrols had established the fact that the Sibille trench was very strongly held. An effort was made to get word through to the artillery to pound that trench, but the communication by runners was terribly slow. The first message that went back to the big guns was of course that the Boches had come into Seicheprey; the artillery accordingly began to shell that town, hours after the Germans had left. Luckily, there were almost no casualties among our men.

The withdrawal of the Germans under pressure was not known, even at regimental headquarters, until several hours later. From the extent of the enemy's artillery preparation it was believed until afternoon that the intention of the Germans was to try to gain possession of the ridge road, our 1-bis position.

To this position the units that could be most easily moved were taken. The first to appear were two platoons of Company B, which had been relieved the night before, and which accordingly had been on foot for more than twenty-four hours; they came back early and were deployed in skirmish formation far down, abreast of Seicheprey.

It was afternoon before the third battalion, which had been in reserve, was brought up and placed in the 1-bis position. It came from Mandres and Ansauville and was placed along the ridge road; Company I took the right, Company K the left of the Seicheprey road, and Companies M and L were held in reserve round Beaumont.

Two companies of the 101st Infantry reported just after dark and were held in the marshy plain to the northwest of Beaumont, and Company A of the 101st Engineers was sent to the 1-bis position on the left. Two battalions of the 104th Infantry were moved over from their rest billets at Aulnois and placed at the disposal of the brigade commander, General Traub.

All these troops in the 1-bis position were pounded wickedly all through the afternoon and evening by German artillery, and their casualties ran very high. In the meantime, the French corps was planning a counter-attack.

Orders came down for a joint attack, four companies of the 51st Infantry brigade going over at daylight with two companies of the 162d French Infantry.

The objectives were the general line of the Sibille trench and the Remieres wood, but the departure of the troops was made contingent upon the reports of patrols sent out to ascertain the enemy's position. If the Germans had yielded possession of the front lines altogether, the attack would not be made.

Major John J. Gallant was placed in command of the Americans in the counter-attack. He was unable to get into touch with his own companies. Three times during the night he advised brigade headquarters, and finally Division Headquarters, that the attack ought not to be made. He had explicit orders from General Traub, both verbal and written, to make the attack; the written order was delivered to him at Beaumont at midnight.

To relieve the third battalion of the 102d Infantry, in the reserve position, a battalion of the 101st was moved over from Raulecourt, two villages to the left along the ridge road.

Major Rau's patrols had not reported when the plan of attack was made. Additional patrols were sent out under the regimental scout officer, Lieutenant A. F. Oberlin, to reconnoiter the Sibille trench and adjoining terrain. No report came back from Lieutenant Oberlin either, so a third reconnoissance group of two patrols from the attacking force itself was sent forward.

These parties left Beaumont in the direction of Seicheprey about 2 A.M. on April 21. The artillery fire of both sides had slackened somewhat at midnight, but a second attack was expected from the Boches. While waiting for news from some one or more of these patrols, the attacking battalion was assembled. The officers were given their instructions.

There was some confusion as to the assembly point and there was some delay in the arrival of the companies. Major Gallant was not satisfied that his troops were adequately equipped for their work and foresaw many difficulties in his path which, he thought, if known to higher authority would result in a modification or revocation of the order for the counter-attack. In the end, he took the responsibility of deciding, in the face of positive and repeated orders, that he would not attack. Major Gallant was arrested and tried by court-martial for disobedience of orders, and the Division never saw him again.[1]

In the meantime, the French, deploying on the right from the Jury wood for the projected attack, perceived that the Americans were not advancing and returned to their own point of departure. Without liaison, without the vitally necessary physical connection between all elements of the attacking force, they felt that their effort would be ineffective.

As a matter of fact, artillery fire had been laid on the Sibille trench in the late afternoon, and with the coming of darkness the enemy had withdrawn altogether. Had the patrols been able to discover this accurately and report promptly, there would have been no need of organizing the counter-attack at all.

By dawn on the twenty-first, it was felt that all was clear and that there was no immediate danger of further attack. The Germans, however, began an all-day harassing fire on our whole front, especially on the sector in front of Beaumont. But no infantry activity followed their artillery attack, and during the day it became possible to check up the units of the 102d, to count up the missing and to reorganize the regiment.

A wounded prisoner, who died soon after telling his story, said the Boche plan of attack contemplated the rush of the shock troops to take Seicheprey, the Sibille trench and the Remieres wood; the supporting battalions were to move up but not to participate materially. It was expected that we would counter-attack in force; the enemy was to fall back a little before this counter-attack, but then attack a second time with all his forces, sweeping though to gain the Jury wood and the St. Dizier-Metz road — the ridge road — and there to hold. No verification of this story was ever obtained. It seems more probable that he intended to hold the first points taken during the day and to retire after dark.

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[1] See Appendix A.

The Germans said they considered our men crazy because when surrounded and outnumbered they refused to surrender and continued fighting, regardless of odds, until physically overpowered or killed.

Colonel Bertrand, commanding the French regiment on our right, came riding over with his staff to congratulate Colonel Parker on the defence his regiment had put up. On the way, he came into view of the Germans, who thought he must be leading a new cavalry attack and promptly put shell and machine gun fire on him. The colonel and his staff had to ride for their lives up across the fields, jumping trenches and getting, Heaven alone knows how, through our wire.

He was impressed by passing, on his way over, two men of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion, dead across their gun. They had been stationed in a gully that led down between the Remieres wood and the Jury wood and were right in the path of the flanking party on that side. They had sold out dearly; there was a ring of dead Germans in front of them, scattered in the gully. At the end, they had evidently been killed in hand-to-hand fighting. In front of one of them lay two dead Germans, in front of the other three.

At first on that Sunday morning, it was thought that whole companies had been utterly wiped out. But detachment after detachment turned up, and in the end the total loss was found to be really very low.

Lieutenant McGlasson brought in thirty-eight men of his platoon. He explained that he hadn't come in any sooner because he hadn't been "officially" relieved.

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

COLONEL GEORGE W. BUNNELL, COMMANDER OF THE 101ST ENGINEERS.

Major Albert E. Greenlaw, the G-1 of the Division.

Major Thomas F. Foley, of the 101st Infantry, at the close of a 24-hour fight, Vaux, July 16, 1918.

When the crew of the aid station in Seicheprey was carried off, Private Cannon simply went back into the half-wrecked place and went to work clearing up and getting ready for more patients. He sent word up to Beaumont by the first ambulance of what had happened, and Doctor Charles W. Comfort, the regimental surgeon, came down and took charge of the dressing station. Later in the day a shell completed the wreck of the place, and after that the dressings were done in the open air under shell fire.

Only three ambulances were hit during the whole fight. One was struck on the way down from Beaumont to Seicheprey. It was coming down the road like a bat out of the bad place, and Doctor Comfort stood watching it come. Suddenly a shell struck right at its tail board; it slewed round, its whole rear end gone, and rolled over, upside down into the ditch.

The doctor ran up and saw the driver and helper crawl out of the wreck. More shells were coming, and Doctor Comfort had to take to the roadside trench himself. And when he reached the ambulance, there was nobody there. The men had gone back afoot to Beaumont.

They turned up at the aid station there, and the driver asked an attendant to take a look at his shoulder, which "felt bruised." "And get a move on," said he. "I've got to get another cart and get back on the job."

"The hospital for yours," said the attendant, for the man had a smashed clavicle. And away the boy went, grumbling, in another ambulance.

Two other ambulances were hit. One was capsized at Dead Man's Curve, just outside Beaumont, but neither driver nor helper was hurt. The third one was hit near Ansauville. Privates Burwell of Pittsfield and Nagel of South Boston were in it, and both were so badly hurt that they died.

One of the most wonderful stories of that fight was of the experience and the pure sand of a sergeant named W. S. Thompson of Bristol. He was in a trench dugout with two other men, when a shell caved the whole thing in on them and buried them deep in dirt and débris.

The first party of men who came along the trench saw the caved-in dugout and began to dig for the occupants. Shells drove them to shelter themselves before ten minutes had passed.

An hour later, in the next lull, they tried it again, and again were driven in. Five times in eight hours they tried, but could not reach the buried men. Then they concluded that it was of no use; by that time the men inside must surely be dead.

One of the men was dead. But Sergeant Thompson was not. Pinned down, and with his chest and abdomen crushed, he nevertheless had got one arm free and gone to work. He never did quit all through the weary hours of the day and the night. Sunday morning, twenty-four hours after the thing happened, he freed himself and his one living companion.

Then came the incredible part of the story. The two men, helping each other, walked into the aid station. They were put into ambulances and sent to the station at Beaumont. Here the stair was so narrow, so steep and so curving, that it was difficult to carry a stretcher down, — so the sergeant got off the stretcher and walked in.

Some of the most spectacular feats of that foggy morning fight were done by the signalmen. Consider for a moment private Parker L. Polson of the 101st Signal Corps. He was at the wireless station of the 102d Infantry, and the aerials kept getting themselves shot away. Three times Polson climbed up into the tree which supported them, thirty feet up in the shower of flying fragments of steel, to repair the aerials. It should be remembered that Fritz paid constant and particular attention with his artillery to this wireless station, whose position and importance he knew very well.

Sergeant Daniel Brandon, and Privates Lewis R. Lenhart, Thomas A. Lynett and Herman Reichman, of the regimental signal station, stayed with their jobs after communication had been shot away and were killed or captured at their posts.

Private Herbert E. Liming was a lineman. He joined Major Rau's improvised platoon in Seicheprey and fought until his particular group dissolved and he had to fight his way back alone. Crossing the open ground he came upon two

Germans killing American wounded. He shot them both, but while he was firing at one the other threw a grenade, wounding Liming slightly. He got in all right, however.

The buzzerphone operators found themselves out of work early. Corporal Ralph M. Whiting and Private Claude T. Williams, driven in by the approach of the Boches, managed to disconnect and save their instruments, and then — joined the infantry under Major Rau. So did Private W. L. Nash, who was stationed in Seicheprey itself.

Private Roe A. Balo, another operator, was in a dugout with two other men. A shell caved in the dugout and blew Balo into the air. When he came down, he and Private Ernest G. Grey tore at the wreck of the dugout — always, be it remembered, under the tumbling shells — and rescued the two men still entombed.

There was a blinker out beyond where the German barrage was first laid down, that foggy morning. It stopped working, and Sergeant Robert Dundas went out through the barrage to repair it, though he was called a madman for trying it. He didn't make the blinker work, but he got there in time to relay a rocket signal calling for our barrage, — which was of inestimable importance, all other means of communication being gone.

Other men of the signal detachment who came in for notice from their officers were Sergeant George A. Bulmer, Sergeant Louis L. Morse, Sergeant Aaron L. Chase, Corporals Paul Daly, Gustaf A. Lofberg and Paul A. Graham, and Privates Arthur C. Carlson, William H. Cummings, August DeVos, George B. Harris, August F. Winters, James R. Baird, Earl Farlow, Egbert G. White, James K. Stinson, P. L. Martin and A. E. Martin.

The destruction of the communication lines by artillery fire was really the most serious thing that happened to the defenders of Seicheprey. It was owing to this that the artillery liaison was so slow, and that units of infantry lost all track of each other.

There were other gallant deeds connected with the communication lines, — the most vital factor in an action where artillery and infantry, commanders and details, are as widely separated as in a modern battle. Company B of the 101st Field Battalion had one detail at work steadily — with the enemy fire falling as steadily — from 9:30 A. M. on Saturday, when communication began to fail, to 1 A.M. Sunday, when the work was finished. These men were Corporal John H. Fallon, Privates James H. Galvin, Joseph E. Galvin, John A. Caputo, Charles W. Keay, Gunnar T. Lundquist, John Simpson, Sigsbee C. Donovan, Cook Alfred W. Young, Sergeant Dale Ballard, Lieutenant Walter A. Hardie, Master Signal Electrician Edmund J. Winslow, Sergeant James D. Wood, Sergeant Walter A. McLennan and Corporal Leo F. O'Neil.

Lieutenant Ernest A. Thompson of the radio station was in a position to see just what happened from the station at the beginning. He said "The barrage opened on the trenches in front of Seicheprey, gradually working across the town and over towards Beaumont," which lies directly behind and uphill from Seicheprey.

"Corporal Herrold and his men stayed in the dugout until 4:45, when Herrold went out to try to find the infantry location. There was a heavy fog, and he couldn't see troop movements.

"He stayed outside the dugout, and two runners passing told him that their organization, Company D of the 102d Infantry, had been wiped out. (This proved to be untrue.) Herrold stayed where he was until 5:30, when Lineman McKay told him a line of American troops was forming fifty feet in rear of the station.

"Herrold directed Private Gallow to disconnect the apparatus, to take it to the rear if possible and to destroy it if he couldn't take it. McKay, Operator Grindell and Herrold then joined the fifty men in the line on the road. At this time the Germans were in the village, raiding dugouts and making some prisoners, but the men on the road didn't know this, owing to the intense artillery fire.

"At 5:45 a bugle blew in front of them, and the men moved forward. The Germans evacuated the village as they went.

The men of our station then went to an artillery dugout and later returned to the station."

Major George J. Rau was in command of the battalion directly engaged, — though only two companies were in the line. He was awake when the barrage started and tried to send up a rocket calling for a counter barrage. A shell burst near by, and he was knocked down, his helmet was dented in wickedly — and so probably saved his life — and he received a slight wound on the hand. He was dazed, but after a few moments managed to get the rocket touched off.

"At 4:15," he said later in his report, "Lieutenant Moore came running up and said the Boches were in the town. Three Boches were following him, indeed, and throwing grenades at him. He turned and fired his pistol at them, and they ran back into the fog.

"All the men available were formed up behind some sand bags, including three who came running up the street followed by about twenty Boches. I called to them to jump into the trench by the roadside, and the men behind the sand bags fired on the Boches. Then I sent four or five men each way, right and left, to extend our line; we all kept up rifle fire, and the Boches withdrew. I sent Lieutenant Thompson and Lieutenant Strickland up right and left with patrols to get in touch with the enemy.

"After a time, I started out through the center of the town and near its northern edge I saw fifteen or eighteen of the enemy under an open shed. I started shooting at them with my pistol, and they fell back. The line in my rear had followed me without a command, and I suddenly found them within ten yards of me.

"The enemy now fell back three hundred yards north of the town, and we formed a line. I sent out the two lieutenants. Color Sergeant Church and Sergeant Smith of the Headquarters Company, with volunteer patrols. There was sniping all day."

Lieutenant Samuel A. Tyler was one of the men wounded, and at the same time Sergeant W. L. Knox, Privates John Gill, Lester Mitchell and William S. Daulton were hurt.

Private Henry A. La Croix, who was on messenger service, was killed on the road. Corporal Warren L. Andrews and Corporal Royal J. Lacourciere were missing. Corporal Leo Emery, who was driving an ammunition truck, had a hit on his truck, but wasn't hurt himself.

Lieutenant Harold B. Carruth was with Company C, which was in the muss from the start, having just made the relief on the night before. Sergeant Hanson, who had gone up the night of the eighteenth to get acquainted with the position, took one group of twenty-five men when they went in, and Lieutenant Carruth another ; and the two of them relieved Lieutenant Ellis of Company L.

When the fire began, Lieutenant Carruth further subdivided his men, leaving Sergeant Shields with the left end, twelve men, in the *boyau*. "I went to the right end myself, to steady the men, should it be necessary. It wasn't," he says in his report.

At 3:45 the fire let up, and a runner, Private De Forrest, came from Captain Griswold to know if all was well with the platoon. Then the barrage started in again, and the fog got so thick the men couldn't see their own wire, not thirty yards in front of the trench.

This wouldn't do at all, so some volunteers, — Private McWeeney, Bouchard, Klick, Corporal Becker, and probably others besides, crawled out on the parapet of the trench towards the wire, to watch for an attack.

"At 5:30," says Lieutenant Carruth, "Sergeant Shields came over from his station and reported that the left platoons were engaged and wanted help. He had sent his automatic rifle team along, so I sent mine over to replace his. Shortly after this, I found I had hardly enough men to cover the machine guns in our section of trench, so I consolidated my squads. Wounded men were now beginning to come along the trench.

"At 7 A.M. men were seen at the edge of Remieres wood, trying to get out of the wood and into the trench. I called for volunteers, and Sergeant Shields, with McWeeney, Kellick and Bouchard, covered the retreat and brought out Lieutenant

Tyler and twenty men. They also saw Lieutenant Johnson out by another route."

Remieres wood was the center front of the infantry attack, and the two platoons in it got the heaviest plastering of the whole fight. For a long time it was thought that they were gone completely, for some of them didn't turn up until late on Sunday.

"Things were getting pretty warm," says Lieutenant Carruth, "so I moved the machine guns up to Jury wood, to cover the trench we were in. A machine gun lieutenant turned up, and I left him in charge and went to help Corporal Cartier get Private O'Brien (badly wounded) out.

"Lieutenant Tyler came up the trench with his men, and I got them to help carry the machine gun ammunition up to Jury Wood. Then I tried to find Corporal Giles, who was wounded, but didn't succeed. So I reported to Lieutenant Tyler. We were now about thirty men.

"At noon, some French soldiers joined us. Later Lieutenant Rink of Company A came up, and still later our own third platoon under Sergeant Lemieux.

"By 3 P.M. the shelling had caused so many casualties that I ordered the men into splinter-proofs. They remained under cover until 6 P.M. and then stood to until daylight.

"In the early evening Lieutenant Tyler was wounded, and in the morning he went in to headquarters to report himself.

"During the day, April 21, we stayed in the splinter-proofs. Late in the afternoon, we stood to again, until daylight. In the afternoon of the twenty-second, we received our orders and went into Beaumont. There being no room there in the billets, I left nineteen men and sent the rest to the next village for the night.

"Every man who came under my sight played the game for all he was worth. Careful questioning, and what I myself saw, give these instances:

"Lieutenant Albert H. Johnson, early wounded, skilfully handled his men until he was overcome and was carried to a dugout. Lieutenant Samuel Tyler then took command, drew together the scattered troops and directed that part of the fight.

"Mess Sergeant George J. Geleneau, in spite of the severe shelling of the kitchen, kept our food supplies coming along all right throughout the battle.

"Sergeant William J. Brinley, commanding the first platoon, handled the men skilfully and held his line against heavy odds until the platoon was practically wiped out and he himself was wounded.

"Sergeant Charles J. Hanson commanded half a platoon and directed a wonderful fight until the two machine guns he supported were put out of business.

"Sergeant Harold H. Shields with volunteers went to the relief of Lieutenant Tyler and twenty men, who without this relief would probably have been lost.

"Sergeant Arvid A. Cederholm (killed in action) saved the records of his company, as Acting First Sergeant.

"Sergeant Ovid J. Lemieux held his platoon together, commanded it skilfully, and kept his casualties to a minimum.

"Corporal Harry H. Becker — in fact" concludes the lieutenant in despair, "it is only a matter of going straight down the roster."

Over in the artillery, one of the finest examples of unselfish heroism of the whole day was displayed by Sergeant Benjamin James. One of John Sherburne's light field guns was smashed by a direct hit on Sunday, April 21, and three men were killed at the gun.

Sergeant James was standing outside the gun pit and was seriously wounded in the chest and in the leg. Paying no attention to his own condition, he started to get stretchers up for the other men and did everything in his power to help until he himself fell. Even then he refused help for himself until the others had been looked after.

In another light artillery outfit, J. C. Parent, a telephone lineman, went out with another man to repair lines while the bombardment was at its height. They kept at their work, escaping death by a series of miracles, until they were utterly exhausted. Parent was painfully wounded in the head and leg, but he kept on with the work as long as he could wiggle. The man with him was Private H. R. Johnson.

Lieutenant J. C. Davis, of the 103d Artillery, had one officer and three men killed in his section, but he only sent for more ammunition and kept his heavy gun at work. With a volunteer, Private W. H. Fisher, he went out of shelter altogether to fetch more fuses, and later went out again with Lieutenant Renville Wheat to rescue Lieutenant Ayer, who had been wounded. Another shell burst as they reached Lieutenant Ayer, killing Ayer and wounding Lieutenant Wheat.

Corporals Chaplin and Teft, acting as runners, are mentioned as doing unfaltering work of the most dangerous sort steadily and without a failure all during the fight.

In the trench mortar service, which the general commanding the artillery says is "especially hazardous", the following men were picked out as having served with distinction; Sergeants Earle N. Tarbell and Martin F. Joyce, Corporals Harold V. Mortensen, George P. Stowell, Guy R. Waite, Harry Jenkins, and Privates Fred L. Grant, Rodney E. Haynes, Otis R. Dow, Horatio E. Richards, George C. Thompson, Jack Sambides, Harry R. Wallace and Arthur Toulouse.

"Under a heavy barrage," the report says, "they kept up a barrage of their own, which helped to stave off a raid."

The story of Corporal Leo M. Emery of the ammunition train is so extraordinary that it merits more than the mere mention in the list. Emery was driving his empty truck through what is known as "Dead Man's Curve" because of the frequency with which passing wagons are shelled. The enemy seemed to follow Emery all the way along, and finally hit his truck.

"Shrapnel struck all over the car, knocked out the engine, pierced the radiator, twisted the transmission, riddled the canvas cover, and hit even in the driver's seat. By another of those miracles, Emery wasn't hit. He stayed with the car, came in to the nearest village on neutral, and got towed to the rear." Colonel Billy Keville sent this tale along.

Corporal Ronald Tier of the infantry was a member of the small patrol which attacked the Germans in Seicheprey, drove them out of the town, and made prisoners. In the patrol were also Sergeant Thomas H. Smith, and Privates John P. Galvin, H. A. Root, Albert C. Trautman, Thomas White, Daniel Currie, Albert Langdon, Guy Hartford, Lawrence Donlin and John E. Deso.

There were plenty of commonplace bits of bravery. Dominick Palosky, an artillery driver, went down with his horse and hurt his knee so badly that he had to be lifted back into the saddle. But he insisted on going on. Driver John F. O'Brien of the same outfit, stopped a runaway caisson under shell fire, cut out a dead horse, and went on with the shorthanded outfit. Vincente Polito, when his off horse was killed by a shell splinter, got another big splinter through his own lungs. But he conceived it to be his duty to get down, to cut the dead horse clear of the harness, to remount, and to go on to the front with the precious ammunition he was hauling.

Other men of the 102d Infantry regiment who were mentioned in officers' reports are Private William Bolton, Corporal Frederick J. Gerhike and Private Harry W. Congdon, all of them runners through the barrage; Privates George C. Peckham, Edward L. Dion, William H. McMahon, Waldo F. Ashley, George F. Stephens, Martin J. Meehan, Robert D. Brinley, Patrick Maloney, Jeremiah Tryon, Henry Noder, Arthur F. Socia, Ernest Frith and Alvin C. Lugg; Corporal James R. Thornley, and Privates Stanley J. Coskey, Charles A. Anderson, Vincent Ostroski, C. E. Brundrett, Ulysses Arhartus; Sergeant W. C. Knox, Privates Maury J. Shea, James Capprola, Michael J. Ryan, Raymond R. Lafferty, Jacob Levy, Ray Moore and Hugh W. Mellon.

Moore and Mellon were on an automatic rifle. They were both hurt, but stayed with their gun until relieved, — and then carried in the wounded machine gunner.

Dion was in the very thick of it. He was several times surrounded by Germans, but stood fast, using his grenades and his rifle alternately and always driving his assailants off. He made several trips to the aid station, carrying wounded men under shrapnel fire, and eventually rejoined his command for the long fight and wait through Sunday.

McMahon, an automatic rifleman, stood off many attempts at the wire in his front. When he finally ran out of ammunition and fell back, the wire was hung with dead Boches.

Ashley, a company clerk, stayed outside the company headquarters, where he shot two Germans and stuck until ordered to retire.

Brinley, a bugler, carried ammunition and then got into the line and was one of the group that was surrounded and had to fight its way out.

Tryon climbed out of his trench and found and killed a sniper who had been rather accurate.

Socia, with some others, tried to rush a German machine gun, which nearly annihilated the party. Two of them got to the gun, however, and killed the German crew of six. The gun was later used against the Germans by our men.

Thornley, though wounded in the early part of the fight, refused to go to the rear. When his company couldn't see because of the fog, he climbed thirty feet up a tree to locate the Boches.

Ryan fed an automatic rifle till every other man of the team had been killed, and then fought his own way out to his company.

The ambulance company organized its service, impromptu, agreeable to the conditions, which were that the road over which the ambulances had to go was being shelled with beautiful periodicity.

Sergeant Gerald A. Northrope ran the service and took the ambulances to the battery positions, until he was gassed.

Sergeant John A. Holzheimer timed the barrage, and started the loaded ambulances out of Seicheprey at favorable moments.

Sergeant Granville W. Wilcox directed the loading of the ambulances until he happened to see some men hit by a shell in a field to the right. He went over to get them, and another shell dropped him. He was also gassed, and got shell shocked, but that was all.

Wagoner Russell E. Drury had a nerve-shaking experience. With an orderly he was driving four wounded patients into hospital, when a shell blew his car clean off the road.

Two of the patients jumped clear of the car and ran away across the fields, right into the zone of shell fire. Both were killed. Drury and his orderly, Private Keller, held the other two wounded men and kept them from running away. Then they took them into the dressing station, but Drury got gassed, going in.

Lieutenant Lockhart's platoon was mentioned as one which "will be for all time an example of the supreme performance of duty in this regiment."

William Pushik, in charge of a squad, was attacked by Germans in the proportion of more than ten to one; the enemy was supported by heavy artillery fire, but Pushik maintained his position more than twenty-four hours with the only eight surviving comrades. They are George F. Gaudrette, John D. Curry, Arthur Bjornberg, Andrew McIlravey, Julius Lorynec, James F. Clark, Friend W. Rosene and Emil Gogun.

After the battle of Seicheprey a deep calm fell on the sector. The Germans seemed to have decided that the American troops whose mettle they had been trying out were worth letting alone. Every time they had gone against the Yankee Division they had been repulsed with larger losses than those they inflicted. It is true, too, that at this time the Germans were preparing the great second Marne offensive and were quite content to leave other sectors quiet.

On Sunday, April 28, General Passaga, the commander of the French corps under which our Division was serving, decorated the regimental colors of the 104th Infantry in recognition of the performance of that regiment in the battle of Apremont. This was the first time in history that a foreign power ever decorated the flag of an American regiment. Nothing in the experience of any division up to that time was so entirely significant of the acceptance of the United States as a fighting member of the brotherhood of nations.

The ceremony was held on a rough bare hill top behind Boucq, the Division Headquarters. Thither came marching or in trucks the soldiers of the 104th. They swung out of the woods and formed up at the bottom of a long rough slope, waiting, in the mist.

General Edwards, General Cole — commander of the 52d Brigade in which the 104th served — Colonel Shelton, with most of the Division Headquarters Staff, gathered at the crest of the slope. Across the fields came rocking and bouncing a big gray limousine, from which stepped the sturdy, brilliant form of General Passaga.

There was handshaking and a good deal of galloping off of orderlies and aides, and presently the long brown mass of the men advanced to formation, with one hundred and sixteen heroes lined up at the right, by the band. The command was presented; everybody snapped to the salute, and the band played first a few bars of the "Star Spangled Banner", and then a few of the "Marseillaise." Then came the simple, beautiful ceremony of pinning the Croix de Guerre on the peak of the flag.

"I am proud," said General Passaga in French, "to decorate the flag of a regiment which has shown such fortitude and courage; I am proud to decorate the flag of a nation which has come to our aid in the fight for liberty."

An officer standing by him translated as he spoke; the old general stepped to the regimental flag and tied the red and green ribbon, with its dangling bronze cross, to the peak of the staff.

Not an American present but felt a little thrill as he watched; and not a man of the Division but felt a new pride in the outfit to which he belonged.

Just to top off the prideful afternoon, General Passaga pinned a war cross on the breast of Colonel George H. Shelton, the commander of the 104th. Then the officer proceeded to the long line of men waiting to be decorated.

The first man in line was Father de Valles, the brilliant Knights of Columbus chaplain who took so large a part in the fight. Halfway down the line was the Reverend Walter Danker of Worcester, the Protestant chaplain of the regiment, who had had as brilliant a service as Father de Valles. Doctor Oscar Dudley of Saxonville, the smiling surgeon whose cheerfulness through days and nights of heart-breaking toil helped out every wounded man who came to him, was there. Captain Edward Connelly of Wakefield, whose company might well have been decorated in a body, was near the head of the line. Lieutenant Horton Edmands and Lieutenant Ray E. Wilcox, the single-handed Boche-grabbers, were in the line; and there were bandsmen, linemen, litter bearers, and infantrymen.

General Passaga, as he pinned the cross to each man's tunic, said to him "*Je vous remets la Croix de Guerre, avec la citation du corps de l'armee.*" Then he shook hands and passed along.

Behind came General Edwards, shaking hands, congratulating his men, often remembering the deed that won the cross and throwing in a bit of comment. "Smile when you shake hands," he called out to the solemn young fellows who were to receive the decorations, "There is no law against it."

Winning the cross seemed to be of little weight compared with receiving it. Halfway down the line stood a young private who had fought calmly under fire of all sorts, who went over the top twice during the three days of battle, and who was called a wonder by men who are themselves real fighters.

As General Passaga came nearer and nearer, the boy turned paler and paler. He stood stiffly at attention, but just as his own turn came, he fainted dead away and slumped backward out of the rank.

Two or three men broke off as if to help him, but General Edwards called out, "Stand fast, you Croix de Guerre men!" Then to the officers who had slipped through, "Hold up his heels for a moment, and he will be all right."

Sure enough, he was on his feet and though still dazed, he was decorated before another man had been passed.

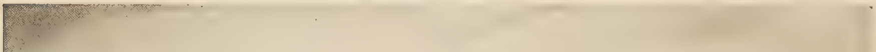
The French officers said this often happens, — and that it is usually a savage fighter who gets stage fright and goes faint when he is decorated for bravery.

Before we had had a fortnight of quiet, the restlessness so typical of the doughboy began to run through the Division again. Patrols were out every night from every unit in the line; little deeds of valor that have never been heard of were

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

Colonel Frank M. Hume, commander of the 103d Infantry.

Boche prisoners coming in, at division headquarters, Château-Thierry drive.



Soldiers Bathing in the Marne, after the Château-Thierry drive.

performed in every patrol. There was adventure enough for all. But the doughboy, on arriving in any town, invariably slings off his baggage, seizes upon the best corner in the billet, takes his mess kit, and hunts his chow, and then asks grumblingly, "How soon are we going to get out of here?"

The engineers, whose fate it is to fight when there is a chance, and work harder and harder as any area grows calmer and calmer, now began to construct shelters for our various headquarters. They dug and lined with concrete an elaborate Division Headquarters shelter back of Boucq; in the woods and swamps of Raulecourt they dug and constructed a subterranean *abri* for General Traub. As usual they were not destined to see their works used by the people for whom they were built.

This was always the luck of the engineers. In the Neufchateau area they had started the construction of a great hospital group at Bazoilles. Before they finished, the Division had to leave the sector. They built the barracks for units that never reached them; they put up housing for the whole artillery brigade at Rimacourt, — and the artillery never stopped on its way to the front. On the Chemin-des-Dames they did untold labor up to the very last day of our occupation and in the Toul sector built elaborate listening posts and *postes de commandement.* They constructed miles of road, repaired other miles, and put up leagues of barbed wire in the front line and before the line of resistance.

During most of May the sector remained quiet day after day. The count of shells that came tumbling over to our side stopped at two figures. It was believed that Fritz was merely shifting troops opposite us and relieving divisions. Our men were able to rest, clean up, and take account of stock without leaving the front. Many of the wounded came back. By May 20 the Division looked forty per cent. better than it had a month before.

The Division was tired, of course, for it had had a straight stretch of front-line duty since February 5; some of the units hardly even had the rest of going into support or reserve, so short was their stay in such positions.

But the real spring seemed to have arrived. Mud was exchanged for dust, and long hot days with a delirious haze over everything succeeded to the endless procession of cold and rainy weeks. Almost to the front-line trenches the country was buried in lush grass and simply wild with flowers. The beautiful beech woods passed through their wonderful first-leaved stage, when their ineffable green was the most thrilling color imaginable, to the deeper hue of the full leaf. Acacias were ablaze along the roads, and everywhere in and out of the camion trains ran the little children who still lived among the vineyards close to the lines, their arms full of bouquets of lilies of the valley. On the hillsides were mingled the squads of French soldiers, digging zigzag, yellow trenches for still more defence works and groups of old, old men and women hacking with short-handled adzes at the earth between the vine stumps.

Good weather and high visibility brought out the fliers in flocks. Day and night the sky was full of their droning. Both sides crossed into enemy country apparently as they liked. All day long the blue heavens were dotted with puffs of shrapnel around the planes.

About this time the sector limits of the Division were changed. The Apremont woods and the left end of the line as far as the ruins of Bouconville were turned over to the French, who promptly filled them with Senegalese negroes. The 104th moved into Raulecourt, the 103d going into reserve in the rear areas. The 101st left the Rambucourt subsector and sidestepped past the 102d, which remained at Beaumont.

Colonel Logan's new headquarters was at Bernecourt and his regiment took the line from the Jury woods to the trenches opposite Flirey. The units of the regiment lay in the Hazelle wood, the Voisogne wood, and the town of Noviant. The 101st Field Artillery also moved its headquarters to Bernecourt. These changes did not shorten the line and did leave the Division Headquarters very far towards the left end.

McCarthy's battalion of the 101st took position on Sunday night, May 26, relieving a unit of Senegalese. The men had not been in position thirty minutes — had not even taken off their packs — when down came the German barrage. Fritz seemed to have got wind of the relief. This is the more possible since the whole region was known to be full of German spies. More than one of the civilian population was under suspicion.

The Boche issued from a ravine opposite Flirey, divided into two parties, and got to our wire close behind their own shells. One party cut and blew a gateway through the wire for the foreseen getaway; the other, swinging around a combat group in tactics made familiar to us at Seicheprey, got behind our first-line trench and attacked from the rear.

Lieutenant Lynn Harriman, who was in command of the combat group attacked, was also supporting a frontal attack from the wire-cutting party. He managed to take out half his men to the newcomers behind him, but he was wounded almost at the moment when the Boches gave way and started on the run for their gate. Lieutenant Harriman was struck by two machine gun bullets, one going through his lung, the other traversing his body lower down.

The *coup de main* was over almost as suddenly as it started. The American barrage came down when called for with astonishing promptness. Colonel John H. Sherburne had moved the day before the infantry moved and had got registered immediately on arrival. He was just ready for business when needed.

The urgency of the need to get artillery protection into place behind our new sector had been so great that Colonel Sherburne had not only moved by daylight; he short-cut the route, and instead of going by the safe roads far to the rear, he boldly hauled his guns across the sector within easy range, and taking the chance of being observed. Boldness won, and the guns got across safely and in time.

The attack took place at 2 A.M. When it came daylight, some twenty Germans were found hanging on our wire and their own. We had two wounded prisoners. One of them died before he could be questioned, but the other told us that the men opposite now were Saxons; hitherto we had met Prussians and Bavarians. The prisoner said that there were one hundred attackers; later he changed it to four hundred. It is probable that there were about one hundred and twenty-five.

We had only two killed, both from Company A of the 101st Infantry. They were Alessandro Cassealeano, and Vincent J. Cutillo. Later in the day J. J. Crowley of Boston died in the hospital.

Crowley had not gone without making the Germans pay a toll, however. When the Boche started back toward their own lines, a captain and a private grabbed Crowley and started to run him off. Just at that moment the first of the American barrage came down, and all three men flung themselves on their faces on the ground. Crowley's hand struck a short stick, called a "sniper's stick", frequently used by snipers to support their gun barrels. Crowley grabbed it and struck right and left, knocking out both his captors; then he pulled a pistol from the captain's hand and shot both dead.

He jumped up and ran back to his own line, finding the men just going into a dugout. He tried to follow, but a shell caught him at the door and wounded him so badly that he never had a chance to live. General Edwards saw him during the next day in the hospital and gave him words of praise and admiration which even in Crowley's desperate condition made him flush with pleasure and embarrassment.

Lieutenant Harriman was brought into the dressing station by James Blair of Jamaica Plain. A wounded German lying next to the lieutenant said, "That is the man who shot me when he was already on the ground." It was true. Badly hurt as he was, Lieutenant Harriman managed to fire three shots into the first Boche who came up to him.

Blair went out after more wounded, making several trips. On one of them he suddenly saw a big German coming at him in the moonlight. Blair, of course, was unarmed as all noncombatants must be, but he pulled a rock out of the ground and made as if to throw it.

He did not know that the German was already severely wounded. Neither did the German know that Blair had a rock and not a grenade. The hospital man ran up to the Boche threateningly, and the German put up his hands and said "Kamerad."

Still threatening him with the rock, Blair took his weapons away and then jammed the rock into his back and said "*Vorwaerts!*" And they came into the dressing station that way.

Blair went out to collect more wounded and found "Happy" Jim Hickey of South Boston. A shell had burst near Hickey, tearing his thigh as if a shark had bitten him. He was put into a litter and came riding into the battalion dressing station, reclining on one elbow and apparently quite at ease.

The surgeon began to snip his breeches away to get at the wounds, whereupon Hickey said, "Easy with the pants there, Doctor. I may not be able to get another pair."

The surgeon pressed gently on his leg to see if the fragments of the shell might be easily dislodged. Hickey, who had been all the while leaning on his elbow and tracing patterns in the dust with a twig, though he must have been suffering severely, saw what the doctor was doing.

He fumbled in his coat pocket. "Is this what you are looking for?" he asked the doctor, and showed three curled and twisted bits of metal. He had picked them out of his own flesh while he lay on the ground waiting for the litter bearers.

Sergeant Edward N. Ripley of Malden, serving in Battery A of the 101st Artillery, was killed by a shell fragment that morning.

All day Monday, all night Monday night, and all day Tuesday the enemy kept up a brisk artillery and machine gun fire on Company A's front. It was believed that they saw our men wearing packs and the Senegalese wearing their packs, and figured that an assault in strength was contemplated. This seemed to make them nervous, and they smothered the front with a rain of steel. On Monday night one of the shell fragments killed Ernest M. Clark of Charlestown, but there was no further infantry activity.

Lieutenant Lynn Harriman died of his wounds on May 29. The day before, Colonel Logan, the commanding officer of his regiment, visited him in hospital. At that time the lieutenant was conscious, but was paralyzed from his chest down. He could move his arms, however, and saluted the colonel as he entered the ward.

Colonel Logan suggested that he would be glad to write to Mrs. Harriman, and the young officer said, "No, I won't write to-day, but if you will come to-morrow and write a letter for me, I shall be glad."

"I'll be here at 1:30," said the colonel. He came down next day, but the lieutenant had died just fifteen minutes before he got there.

Lieutenant Harriman was a serious chap, the idol of his platoon, and a splendid young officer. He was especially known for his conscientiousness and his firm but humane discipline.

On the day of Harriman's death Colonel Logan visited other of the wounded in the same hospital. One was a boy who had been fairly well shot up, but who was entirely cheerful.

"Are you all right? Anything you want?" asked Colonel Logan of this boy.

"I'd like a little money," said the boy. "I haven't a cent."

"Didn't you get your pay?"

"I haven't had any pay for five months."

"Why not?"

"I still owe the government four dollars," said the soldier.

"How does that happen?"

"I was fined forty dollars."

"Who preferred any charges against you in our regiment?"

"You did," said the boy, looking the colonel straight in the eye.

He recalled to Colonel Logan's mind an incident that occurred during the training period, when the 101st lay in Neufchateau. The colonel had declared certain houses in the town "out of bounds", and had put sentries in front of them to keep his men from going in.

Lieutenant Harriman was at the time the provost of the town for the regiment. He got word that some of the boys, not so much because they wanted to visit the houses as for the sake of beating the rule, were swapping uniforms with

French soldiers in the town and then walking calmly in under the guards' noses.

The lieutenant stationed himself in a doorway opposite, and when the suspected French soldiers came out of the house he said casually, "Bon soir."

"Good night," said the French soldier. There were five or six in the group, and Colonel Logan, gazing at the wounded young hero, saw in his memory a picture of the ridiculous, sheepish fellows on that far-away night in the winter, — their French helmets and *calots* on askew, their French leg-wraps wound crazily, the whole so funny that he had to turn away to keep from showing his amusement. He saw again the serious young lieutenant who had made the capture.

And now here they were, the young lieutenant dead in the next room, the rollicking young soldier who had played with the rules in Neufchateau lying with a bullet in him, having missed death by a hair, — and owing the government four dollars.

When the 101st made its shift to the right end of the line, it lay for four days in Aulnois and the surrounding villages, in the rear area at the left end of the line. During that time, Major James F. Hickey was detached and was given three hundred men to rehearse and carry out a raid on the enemy lines. It was the first large raid made by the Americans. The training was under the charge of Major de Boisrouvray.

The three hundred men of the 101st Infantry were all volunteers and were picked men. To go with them on this particular party there were assigned detachments of the 101st Engineers and of the Field Signal Battalion; Company C of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion and the whole of the 102d and 103d Machine Gun Battalions; the machine gunners of course took part without leaving position, as the artillery brigade did. There was provision for medical aid, and the first Aero Squadron, the 94th Pursuit Squadron and the 2d Balloon Company were also assigned to help.

Out near Aulnois, a plan was laid out on the ground of the trench system, the roads and the bridge, the dugouts and the fields which the raid was expected to traverse. First in small squads, then in larger groups, and finally as a whole, the shock troops were rehearsed.

With them rehearsing day and night — for after everything had been perfectly learned by daylight it had to be done again in the dark, of course — went Parson Rollins, the Protestant chaplain of the 101st Infantry.

Chaplain Lyman H. Rollins is one of the most remarkable and one of the most lovable men I have ever known, and I know him well, for in Neufchateau he was my bunkie. He is a man who has acted on his convictions all his life, since the time when he decided to become a minister of the Gospel. He is an Episcopal clergyman, with a parish at Marblehead. A poor boy, he put himself through college and the divinity school; intensely human, he did a great deal of social work and eventually became the parson of the Fifth Massachusetts Infantry. He went to the Mexican border with that regiment and there built his own altar and put up his own chapel at El Paso.

When the 101st was built of the Fifth and the Ninth, Parson Rollins was at first left at Framingham with the remnants of the Fifth. One day the boys revolted at being left, broke out of camp and started for the state house at Boston to voice their protest.

Chaplain Rollins heard of it, chased down the road after them in a flivver, and single-handed and by his arguments turned them back and saved them from disgrace and punishment. Then he made his own fight to go and won, — as he has won every fight I ever saw him in.

He and Father Michael J. O'Connor, then regimental chaplain and afterwards Division chaplain, ran the regiment between them. I have seen them at funerals, reading alternate paragraphs from the burial service; I have seen them together on the tail of a truck, where Father O'Connor said mass and Parson Rollins preached the sermon.

On the Chemin-des-Dames Rollins did a daring thing. Putting on his ministerial robes, he held service in a chapel hewn out of the living rock in one of the quarries. Far underground, before his little congregation of doughboys, he began his sermon by ripping out at them a string of their favorite oaths and epithets. The boys almost curled up in horror. Then he said, "It doesn't sound very well to you, does it, to hear such words from a man in these priestly garments? It doesn't sound one bit better to me to hear them coming from you dressed in the uniform of Uncle Sam." And he proceeded with an anti-profanity sermon that bit straight through the toughest hide.

In May he was ordered home to the United States to make an effort for the betterment of the chaplains' services.

He got permission to postpone his journey until he could go on Hickey's raid. And he took part enthusiastically in all the rehearsals, until, as Major de Boisrouvray said, "He could have commanded the raid as well as Major Hickey himself."

The final rehearsals were held near Ansauville, two towns back from the line of resistance, the ridge road through Beaumont. And here, on the night of May 30, the troops of the party were gathered.

The raid, though by men of the 101st, was to jump off from the Beaumont sector, held by the 102d. Preceded by a tremendous artillery preparation, the men were to go out to Seicheprey, off to the left in the flat, marshy meadows, and then straight over, five hundred yards, to the German front-line trench and back through their system to Richecourt, the first of the little ruined towns in the Boche lines. At Richecourt they had to bomb a bridge over the Rupt de Mad, a sober little brook that ran all along the front, and all the way up the trench there were dugouts to be mopped up.

The object of the raid was to take prisoners and material, and its date and destination were secrets of the deepest hue. It was a Division raid, and was in charge of Major James Howard, then the G-3 of the Division, under the chief of staff, Colonel Major.

Being a secret, date and destination were known as far away as Neufchateau. Floyd Gibbons, correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, came up to Boucq to go to the party.

Behind the ridge of the land the raiding party gathered just at sunset, the engineers carrying long flat tubes full of explosive. These were to be run underneath the enemy wire and blown up, to tear holes in the wire. A Boche plane came over, flying recklessly low. It did not fire with bomb or machine gun on the raiding party, but it came so directly to where the party was, took a look and flew away again, there was little doubt that the Boche knew as well as our own back areas that the party was on. The results confirmed this suspicion.

During the night the column marched up through Beaumont, down the road to Seicheprey, and out to the left of that town on the marshes. Here the jumping-off line had been taped out on the grass, and here the party got into position.

At eleven o'clock the bombardment of the Boche positions began. From a great half-circle to the rear the guns spoke, all together, and then constantly one after another, so fast that the whole sky twinkled and glowed steadily.

The nearer batteries along the road could be heard as separate pieces, but the farther guns and the heavies, back in the woods, simply flashed, their bark mingling with the general roar. The air overhead was full of strange whishings.

It was a very profusion of hate, and it never ceased; midnight, one o'clock, two o'clock, and it was still going. Over on the right, earlier in the evening, a rocket calling for a barrage went up, and for a little while there was a merry row off there in the darkness. Everybody thought at first that the Boche had sent up the rocket calling for our barrage; very often he knew what our rocket signals meant, and if he had knowledge of the raid coming later in the night, he might have tried to produce a little confusion by getting us to fire two hours before we had planned.

It turned out, however, that a young lieutenant over on the right thought he saw Boches moving about in front of his position and called for the barrage himself, thinking an attack was coming.

Out in the meadows, the party was getting on its marks, and the officers went back and forth along the line, seeing that everybody was in position. When our own guns began, Parson Rollins walked from group to group, bidding the men be easy, that it was our own guns speaking.

The machine guns took a great part in this raid and followed a long cherished plan of Colonel John Henry Parker's. He was a great machine gun enthusiast, and believed that every division should have a brigade of machine guns. He had many years before invented a plan for machine gun barrages, and on this night they were laid down at the proper time, each battery marking off its own particular little square of death.

From the ridge, the artillery show was wonderful. Turning one way, you could see the flame-spurts from battery-mouths; on the other side, you might mark the chosen targets, each one drumming with the fast-falling shells and twinkling with the dusty glow of their explosions.

Watching, you could see the gunners change their targets, and at the jump-off hour, see the shells begin to fall out on the flat ground where you knew the long line of groups was waiting to go.

As they went the flares sailed up from the Boche lines. Parson Rollins, now under great excitement — for he is a short, slender, high-strung man, so sensitive that only the starkest sort of courage took him into that party at all — became angry because the men went right along at first, forgetting in their own excitement to drop as they had been ordered to do.

"—— it, men, lie down when those flares go up!" shouted the parson.

The moving hedge of dropping shells went forward, and the raiders followed the shells up closely. They dropped into the enemy trench and started in on their well understood programme. Only a few Boches were found in the trench, and these were all killed, usually by rifle fire.

The boys had been given clubs for this raid, with thongs to slip round the wrist like a policeman's night stick. Most of the boys had improved on the original club by wrapping its outer end with barbed wire; it made a wicked weapon, but they never got much chance to use the thing.

The engineers had brought along a lot of bombs and had a merry time throwing them into dugouts. Often voices were heard below, and always the Germans were summoned to come out. It speaks much for the terror they had for Americans that every time they preferred to stay in and be killed.

It looked for a long time as if no prisoners would be taken. Colonel Logan had offered two hundred francs reward for each prisoner, and Parson Rollins had promised to take home to the States as his orderly the man who got the most prisoners. Tales were told afterwards of men quarrelling as to the ownership of a prisoner, and one of them settling the dispute by shooting the German. I never verified this story, but it is certain that forty dead Germans were counted, that there were many more in the bombed dugouts, and that only one — a mere boy, a half-portion Hun — was actually brought home.

The party carried its own telephone along, unreeling a fine wire as they went and reporting every few minutes. Each party attended to its appointed task, the men going farthest blowing the bridge near the town.

As the party reached the first line of German trenches, the artillery threw gas shells thickly into Lahayville, a town lying to the right and rear of Richecourt, and on higher ground. The town was eleven hundred yards from the nearest point to which our party went, and the French had always believed that it was safe to go to within five hundred yards of a gassed area, under any conditions.

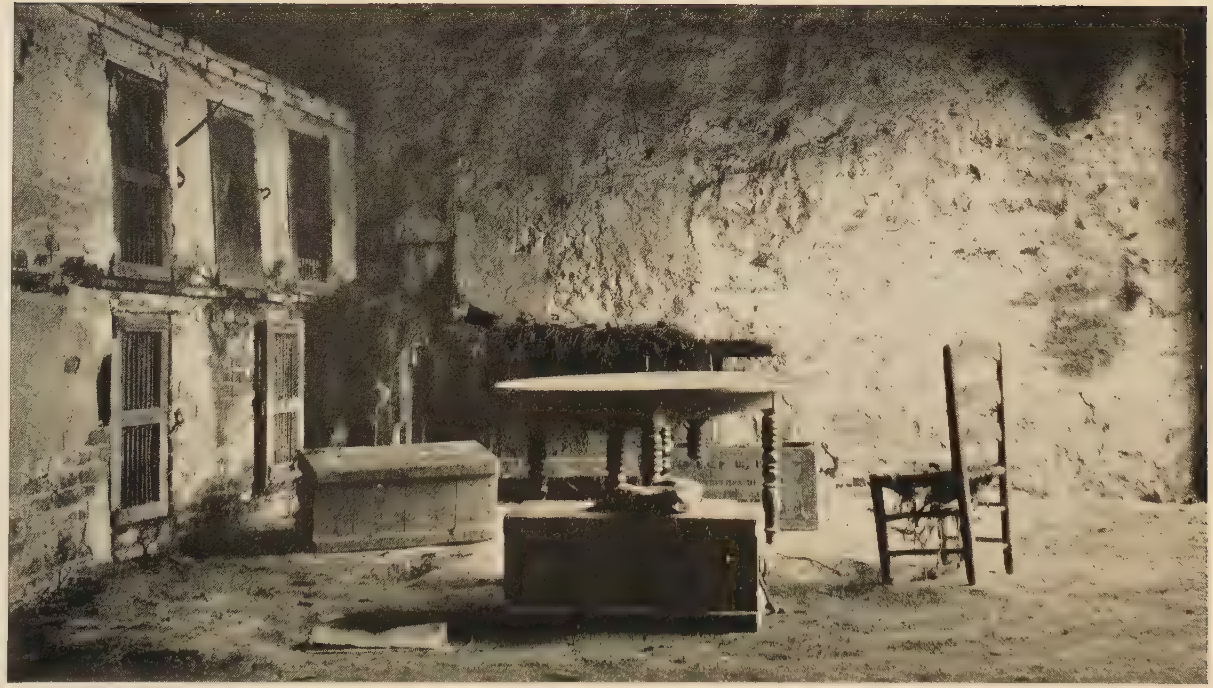
Next day, however, our men began to show signs of gas, and in the end nearly every man that went on the party proved to have been more or less gassed. An investigation showed that in all probability the gas thrown on Lahayville flowed back down the hill and got them.

The investigation was called for by Colonel Logan, who demanded that the responsibility for gassing his men be fixed and that the person responsible be punished.

The investigation was made by the artillery brigade, under orders from General Aultman. General W. L. Lassiter, who commanded the artillery of the Yankee Division from the beginning, had been relieved on May 9 and replaced by Brigadier General D. F. Aultman.

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE H. SHELTON, COMMANDER OF THE 51ST INFANTRY BRIGADE.



General Shelton's headquarters in a rabbitry at Sacerie Farm, during the Château-Thierry drive.

The only real result of the investigation was to show that some of the battery officers had protested before the gas was fired that it would come back on our own men, and to force the conclusion that gas ought not to be placed nearer than two thousand yards from an attacking party.

James F. O'Toole of Clinton was one of the men in Hickey's raid who had a wonderful escape from death. He was carrying a smoke bomb, to throw into dugouts and force the inmates to come up and be captured. He chucked it into one and climbed on top of the dugout to wait for the result. Unfortunately he had chosen one into which the engineers had thrown a far more deadly bomb. Up went the dugout, and up went O'Toole. He came down covered with mud, but absolutely unhurt. One other man, in the same circumstance, was killed. Another was killed by the explosion of one of his own grenades. A third was badly wounded by the return fire of the Boche artillery, which began very feebly after our party was in their trenches. Fourteen or fifteen were hurt slightly, most of them with wire scratches they received going over.

The mission accomplished, the rocket signifying "objectives all reached" was sent up, and the signal officer telephoned back that the raiders were coming home. The party was over.

Back in Beaumont the people who had come to see the party spent their night in Colonel Parker's underground dugout, which was crowded nearly to suffocation. They were actually listening to returns from the fight; it was like nothing so much as a newspaper office on election night. The hosts even served hot coffee to the visitors just before the fight began.

In the dawn the raiders returned, whooping and shouting up from Seicheprey. In their midst marched the scared German prisoner, who evidently expected to have his throat cut. On one side was the big sergeant who had taken him; on the other, trying to make him understand that he was safe and would have decent treatment, was Parson Rollins. He had no German, and was talking to the Boche in a mixture of English and pigeon French. All the way the gleeful American soldiers, who thought the one small prisoner as the result of the work of three hundred men all night and half a million dollars' worth of artillery was a huge joke, kept slapping the boy on the back and inquiring "*Wie geht's?*"

Ahead of the bunch came two runners, carrying a captured machine gun. Several of these were taken, in one case the Germans fighting their gun right up to the end; the gun was finally pulled off their dead bodies.

Technically the raid was perfect; tactically it was a success. Secrecy, however, had been a failure, and the Boche had pulled back his men for the most part from the area. Finally, the accidental gassing robbed the party of a great deal of the satisfaction we might have felt.

Once more a great calm settled down on the sector. Each side lazily registered its artillery day by day; now and then one side or the other would get nervous in the night and put over a strong barrage, but for several days there was no real activity.

From a sunny front trench, it was interesting to watch the Boche registering his artillery on the villages along our line of resistance. Halfway of the shot, you would hear the gun and the shell whining overhead. If you looked quickly, you would see a burst of black shrapnel or an explosion on the ground, in or near one of the villages. Usually Fritz fired two or three guns at a time, so that it would be more difficult to find which one was doing the registering. And it may be explained that "registering" is firing enough shots on a given target in the daytime to establish exactly at what elevation and direction one must fire in the night to land on that target.

Nobody pays much attention to registering shots, except of course the people in the village, or the strong point, or the battery position that is being registered. "Ah, a little hate going over," the doughboy would say, almost without lifting his head. Then he would go on with his shaving or other occupation.

Fine weather made a vast difference to the comfort of the men in the trenches. The ground on this front was so low that there was nowhere to sleep except in niches on the fire-step, and no shelter except a blanket or a rain coat propped up on sticks. It was far too wet for underground *abris*.

Improvements were made in many directions. In some of the regiments, the commanding officer arranged to have socks washed and dried daily. He sent down with his food details at night a fresh and dry pair of socks for every man in the front line. The front line also got two hot meals a day and hot coffee at midnight. For awhile, life was luxurious in that Toul sector.

On Memorial Day, exercises were held in each brigade, at the graves of our boys. Every grave was strewn with flowers bought with money contributed by the men themselves. Besides these, the French civilians brought the beaded decorations and wreaths which they love, and the little children of the towns gathered wild flowers and heaped them on the graves of the Americans.

At Vignot, a grave of an American soldier was allotted to each little girl in the town to care for. They planted flowers and did all they could to make the resting place of the Americans beautiful.

At each place, the troops that could be spared were turned out; the bands attended, and the commanding officers made brief addresses. At Vignot, Reverend Walter Danker offered prayer; it was one of the last public services he was to hold.

By this time the German offensive had pushed far to the south. They had our old sector, back on the Chemin-des-Dames; they had Soissons, and had gone down to the Marne and cut the railroad from Nancy to Paris by the way of Chalons and Epernay. The Twenty-sixth was up in the toe of a pocket which was daily deepening.

During this quiet week, of course the patrolling of No Man's Land was kept up. At this time the Americans had so much the edge on the Boche that General Edwards said to an inquirer from the high command, "There isn't any No Man's Land in this sector; the ground is American right up to the German wire!"

One party, under command of Lieutenant Thomas J. Quirk of Manchester, New Hampshire, had a lively experience on patrol.

There were thirty-six men in the patrol, and it went right through a gateway which the Boche kept open in his own wire, to send out his own patrols, and up into the town of Apremont itself, on our left end. In the town two Germans suddenly appeared and then disappeared in a ruined house. Almost the next second there came a burst of machine gun fire, and six of our men went down. The rest took cover.

Lieutenant Quirk decided wisely not to try to fight the position; he was far within the Boche lines and had only a small party, already weakened. He ordered the men to go back, for the town was full of noises, and the Boches were waking up.

The men picked up their wounded and got back as far as the gateway in the Boche wire. Machine gun fire was sweeping that opening, so thick that it was simple suicide to try to go through. But Lieutenant Quirk got the idea that that machine gun stream was flying at least two feet up from the ground, that men might lie down and roll over and over and get through unharmed.

One after another the thirty men rolled to safety under the flying bullets, pulling and shoving their wounded along the ground with them. Lieutenant Quirk gave much credit for the success of the party to Lieutenant Clarence E. Twitchell, formerly a police officer in Manchester, New Hampshire.

On the same night Lieutenant Kramer, also of the 103d, was out wire cutting with a fairly strong party. The Boche heard the wires snip and opened fire. But the position of the patrol was good enough to stay and fight it out for a while. It was a merry pointless little scrap, with nobody hurt.

Another night Lieutenant Philip H. Dwight did about as brave a thing as we had to record. With only three or four men he went over to the enemy wire, having heard that its lower strand was heavily electrified. He carried two pairs of bolt cutters and the ordinary wire cutters. He wore rubber boots, but had no rubber gloves, and altogether he took a fairly strong chance of being electrocuted.

The electric wire turned out to be a cable of six or eight strands. Dwight put his bolt cutters on to it and applied pressure until the tool broke. The second bolt cutter went in the same way. And you must visualize the young fellow out there in the dark, working at the wire within a few yards of the Boche trench. The current made a fizzling arc as soon as one or two strands were cut. But the Boche never saw Dwight; they probably thought the arc was caused by a short circuit, perhaps from a loose upper wire dangling against the cable. Lieutenant Dwight finally got the cable chewed apart, one strand at a time, and got home safe. The cable was carrying five or six hundred volts of electricity.

Life in the trenches settled down into routine in those early days of June, and many interesting changes were to be noticed. One especially was the change in the talk of the men. In back areas the American soldier uses any vocabulary that comes handy, and often it is more pungent than proper. In this regard the outfits differed widely; the engineers and the artillerymen were the cleanest, quietest talkers.

Down in the front line, however, everybody gets that way. The talk was a decided improvement on the chat of some of the billets.

Men looked out for each other's comfort better, and thoughtfulness and comradeship such as nothing else than a life under constant danger together could produce, sprang up everywhere. Men learned to respect each other, and if one came through safely, front-line work was the most valuable thing that could happen to him.

One of the men explained this. "You never know," said he, "when the Huns will take it into their heads to drop a few in on us. You never know when a man speaks to you that those words aren't going to be the last he ever will speak. That makes you listen, and when you answer him, it makes you more careful what you say."

The day's work in the front-line trenches really ended just at dawn. Up to that time, throughout the night, everybody was dressed and armed and at the alert.

Comparatively few men remained actually in the trenches. Some of each company were always out on detail, mending wire, setting new wire, improving trenches, or making ingenious traps where the trench went over into Boche territory.

They would string tin cans across in such fashion that if the Boche sneaked in a party, a trip-string would bring the cans down with a jangle.

Other details would be out on patrol, and the men left on watch in the trench waited anxiously for the telltale sputter of firing that might tell where a patrol had met a Boche party out on a similar errand.

All night long the flares would sail up, from one side or the other, as some suspicious sentry thought he saw something moving "out there." And then, in the dark just before the dawn, the tired men would come silently in, put away tools, call the roll to make sure nobody was missing, and stand to on the fire step through the most probable hour for an attack.

Daylight came, sentries were posted, and the ration-carrying parties came down the line with the marmites full of hot breakfast, the news of the rear, perhaps some mail or newspapers. The tired men ate as best they could, — and I never understood how they managed it and kept their trenches so clean.

Then by twos and threes they crawled into their trench shelters and slept like logs through the brightening morning, wearing their bulky gas masks on their breasts as they should, or using them for pillows as they shouldn't.

As the sun got higher and stronger, they slept only the more heavily. Toes sticking out from under blankets felt the heat and curled back into shelter. Every passer went quietly.

By noon or one o'clock, they were all tumbling out again and doing what they could towards cleaning up. They washed their feet in shell holes; they washed their faces in their mess kits, and they shaved at metal trench mirrors stuck on twigs in the parados. They kept marvellously clean.

In the back areas, we got cockier still and began to organize a minstrel company. In a month it was going well; it played continuously for the rest of the time we were in France, except during the hottest of our actions. It came home with the Division, and as soon as discharged went on the road by itself.

The performers were selected from all sorts of outfits, the artillery supplying a fairly large number. In every company and every battery in the Division try-out shows were held; the men who already had had professional experience were chosen for the big show, so far as possible, and were ordered back to Division Headquarters. Rehearsals were held in a barn, and a programme beginning with an old-fashioned minstrel show, a vaudeville bill and a really funny sketch of life in a military company was put together.

The show was first under the command of Captain Al Ford, later headquarters commandant of the Division. J. J. Chaison, a private, was the stage manager, and Lieutenant R. H. Russell, leader of the 102d Artillery's cowboy band, was the general manager. Later on, he took entire charge of the show; later still, Lieutenant John Pendleton King, a New York playwright, pianist of fine ability, and a Georgian by birth — but a thorough Yankee in spirit, — had the show in his care. He brought it home, in fact.

The first performance was given in the municipal theatre of Toul, on June 27, during an air raid. The anti-aircraft missiles flew all over the town and rained on the roof of the theater, but nobody paid any attention.

After that the show played in many strange places; in tents, in huts, in barracks; in the open woods of the Saint-Mihiel sector, for the anniversary of the landing of the 102d Field Artillery in France. It played on the lawn of a chateau at Mussy-sur-Seine, during the Division's one brief spell of rest, and it played on a wharf at Saint-Nazaire, with its audience on a ship alongside, waiting to sail away for home.

It was during this calm interval, also, that young Lieutenant Leavitt C. Parsons did something that goes on to the record of service of the Division as a thing worth while. He devised a table for entraining a division; it sounded like a simple thing to do, but was really rather complicated. However, he managed it so well that it was efficient and flexible, and was adopted by the French. Our own army also adopted it. So the Yankee Division scored one more "first" for the benefit of the whole American army.

In the meantime, our gas officers were preparing what was probably the first big projector gas attack made by the Americans. There was a wood opposite the opening between Remieres and Jury woods called the Sonnard wood. The German second-line trenches ran through it, and it was thickly infested with German light artillery battery positions. It was also a splendid hiding place in which to mass infantry for an attack. So it was chosen for a good gassing.

For nights the gas detail worked in our front lines, planting fifteen hundred projectors in a line, close together. These projectors are nothing but short, wide tubes of steel, their lower end sealed. In each one is placed a gas shell of special design, much bigger than the shell thrown by artillery. And under each shell, of course, is the charge of explosive to send the shell on its way. The point is that with this arrangement one can throw over a larger quantity of gas at once, for the fifteen hundred shells are fired by electricity, simultaneously.

The projectors were put in successfully, and then it remained only to wait for a favorable night, when the wind was light and away from our lines. This came on June 6, and the whole battery was fired.

For three days our observers saw the Germans carrying their dead out of the Bois de Sonnard. It was never really known just how many were killed, but it was discovered that firing the gas in there had broken up another infantry attack that was in preparation that very night.

Ten days later the Germans tried a raid on Xivray-Marvoisin, which was occupied by the 103d Infantry. The raid came upon the third battalion of that regiment, upon its machine gun company, and the 103d Machine Gun Battalion, which was in sector just on that part of the front.

Several more changes were made in the personnel of the Division. Colonel E. T. Smith, commanding the 103d Field Artillery, was succeeded on June 15 by Colonel P. D. Glassford. Major John Perrins, the former Massachusetts cavalryman, was relieved from the 102d Machine Gun Battalion, which was given to Captain Dana T. Gallup when we first entered the Toul sector. He in turn was replaced by Major John D. Murphy on April 15. Major O. S. Albright was

THE SURGEONS OF THE DIVISION GATHERED AT GRAND RU FARM, DURING THE CHÂTEAU-THIERRY DRIVE.

General Pershing Decorating YD Men with Distinguished Service Crosses in rain storm, near La Ferté sous Jouarre.

relieved from the command of the field signal battalion; it was given, April 29, to Major S. W. Walmsley, and he was taken away on June 19, Major Paul W. Evans taking command. Father O'Connor's appointment as senior chaplain arrived on May 1.

Father O'Connor was due to become a captain, by length of service, on April 21. He assumed that rank and put in his pay vouchers as a captain, from that time on. Several months later he was astonished to learn that he must turn back the difference between a captain's pay and a lieutenant's, and that he was not a captain at all. He made a fight for his rights and eventually won them, — in the spring of the following year.

All through early June the German artillery kept up a heavy fire on our lines, battery positions and back areas. Fritz searched patiently for ammunition dumps and railheads, but never got any of them. On some days as many as a thousand shells were sent over, and it was always supposed that a big infantry attack must be preparing. Indeed, at one time rumor said that the big attack was coming that very night. Rumor, who seldom does things by halves, added with the utmost seriousness that horses had been sent to every battery position, to haul the guns out as soon as dark should have come.

On June 16, Fritz tried another infantry attack, going after Xivray-Marvoisin much as he had gone after Seicheprey. The attack was an utter failure; its probability had been foreseen, General Cole had provided against its extreme possibility, and the envelopment that succeeded at Seicheprey failed entirely in the villages farther west.

As a variation, Fritz shelled, during the attack and at intervals throughout the day, our back area villages. He threw shells into towns that had never before been pounded. He frightened the civilian population into sleeping in caves, and he killed and wounded more men in the rear than he did in the front line. Beyond that, his peevishness gained him not the least military advantage, unless it was to make the Division Headquarters staff move from Boucq to Trondes, some fifteen hundred meters farther to the rear.

Xivray-Marvoisin was, as the name hints, a twin town, situated at the extreme front line and in the left part of our sector. Marvoisin was further forward than Xivray; in fact, it was so far forward that at night only a few men were kept there. A trench connected it with Xivray, and Lieutenant Roger Williams of Rhode Island commanded the platoon that held the latter town.

From Xivray, the trench line followed roughly the course of the Rupt de Mad, slanting back towards Bouconville, the town where two companies of the third battalion of the 103d Infantry were held in reserve.

Halfway from Xivray to Bouconville, there are two slight swells in the savannah, forward of the trench about two hundred yards and about the same distance apart. On the maps these are called "hills", and each was really an elaborate strong point, with trenches, dugouts and everything necessary.

Lieutenant Pickering was in command in Bouconville and Lieutenant Doane had command of the company. Major Ashworth commanded the 103d Machine Gun Battalion and had his guns posted at all the favorable spots in the area.

Shortly after midnight the sentinels out to the right of Marvoisin saw, forming up near the Boche wire, a group which they thought might be coming over. They sent up a signal for a barrage and had that group plastered with artillery and machine gun fire.

The party was fairly caught and suffered heavily. It went to work carrying in wounded, and our men judged that nearly one hundred fifty were killed or hurt over at the Boche wire.

Whether the party was part of the attack, which came on a good deal later, or whether it was a big working party, was never determined. But the real attack did not begin until 3:20 A.M., when the Boche put down his barrage.

Six hundred men started for our lines, in three columns. Each column split into three smaller columns, and each of these nine little units had its understood objective. The general idea was to send a frontal attack against Marvoisin, to send three of the small units to the right — our left — on Xivray, and to send some more round Marvoisin to get into

Xivray from behind. In the meantime, their artillery was to concentrate on our front-line trench system to the east, towards Seicheprey, and to keep down any attempt to help out the towns attacked. Incidentally, one or two of the small units seem to have been given the mission to penetrate as far as possible towards Bouconville, for we made prisoners far behind Xivray.

We found afterwards that the attacking party consisted of 399 Landwehr troops, 200 Bavarians, 80 storm troops, 40 pioneers and 20 men carrying *flammenwerfer*, the deadly machines that squirt flaming oil down into dugouts or along trenches.

On this attack the *flammenwerfer* were used to create a smoke cloud to cover the attacking party. Before daylight the flame made more show than the smoke hid, and after daylight came the smoke wasn't thick enough to hide the Boches.

For the defence of this sub-sector an "automatic counter-attack", a pet device of Major de Boisrouvray, had been adopted. General Cole had come to the same conclusion as the French officer, — that the best defence would always be a counter-attack.

As soon as the character of the German artillery fire was seen to indicate an attack, therefore, the automatic counter-attack started. Lieutenant Doane went to the reserve platoon and started it up to take position in or behind Xivray; he had taken Private Berrie of his company and Private John Whyte with him. He met Lieutenant Shaw and Bugler Gerrish, going on the same errand.

Of course, Lieutenant Doane had to come back through the German barrage to get to the reserve platoon and then had to go under the barrage as he took it back. Lieutenant Pickering was in command of the reserve, and Lieutenant Doane went ahead to Xivray itself, to tell Lieutenant Roger Williams that his support was coming up and where it would be placed.

Lieutenant Williams, all through the dawn — which was now well along — had been prancing round in his little ruined town, doing what he could to see that all his salients were holding out.

Lieutenant Doane and Lieutenant Pickering managed to have an adventure on their way up to Xivray. Lieutenant Doane saw, out on the rolling marshy savannah, four or five Germans, apparently carrying off wounded. They were 250 or 300 yards away.

Lieutenant Pickering, Lieutenant Doane and the nearest men of the platoon — all of course volunteers — jumped out of the trench and started across country after the Germans. The men were Sergeant Sullivan, and Privates Alva White, Alfred A. Lepage, Wilmor Bradford, Emmett Sloan and Anthony Simmons.

The little squad spread out, and Lieutenant Doane called to a man who had an automatic rifle to fire on the Boches, to make them give up or run. As the gun began to sputter, the Boches scattered and ran, all but one who was stooping over a stretcher.

The Americans ran up; they had come quietly at first and were on the Germans before the latter knew; the man by the stretcher straightened up and was made prisoner. He proved to be a German lieutenant. On the stretcher was a wounded German, and on the ground beside it was Private Hamlin of Lieutenant Doane's own company. He had been wounded and taken prisoner at his machine gun, and was being carried off. When one of the Germans received a wound, the party had stopped, rolled Hamlin off the stretcher and put the Boche on it.

The counter-attacking platoon got into place and prepared to go forward. But the Boches had already had enough and had run for their own lines. A thorough patrol was made over our terrain, but no more Germans were found. A heavy artillery fire was kept up on our lines and our back area towns, however, all the morning.

The German lieutenant made an interesting prisoner. All prisoners were questioned, of course, and much information was obtained from them as to the Germans' idea of the Americans, and whether they knew that there was really a large force of Americans in France. It was evident, from these interviews, that the German Government either did not know how large the American force was, or else kept the figures sedulously from the army.

This particular lieutenant was indignant that the Americans had caught him where they did. "Your men don't know how to fight," he said. "They had no business to be where I was; they had to come through a German barrage to get there, and they might have been wiped out!"

He talked freely of his own part in the raid and of his capture. Then he said, in response to questions, "It is my personal opinion that America must have about five hundred thousand men over here. I don't believe many more are coming, for I think their despatch would be extremely difficult on account of the lack of tonnage." He referred, of course, to the general belief in Germany that the U-boat campaign was so effective that there were very few ships of the Allies left afloat.

"The American soldiers in the trenches told me," he continued, "that America had three million men over here. Of course, I am to be pardoned if I doubt that assertion.

"Since the Seicheprey fight we have had considerable respect for the prowess and courage of the American soldier. He is a very dangerous antagonist, particularly in hand-to-hand combat, and is hard to beat in handling the rifle and the pistol.

"He is dangerous even after he is captured. When we were leading American prisoners to the rear under escort, a number turned on their captors and overpowered them. Such an occurrence, however, is not likely to be repeated, for strict orders have now been given to exercise great care in future, in guarding American prisoners."

Right through this fight, the Americans got all the good luck. But it was good luck backed by most extraordinary pluck.

Out on the northwest corner of Marvoisin was a machine gun emplacement. In it were Corporal Donald F. Peck, and Privates John J. Flynn, Ben Parker, Alex Robertson and

Newport Wycoff. They were on the very apex of the attack; the first rain of the German barrage came down directly on the position, and when the attack came on the Boches brought up a machine gun, set it up on a little knoll or swell of the ground, and played it on the point of the town.

One after another the machine gunners dropped until only Flynn and one other man were left unhurt. Some of them had been evacuated, and one or two lay still in the emplacement.

A bullet raked through the second man's thighs and he dropped. Flynn went on working his gun until she jammed. By this time the advancing frontal attack was just looming out of the early morning fog, less than fifty yards away.

The wounded man on the ground got his pistol into action, and Flynn worked furiously to get the machine gun going again.

The Germans scattered and came on cautiously, having great respect for the popping 45. The machine gun responded, and Flynn turned her loose at everything he could see. But every time a German showed himself, he was nearer than before. And then the gun jammed again.

"Beat it, and get some more fellows up," said the other man, and Flynn did the sensible thing. He ran back into the town to notify Lieutenant Williams that the Boches were at the edge of the town in front.

Meanwhile the Germans had come on, when the fire against them ceased, and had captured Flynn's machine gun. The place either didn't look good to them — there were beautiful chances for ambush right in front of them — or their orders were to stay on the little knoll where they had left their own machine gun. Anyway, they took Flynn's gun out and set it up alongside their own.

Lieutenant Williams sent a squad back with Flynn, and the squad went to the left, through a trench, to flank out the Germans they supposed to be still in the tip of the town. They presently found themselves, however, out alongside the captured gun and the German piece, and still undiscovered in the trench. Whereupon that squad jumped out of the trench with a whoop and rushed the gun. The Germans ran off in the fog, and the boys dropped one or two of them as they went. Then they lugged the two guns back into Marvoisin.

The machine gunners made great records that morning. Back towards Bouconville there was another emplacement, and in its crew was a private named Foster. Almost the first of the German artillery fire landed near this gun and wounded every man except Foster. He picked himself up and set up the gun, which had been capsized by the explosion.

The gun was jammed. Foster, single-handed, got it working again and looked up to see one of the German subcolumns, of about seventy men, within thirty feet of him and coming fast out of the fog.

He turned loose the gun before a grenade could be thrown and simply mowed down the men nearest to him. At that range he couldn't miss one of them. Dozens of them went down and the rest ran.

Foster kept on firing. Presently help came up; the wounded men were carried off, and a new crew was organized. But Foster, single-handed, had really prevented the enveloping movement which was the essence of the German attack.

Our losses in this fight were one officer and less than a dozen men killed on the line attacked. There were heavier casualties in the trench to the right of Marvoisin, where the troops, with no dugouts to duck into, simply had to stand to under the terrific artillery fire with no way of replying, waiting for a possible attack by infantry which never came.

The officer who lost his life was Lieutenant Robert H. Glansburg of Company B of the 103d Machine Gun Battalion.

Some 60 Germans were killed in front of our positions and a good many more over near their own wire. We captured ten prisoners, three machine guns, some of the flame-throwers, and enough equipment to fit out a whole company.

Our losses, all in the 103d Infantry, in the Xivray-Marvoisin fight, were twenty-six killed, thirty-six seriously wounded, sixty slightly wounded, and forty-seven gassed. In the machine gun battalion, there were two killed and eleven seriously wounded. Estimated German loss, fifty-three known dead, two hundred believed killed.

Every week a party of officers was ordered away to school from the battle front. In every regiment a certain number were detailed for school, and now another detail began to make its appearance — officers were sent home in fairly large groups, to become instructors in the new divisions being trained in the United States.

The American War Department was spreading out its plans and providing for a fighting force of five million men. A new law had extended the draft age, and the United States was going to war in grim earnest and with the last pound of strength.

It happened that Captain Thomas F. Murphy, adjutant of the 101st Infantry, and Captain John J. Lydon were sent away to school at the same time. Getting a day's leave, they used it to come back to the regiment on a visit to their comrades.

They were in Colonel Logan's headquarters at Bernecourt on the morning of June 16, the day of the Xivray-Marvoisin attack. In the room were Colonel Logan, Father M. J. O'Connor, the chaplain; Captain Harry D. Cormerais, formerly of the Fifth Massachusetts, and at that time captain of the headquarters company of the 101st; the two visitors, and a sergeant-major, William Blake, who had just come in to report.

The shelling of rear areas began, and a big obus burst on the road, just outside the open window. Fragments of steel flew in every direction in the colonel's room. One piece tore half of Captain Cormerais' hand away; another wounded him severely in the upper arm. A second bit grazed the sergeant-major, and a third struck the wall in such a position that it must have traversed the chair from which Colonel Logan had just risen.

At the next village to the rear, Royameix, the shelling caused a casualty that was felt throughout the 104th Regiment of Infantry. Reverend Walter F. Danker, the Protestant chaplain of the regiment, was mortally wounded by a shell fragment.

Doctor Danker had been sitting with Colonel George H. Shelton in the colonel's headquarters, when the shelling began. At the hour for religious service, the two men went out, followed by the colonel's orderly.

Behind them, as they went up the village street, came two soldiers, who were both blown to pieces when the shell exploded close behind them. Colonel Shelton's orderly was so badly wounded that he died almost immediately, and Doctor Danker received a large fragment of shell in his back. Colonel Shelton's cheek was grazed, and several bits cut his clothing without wounding him.

The orderly, when Colonel Shelton ran back to help him, said simply, "I'm glad that it was me instead of you, sir." And from the position of the two men it was evident that his being where he was saved the colonel from the flying steel.

Several men were wounded in the Division Headquarters town of Boucq. In this town the attack was signalized by an aeroplane which flew daringly low over the hill and the town, dropping a signal light for the German gunners to fire at.

Four days afterwards, the Boche shelled Boucq again. A retaliation fire was thrown on his headquarters town, and at the same time the headquarters of the Yankee Division was moved to Trondes, the next town farther back.

General Charles H. Cole, during the week of the Xivray-Marvoisin fight, received a sad piece of news, which took him away from the Division for three days. Major George Cole, General Cole's brother, commanding a machine gun battalion in the marine corps, was in the fight at the Belleau Woods near Château-Thierry. On June 10, he went forward from his *poste de commandement* to the line. On the way, seeing some one hundred and fifty infantrymen who seemed to be leaderless, he shouted "follow me", and led the way in a flank attack on some enemy machine guns.

His rush carried him so close to the machine gun position that the Germans hadn't even time to swing their guns and began to throw hand grenades. One of these wounded Major Cole in the foot, and a second fell in front of him. He tried to throw it back, but it exploded almost in his hand. His face, both arms and both legs, were riddled with the shrapnel from the grenade.

Major Cole lived until June 18, dying finally from gas gangrene. General Cole arrived at his bedside before he passed away.

CHAPTER IX

Into the Château-Thierry Counter-offensive

During the last weeks of June it was generally known that the 26th Division was about to move. The front had become absolutely quiet for the moment, and the relief was made in so orderly and unhurried a fashion that very few had any idea an emergency move was under way.

Months before, the whole American force had been put at the disposition of Marshal Foch by the American High Command. There had been a proposition that our units should be broken up and brigaded with the British; this suggestion had been vigorously opposed by the Americans, who had no wish to see their flag disappear from the battle line.

The result was a bargain with the English for increased ocean transport, to help us hurry our troops across the water, and an assurance that the American army should fight by itself, or at least that its divisions should remain intact.

In the meantime, the German offensive that had started in March had overrun the Chemin-des-Dames and thrust its point down to the Marne, crossing it at Dormans, where a shallow salient was held on the south bank, and sticking at Château-Thierry. Here the Germans got the northern half of the city, and the Allies held tenaciously in the southern half, with the river between.

West of Château-Thierry, the German advance was halted at Vaux, a little town that lay below the railroad line, and at the Belleau Wood, where the Marine Brigade of the Second Division made its historic stand.

Vaux, dominated by Hill 204 — which was in Boche possession — was No Man's Land. Neither side could stay in it, though either could take it. A railroad line running from Vaux through Bouresches, Belleau, Givry and Torcy was virtually in No Man's Land, though Belleau Wood was not altogether tenable for Americans.

To those whose knowledge was limited to one division, it seemed as if the Yankee Division was far up in a pocket. The news of the stopping of the offensive woke little idea that the Twenty-sixth was to be called into that part of the front.

The Division was weary and had had considerable losses in the Boucq sector. It had been practically five months in the front line, and a rest area, with plenty of leave, was the hope of most men in it.

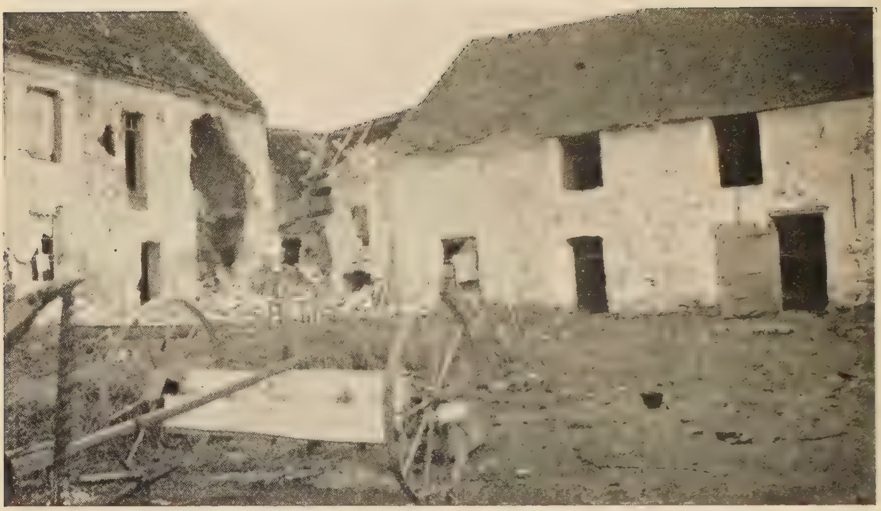
On the night of June 24, the relief began. For two or three days, units of the 154th French Division had been marching to the limits of the sector, and during the nights from June 24–25 to June 27–28, the actual relief was made.

Most of the relief was accomplished by the use of the little "Decauvilles", the narrow-gauge railroad that ran alongside the roads all through the sector. The enemy apparently never suspected that a relief was under way, and thirty thousand men were replaced by another thirty thousand without the slightest hitch or accident. It was a much more efficient relief than when the Yankees came into sector. The relieving force was the 154th French Division, less one regiment of infantry, and the 82d (American) Division, less artillery, machine gun units and one infantry regiment.

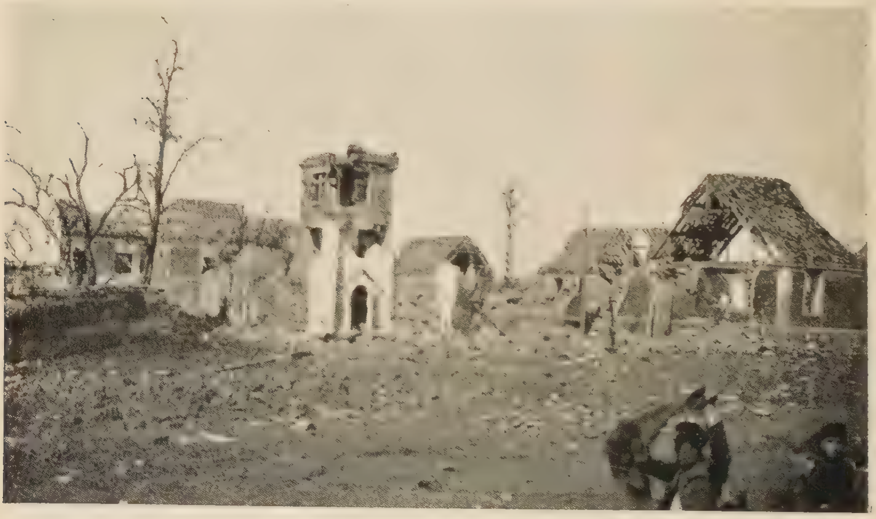
The Yankees were concentrated in and around Toul. The command passed at 9 A.M., June 28, and Headquarters opened in Toul at 10 A.M. Within twelve hours new orders arrived, directing a move by rail to an unnamed destination, the journey to take twelve hours.

The general belief was that the Division was going into rest. There were the usual wild rumors; I was assured with deepest mystery that we were going to Italy, to Scotland, and that we were going home. The best hint, however, lay behind the fact that several general officers were ordering their cars to go to Pantin, in the suburbs of Paris. A billeting party went ahead to prepare housing.

Picardie Farm on the Etrepilly Plateau, key of the Château-Thierry Drive.



Courtyard of Sacerie Farm, Gen. Shelton's headquarters during Château-Thierry drive. A shell arrived in the corner.



Torcy, the day after we took it. July 19, 1918.

Secrecy was so thoroughly determined that not only was I forbidden by the censor to send anything for publication in the United States; I was not even allowed to send a personal letter of any sort, — though of course the soldiers were writing merrily every day.

Westward by a roundabout route the long troop trains went, for the railroad was cut along the bank of the Marne. They halted at out-of-the-way places while the men tumbled out, washed at wayside brooks, and stormed the rolling kitchens, functioning on flat cars, for breakfast.

In the afternoon of a hot day, Paris loomed in the distance. When the boys actually saw the Eiffel tower and the suburban trolley cars, they believed at last the rumor which said the 26th was to parade in the capital on July 4th.

At Noisy-le-Sec, however, is the great regulating yard of the French railroads on the north side of Paris. And here, after the shortest of waits, the trains were shunted over on to the tracks of the Northern and sent back, out of Paris and out of the suburbs, along the line of the famous Paris-Metz highway.

All the way down, the people in every town had cheered the Americans, and the Americans had shouted back until they were hoarse. Spirits had been at top notch. Then it all changed; the people still cheered us, but the boys had nothing left for response but a sad wave of the hand.

In the cool of the evening, the trains pulled in, one after another, east of Meaux, across the Marne, at Trilport. All through the night and the next day they came, and the troops detrained swiftly and without confusion and marched away to the villages in the neighborhood.

Division Headquarters was opened at Nanteuil les Meaux, just across the river from the historic city of Meaux, in whose very outskirts some of our units were billeted. And no sooner had the whole Division arrived than it began to move into support positions, to relieve the Second Division.

Artillery went ahead, establishing its headquarters at first at Montreuil aux Lions. They were afterwards moved up to La Loge farm, the artillery brigade occupying the farmhouse along with General Cole's headquarters of the 52d Infantry Brigade.

The movement was made by marching and in motor trucks, the units taking positions north of La Ferte sous Jouarre, along the winding valley of the Marne. Division Headquarters moved first to Chamigny, the rear *echelon* being established in La Ferté itself. Later, the commanding general moved up to Genevrois Farm, just south of Bezu, and well up towards the front.

Our artillery began firing during the night of July 8, and though the gunners did not know it, started on what was to be one of the most remarkable feats performed by any American divisional artillery during the war. Its service was to be continuous, firing in sector until July 18, and then going forward with the counter-offensive until August 5, long after the rest of the Division had been relieved.

Between July 5 and July 8 the relief of the Second Division was made, one regiment going in at a time, and of course moving only in the night. The 51st Brigade took the right, the 101st Infantry sitting down opposite Vaux and the 102d in front of Bouresches. These positions had been held by the 9th and the 23d Infantry. The 52d Brigade went into the Belleau Wood, taking over from the marine brigade. Its subsector extended to the edge of our sector, joining the French 167th Division, which was in front of Bussiares. On our right lay the 39th French division. The Second Division went into support behind the French on our left.

The Twenty-sixth now formed part of the First Corps, Major General Hunter Liggett commanding.

Nobody knew it, but the German offensive which had been stopped in June was scheduled to begin again, not later than July 15. All the Yankees knew was that they had come to a sector very different from any they had heretofore seen. No trenches here; it was a country of alternate woods and wheatfields, fields in which the crop was already golden and ready for the reapers. Right in front of us lay the Etrepilly plateau, the key to the counter-offensive already planned by Marshal Foch, in which we were to take an important and difficult part.

The ground had not been held long enough to be trenched to a great extent. There was hastily-flung wire in front of a large part of the rough front, but there was no shelter, there were no *abris* or dugouts. It was still open warfare ground.

Fritz kept up a heavy fire of artillery, especially of gas, on both the front-line positions and the towns and woods in the rear. Some patches of woods were kept continually gassed, and every battery position was treated to liberal doses as fast as it was discovered. Aerial activity was greater than we had ever seen before, and the cross-roads were kept under day-long and night-long fire.

The Yankee Division's military police stood to their jobs wonderfully. They had been under fire before, in the Toul sector, but it was nothing compared with what they met here. Even at the Paris Farm cross-roads, where the shells burst with fearful accuracy all through the twenty-four hours, the military police stayed with it.

The infantryman as a rule doesn't love the M. P., for in billet towns the M. P. represents trouble for the man who doesn't walk the prescribed chalk line. But as one company after another passed through, grateful to get past the place where the fields were all spotted up with the great shell marks, they said, "My hat's off to you, Bud," to the plucky M. P. who had to stay when they went on.

Immediately after the Division had taken position in the sector a number of changes were made in the command. On July 10, Major M. G. Bulkley, Jr., succeeded Colonel J. L. Howard in command of the 101st (motorized) Machine Gun Battalion. Two days later Colonel John H. Sherburne, commanding the 101st Field Artillery, was promoted to brigadier general, and after a few days was ordered to command the 165th Artillery brigade, which was composed of colored troops. He did not go, however, until the counter-offensive was under way.

On July 16, Brigadier General Peter E. Traub was promoted to be a major general and was assigned to command the 35th Division. He was succeeded in command of the 51st Brigade by Brigadier General George H. Shelton, who was promoted from colonel, commanding the 104th Infantry.

Lieutenant Colonel Foote commanded the 104th for the time being. In the regiment, Major John A. Hadley had taken the place of Major Doane, who had been relieved and sent home. Major Hadley was a Maine man and had come over with the 103d; sent to school, he was assigned on his return to the 104th.

Major Hickey of the 101st Infantry had been invalided. He was tossed by a shell shortly after his return from hospital, whither he went after his raid on May 31, gassed. Major Hickey was not wounded, but he was so shaken that he could not take further line duty. Captain Thomas F. Foley took the battalion.

The first job in the sector, which was called the "Pas Fini" or "Unfinished" sector, was to dig trenches, and to organize it for some sort of defence, — and to bury the dead which the Second Division had been unable to bury.

Both these unpleasant tasks fell to the 101st Engineers, the first in line of duty, and the burial job was a volunteer piece of work. Belleau Wood was full of German dead and the bodies of marines. Near its upper end was a little hunting lodge, and round about it the shell fire had been so heavy that fragments of bodies hung in the very trees. The bodies had lain where they were found for a month, and the work was so trying that most of it was done by men wearing gas masks.

Our artillery was placed in the edge of woods, in hastily dug positions, with no shelter for the men except grave-like trenches, each one just large enough to hold one man. Every patch of woods sheltered a battery or two; the woods farthest towards the rear were the reserve positions for infantry, the camping ground of the engineers, and the shelter for company kitchens.

No cooking could be done in forward positions in this sector; everything had to be prepared back in the woods and carried up in the marmite cans after dark. There was no drinking water at the front; that had to be carried up also.

Sometimes the ration parties could not get up; that meant real suffering for the boys in line, for no water could be used for drinking unless it was first boiled or chlorinated. It was simply a case of wait for twenty-four hours. Sometimes the cooks, attempting to send forward things like beefsteaks, had the hard luck to pack them in the marmites still hot, close them tightly up, and then have them spoil before they got to the men.

Fritz started what might have gone on to be an extension of his great offensive if it had succeeded. As had happened to him before when he faced American units, he only ran his nose into a doubled fist, and the offensive did not go forward. Twice, promptly on time, July 13, 14 and 15, he attacked. But he did not gain ground, and before he could get set — if he had any such intention — for another thrust, the great Franco-American offensive started and never stopped until the Château-Thierry salient had been sawed off.

Major Foley's battalion of the 101st had "day" and "night" positions. At night platoons were pushed forward to Vaux; by day they were withdrawn. And on the night of July 13, the forward company received four hours and a half of high-frequency shelling, with an enormous amount of gas mixed in with the high-explosive shells.

Our own artillery replied briskly, but no infantry action occurred until 4 A.M. Colonel Logan's liaison worked splendidly that morning, and he was able to determine exactly the extent of the attack. He found it was all on his own front.

About four o'clock, the platoons which had been forward all night withdrew to their day positions. A few minutes later, bodies of men were seen to be coming down from the hills and into the town of Vaux. At first it was thought that they were Lieutenant Moyse's platoon, coming back to day positions. They were not fired upon, and the Germans — for they were Boches — marched comfortably into Vaux, took up position behind the railroad track that runs across the head of the town, and set up their machine guns, one in the town itself and several more in the roofless ruin of the railroad station.

About this time, however, Lieutenant Bolin — a Yankee who came to the Division from Kansas City — discovered that they were Germans.

This information was relayed to Colonel Logan through Captain Foley. The colonel said crisply, "You've got to drive those hounds out of there, or we'll be the laughing stock of the army." And Captain Foley's men went forward as if to a picnic.

Lieutenant William Fitzgerald, Lieutenant E. J. Price, Lieutenant Bolin and Lieutenant Jimmy Rose conducted the counter-attack. By chance Lieutenant Roger W. Bennett came to the party; he had been out with a patrol, over to the right, and hearing firing to his rear, scouted down and joined on to that end of the show.

As it turned out, Lieutenant Price's party, a platoon of Company K of Hingham and Clinton, got the most spectacular part of the fight. Lieutenant Fitzgerald was only supposed to hold, with his men. But they were all so eager to get in that he took them up, only to meet his own death.

He worked along the railroad line, clearing the shell holes and little shelter niches in the embankment where the Boches were snuggled in. He came to one shell hole in which there was a whole squad of Germans and ran up, throwing his grenades as he went. They fell short, and one of the Boches fired at the lieutenant, wounding him so badly that he died before he could be taken away.

The Germans had come down so swiftly that they had left their own flank out in the air, and the company on the left of our position enfiladed it nicely.

Company K's attack went forward into the town, organized in combat groups. In one group was Douglass Ross and Arthur G. Irwin both of Hull, Massachusetts. They saw a machine gun set up at the corner of a street in Vaux, and Ross sent Irwin back to get some grenades. It was Irwin, slightly wounded, who told the story later on in the dressing station.

"I ran," he said, "and I didn't have very far to run, either. But when I got back, Doug had the machine gun and the two Boches were dead."

Ross said it was the simplest thing in the world. While waiting for Irwin, he shot one of the Boches. The man's comrade stooped over him, and Ross ran up to the two of them. The unwounded man straightened up and saw him, and then ran. So Ross shot him down, turned the machine gun around and was trying to get into action with it when Irwin returned.

The two joined a group which had tackled the railroad station. They ran up to the ruin on two sides and began tossing grenades into it over the roofless walls. Every time a grenade exploded inside, a German or two would run out.

Alfred Hall of Hingham, armed with an automatic rifle, stood on the railroad track. He was a fair mark for the Boche snipers on the hill, and their bullets kept singing round him. But they never got him. As the Boches ran out of the railroad station, Hall would line on them as on running rabbits; his automatic would remark briefly "pup-pup-pup!" and Mr. Boche would go down.

In the meantime, a fine American barrage had been laid down, boxing off this section of the front so that the Germans couldn't send in any reinforcements, and the boys out in front could keep their Hun playmates all to themselves.

It is difficult to picture this little fight in the dawn, with the Americans prancing up in small groups to this or that suspected shell hole, this or that shelter in the cut bank. They played it so well that they lost almost nobody after Lieutenant Fitzgerald's death, — which was well avenged.

Lieutenant Price began extending his line to the left. There was a big shell crater with a very lively bunch of Boches in it, and James Creswell, Arthur Irwin, Thomas Kraus and Reginald Beale, all except Irwin of Hingham, Massachusetts, were sent up with Corporal Christopher Sullivan of Worcester and Reginald Bates of Clinton to clean it out. Beale kept an automatic rifle playing on the edge of the hole, and the others crept up on it.

William Kirk of Lowell took position on the railroad and killed fully a dozen Germans as they fled up the hill. The Germans in the woods kept up a sniping fire, but their artillery did not recommence until night. Eighteen prisoners, Poles and Prussians, were taken that morning.

In the evening, while it was still broad daylight, the Boche barrage came on again, still on Foley's front, on Lieutenant Rose and Lieutenant Keveny, who was now in the front line. It was kept up with such intensity that it seemed to be the prelude to another infantry attack, and presently a big body of Germans was seen coming out of the woods and forming up near their own front line. They never came over, however, the attack being broken up by rifle and artillery fire.

On July 17, the 26th Division was the only thing between the Boches and the open road to Paris. This does not mean, as it might seem, that if the Germans had broken through the Twenty-sixth, they could have gone to Paris. It is none the less literally true, for the 2d Division had been put into support back of the French on the left of the Yankees, and there was nothing immediately to the rear.

Marshal Foch, once the German offensive had been halted, had determined on a bold counter-stroke. It had been prepared some days before, but its only announcement came down from Corps to Division in the shape of a memorandum dated July 16, on the subject "Action to be taken in case of the withdrawal of the enemy."

Everybody knows the grand tactics of the Second Battle of the Marne. The Boche had thrust forward a great pair of pincers round Reims. The right claw, reaching Château-Thierry, had poked across the Marne. General Foch in turn thrust forward his pincers, trying to bite off the right claw of the German pincer.

One attack was to go forward east of Château-Thierry and directed to the north; the great pressure was to be eastward, on the line from Soissons to Château-Thierry. American troops were in both thrusts, and the 26th Division was on the southwest side of the tip, the post of honor. Pressure near Soissons would be desperately resisted; pressure on the east of Château-Thierry would run into stiff fighting, but pressure on the toe of the salient, where the Yankees were, if it broke

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

MAJOR JOHN WESLEY HYATT, GENERAL EDWARDS' AIDE-DE-CAMP.

Lieutenant Michel Jacobs, the camouflage officer, and the Boston Common Howitzer.

through, would turn the carefully organized German retreat into a rout. Here the resistance was sure to be to the last.

This was proved over and over again to be true. Prisoners said they had been ordered to fight to the death. The rear-guard defence of the Boches was made, as usual, with a stiff crust of machine guns, well placed and backed up by a modicum of artillery. Few officers were caught with the machine guns, and though the use of artillery was continuous and concentrated, its movement to the rear was well regulated and uninterrupted. The number of guns captured in the Allied advance was very small compared with the number the Germans managed to save, even under pressure that made their retreat almost a disaster.

The position of the Twenty-sixth Division was as follows: the extreme right was held by the 101st Infantry, facing north. The 102d Infantry lay along a roll of hills, its line extending a little beyond Bouresches; the regiment faced almost east. The 104th was in the Belleau Wood, facing east and northeast, and the 103d Infantry, north of Lucy le Bocage, faced north and northeast, on our extreme left. One battalion of artillery was in position in the fields right and left of the Paris-Metz road; another, out on our left flank, was on the line Champillon-Voie du Chatel. This regiment had been firing steadily since its arrival in sector; like all the artillery it had been constantly shelled and gassed, — for in this sector gas was used to a large extent by the Germans. Three of its guns had burst, killing a man each time. But nothing had lowered the morale of the artillerymen, worn out though they were from loss of sleep and continual pounding.

The other regiment of light guns was disposed on the edges of the plateau behind Dontiptin, and the heavies were on high ground a little farther back.

The general direction of the attack was to be northeast, and this made necessary a difficult and delicate maneuver by the Twenty-sixth. The 101st, down in the corner of the closing hinge, could not go forward until the units on its left had come abreast of it; then it must come out of its position and swing into the line, turning as it advanced. Meanwhile our left must not get ahead of the 167th French, on our left, under penalty of having an unprotected flank and of leaving a hole through which the Boche might break up the attack altogether.

The actual plan of attack was not known to the Division until 10:15 P.M. on July 17, though the attack was ordered for 4:35 A.M. on July 18. Only six hours was given to make out Division orders, get them to the various regiments, and get the units into position for the jumping-off hour.

This was deliberate, the need of absolute secrecy being the essential in the factor of surprise, and surprise being sixty per cent. of victory in attack. To achieve this, the memorandum of July 16 was sent out, covering what ought to be done in case the enemy should retire. General Edwards called his brigadiers to Headquarters, and several conferences were held. Everybody knew that an advance was contemplated; it had been foreshadowed for several days, down as far as company headquarters. Men were constantly saying "When we go forward."

The officers who had to be told of the plans were sworn to secrecy. Then the plan of which they had been told was changed, and finally, at less than twelve hours' notice, the real plan and the hour for starting the attack was given out.

There is an immense amount of detail in preparing the orders for a movement of the magnitude of this one, and the further down the command one goes, the more time is needed by the commander. The story of General Cole, commanding the 52d Brigade — the left wing of the division, which was to start first — shows how this works out.

General Cole had his headquarters at La Loge farm, beside the Paris-Metz road. The "farm" was a house of stone, standing at one corner of a quadrangle whose sides were the barns and farm buildings. The whole great court was stone, walled where the buildings did not fill in, and was stone-paved. It stood in the midst of billowing wheat fields, golden ripe, and was typical of the farmsteads of this wheat country.

The house was shared by General John H. Sherburne, who had just been given his star but who was staying on for the first part, anyway, of the attack. His regiment was supporting General Cole's brigade. General Cole's mess had the dining room; General Sherburne's ate in an open shed out in the courtyard. The staffs slept upstairs in the house and in the attached barn, and the rest of the farm buildings were occupied by the enlisted personnel of the two headquarters.

Sentries were always on watch at the gate and round the quadrangle for aeroplanes, which flew overhead all day long. Every time one was discerned, a sentry blew his whistle and everybody immediately took cover, — not from fear of being hit, but to keep the possible Boche from learning that the farm was occupied by troops.

From the moment of arrival in sector, the Boche had been pushing little tentative parties across at us. They never got anywhere, but they kept people on the alert, and General Cole had hardly been to bed at all for six days.

On the night of July 16, General Cole came back from the evening conference at Genevrois Farm, six kilometers away beyond Bezu, about eleven. There he had learned of the Corps memorandum and had been told that his orders would be sent along as soon as written.

He went to bed, only to be called at 1 A.M. for a conference with General Sherburne, who was moving some of his guns. Before turning in again, General Cole went downstairs to his office, — and there on his desk was the Division order, still unopened. It had come in at midnight and the staff, not being in the secret, had let the General sleep.

General Cole called a stenographer from his sleep and set to work on his own orders. Knowing it would take hours to get these going, he began by sending couriers to the commanding officers of all his units, down to battalions, calling them in.

The Massachusetts Brigadier General is a very painstaking man. His orders were written rarely less than three times, and he edited them like a copy reader handling a cub reporter's story. So though his battalions lay far to the front, most of the commanders got in before the first draft had been typed.

With a great relief map on the table, the commanders went over the plan carefully until each man knew just what his work was to be. They went back to their commands with the understanding that written orders would follow them, and all over the sector began the work of getting ready to move forward.

The entire day was one long rush. General Cole hardly stopped to eat; colonels and generals came rolling up to the farm in their cars, the door of the office would be closed, the earnest, crisp sentences would be heard murmuringly through, and then the business-like officers would depart and the brigade work go on again.

By 10 P.M., except for two or three units that even the couriers were unable to reach, the outfits were all set. Then came the final orders from Division Headquarters, translating possibility into action. The headquarters staff of the brigade worked steadily; the clerk at his typewriter — where he had been almost without a let-up since 8 A.M. — plugged along, almost blind in the candlelight.

Across the hall, artillery headquarters was as busy, with the great maps spread out over the big work-table. The firing tables had to be worked out for the batteries, and worked out on a new system. Not only must the dropping shells march up to their objectives just ahead of the doughboys, neither too fast nor too slow, but also there must be provision for shifting the battery positions if all went well. The work was vital to the men going forward and to the success of the whole plan.

The evening was oppressive, and at ten o'clock the worst thunderstorm of our whole stay in France broke with astounding fury. By this time the roads were all choked with traffic; besides the ration carts going forward as usual, and the ammunition supply, some of the units were already on the road.

Outside La Loge farm there was no movement for half an hour. Half a mile up, at the cross roads, a whole squad of military police worked hard, peering at the darker blobs in the gloom which were of course trucks, shouting questions and orders.

The sensible liaison officer attached to General Cole's staff, Captain Jean B. Le Meitour, went calmly to bed and to sleep. He had been in the war from the outset; four times wounded, he had twice refused to be evacuated, and so wore only two stripes on his right arm. Five times cited for the Croix de Guerre, member of a regiment whose bravery had won it the green and red *fourragère*, he had been in the desperate whirl of the defence of Verdun what time the Crown Prince hurled his army against it, and he had gone up in the attack on the Chemin-des-Dames. He could not be disturbed in his nerves by preparation for going forward; for the Americans, going into their first forward movement, the moment was more trying. Hardly anybody wanted to sleep.

Everybody did lie down at one o'clock. But everybody was up again at 3:30, and the general went out to look at the weather. The rain had stopped, but the country was drenched. It was a clear, rosy dawn; happily, as the light grew and the warm wind sprang up, a fine, thick mist began to drift up from the meadows. General Cole gave a great sigh of relief and went indoors.

All these things were being duplicated in General Shelton's headquarters, far to the eastward. His brigade was not to move on that first day, in all probability, but orders had to be composed and arrangements made with no less scrupulous pains. It was a mighty grave morning in the Twenty-sixth Division.

It didn't require a great amount of imagination to see that waiting line of infantrymen in the growing light of the dawn. Mostly in woods, formed up in little groups ready to go forward, the scattered first wave ahead, they were already a tired looking set of boys. Not only had they been up all night; they had been stumbling through the storm to position, loaded with 75-pound packs. The lieutenants worked back and forth, seeing that all was ready; establishing liaison, that most vital factor of a general advance; peering through their glasses across at their objectives, now disappearing in the coming fog. Oddly enough, nobody seemed in the least disturbed; it was a much more nervous atmosphere back at Brigade Headquarters. Even the Boche shells, which had been coming in as usual all night, while the companies were filing along to their positions, had not shaken their cheerfulness very much; there was only the customary up-all-night grouch, lost in an immense joy in the fact that at last we were on our way to Berlin. This was what they had come over to do, and though tired and hungry and sleepy, shelled and going against the machine guns as they knew they were, mighty few would have changed places with the rear battalions that morning.

The left battalion — the third battalion of the 103d Infantry, — was set to go against Torcy. On its right the third battalion of the 104th Infantry had been put in, with an objective in Givry and on the railroad line. Again to the right the second battalion of the 103d was in the Belleau Wood, with the railroad from Belleau to Bouresches, in the creek valley, as its objective.

Usually, in attacks, there had been artillery preparation, sometimes for several hours, and always for a considerable time. This time the element of surprise was deemed so important that the artillery was held until the very moment that the infantry started.

Back in Brigade and Division Headquarters the tension was very high indeed. The commanders had done all they could; it remained only to pace the floor and wait to hear results.

Promptly at 4:35, the first guns spoke and were answered from all around the rear areas. Every patch of woods had a voice, an angry voice; the sharp blat of the 75s was punctuated by the heavier double crack of the 155s; every gun in the sector was firing and firing as fast as it could be worked.

The infantry in the left battalion had only about a kilometer — five eighths of a mile — to go, to reach their objectives. Debouching from the woods, they had a downhill route through wheat fields that were full of shell holes to the little crossroads town of Torcy with the railroad line behind it at the foot of the hill. On the right, the distance was a little longer.

Twenty minutes were allowed by the rolling barrage for the boys to get into Torcy. They were right behind the curtain of shells, but it was nearly an hour before a runner could get from the town back to regimental headquarters and telephone to brigade, "We are in Torcy without opposition." A rocket signal signifying the same thing was reported at about the same time, though the town was reached some time before.

The surprise had worked. Fritz had been caught asleep and the first move in the great offensive had been successfully made.

Still no news from the right, from Belleau, from Givry, from Bouresches. Three telephones in the infantry brigade headquarters and three in the artillery began to shoot inquiries to all possible sources of information.

At last the news came, first from McDade's command, the center battalion. It was disconcerting news; McDade had not moved forward at all. The artillery fire which was to have protected his men had gone along according to programme, and at the time the report came in by telephone was already lifted from his objective and was playing on sensitive points and machine gun nests far within the Boche lines.

General Cole asked why the advance was not made on time and learned that because of the lateness when the orders got out to the companies, the terrific downpour through which they had to move, and the fact that McDade's men had to come from some distance to a place between two battalions of the 103d, two of his companies had not turned up at the jumping-off hour. The machine gun company, when it did turn up, had no ammunition with it, and an infantry company never did appear until after the report was made, — somewhere about seven o'clock.

To McDade it looked like suicide to go forward so shorthanded, and he didn't move. General Cole at once relieved him and gave the command to Major Hanson, with orders to go forward at 7:30. New arrangements were made with the artillery to fire the rolling barrage all over again.

Captain McDade went along with the battalion when it finally did go over at 8:15, as Hanson was not familiar with the terrain nor with the plan of attack. Captain McDade was restored to his command by General Cole before we left the sector.

Belleau and Givry were taken by 8 : 30, and the boys could not be stopped. They rushed the hill behind Givry and cleared the Boche machine gunners off its top. The hill, however, was outside our sector, for this first attack was mostly northward, crosswise of the general advance.

If the French on our left had come forward that morning, they could have had Hill 193 for nothing. Their own left, however, was not in position to make an advance possible. The Americans had to come down out of there, and the Germans occupied it again

Hosford's battalion on the right of our attack, was also late in starting and had to have its barrage repeated. It went forward at 7 : 30, and at 9 : 25 got word to the brigade headquarters that it was on the objective. Here too the hill behind the line was charged, but the moment the infantrymen got beyond the railroad line, the Boches on Hill 193, — whither they had now returned — got them under enfilading fire. Hosford's men burrowed out fox-holes on the reverse side of the railroad embankment and there they stayed all day.

Behind them a fire-swept belt cut off all communication from the rear. The battalions in Torcy, Belleau and Givry were in practically the same sort of a case. The ground behind them was an inferno, and on it five runners were killed and twelve wounded, out of the twenty-two who started with messages during the day.

At nightfall, Hosford's battalion was withdrawn to the position in Belleau Wood whence it had started in the morning. The French came forward and circled the base of Hill 193, but on their left had trouble in the town of Monthiers. Major E. E. Lewis, who now had the center battalion, was asked to attack Hill 193 from Givry and went up. The French soon sent over a message, however, that they could not coöperate in the attack, and Lewis had to withdraw. The guide was left for all our units, and until the French advanced the Twenty-sixth could only hang on.

In the morning attack there had not been the least resistance from the Boches. Most of them were literally caught asleep and at the alarm simply ran away, out of the towns and up the hills. Our men shot them by the score, as the hillsides testified later on.

Above Givry, there was hand-to-hand fighting with some of the Boches that didn't wake up fast enough. Sergeant Moysan, an observer for the 101st Artillery, had a post whence he could see clearly every detail of this first morning advance, and his bulletins made a vivid picture of the close fighting. He sat with his telephone in his hand and shouted excited messages; the boys had gone up, split into two parties; they had gone into the town. They were chasing the Germans uphill, throwing grenades and using their bayonets.

This was our boys' first fighting against machine guns, and at the beginning they had many losses because they would insist on charging the guns frontally. The French never did this; if they were held up, they telephoned back for artillery and sat down until the big guns had reduced the "nests." One of our boys in the 103d, a Greek, undertook to charge a machine gun all alone, out in the open. Of course, the gun was turned on him, and the stream of bullets practically cut him in two at the waist.

The German machine gunners would fire on our men, as they came, till the last moment. Then they would throw up their hands and cry "Kamerad!" It was astonishing that boys who had gone up through the spray of death could restrain themselves even when they were ordered. They had seen their comrades drop, all the way up, one by one. Heaven only knows how they could keep from killing the Germans, even when they surrendered. As a matter of fact there were fewer prisoners than might have been expected.

On July 18, while his troops were engaged and he himself was fully occupied, General Edwards had a visit from General Pershing. With the Commander in Chief came General Brewster and General Chamberlain, the inspectors general.

General Pershing put General Edwards through a searching examination, asking questions in greatest detail as to the disposition of the troops and General Edwards' plans. The Division commander was questioned like a schoolboy on every phase of the situation; when he had finished, however, General Brewster said that he had done very well — he had "maxed his problem."

Lewis' men went up the hill at 10 P.M. on July 18 and met no opposition. The men sat round on the crest of the hill and even lighted cigarettes. Why the outfit was not wiped out has remained a mystery; they were right in the middle of the Boche position and didn't know it.

Lieutenant James Brown (later Major) was in command of H Company. He heard sounds of digging over to his right and sent a man over to see who might be there. The man strolled up to the noise in the dark and said casually, "Is that G Company?"

Of course, it was nothing in the world but a group of Huns who were digging in a machine gun emplacement. There were a few guttural exclamations, and the snap and clink of a machine gun getting ready to fire. The inquirer retreated, reported, and Lieutenant Brown took his men off down the hill, as ordered, most quietly.

That night Hanson, with the first battalion of the 103d, relieved Hosford's second battalion, and Lieutenant Phillips of the 104th was also changed from support to the front line. Hosford went into reserve, joining up with three half companies of the engineers and the 101st Machine Gun Battalion.

Lieutenant Brown had already had quite a day of it, even before he went up the hill. When his company had taken Givry and lay on the railroad in front of it, the enfilading fire made it a very bad place indeed.

Jimmy — he had already won his Croix de Guerre on the Chemin-des-Dames front — conceived it to be his duty to climb the railroad embankment, swept though it was by machine gun fire, and the bank beyond — also fire-swept — and report to his superior. P. D. Chahalis of Worcester, Jimmy's orderly, conceived it his duty to go along, and would not listen to orders to the contrary.

"And he had to go some at that," said the lieutenant later

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

COLONEL ROBERT E. GOODWIN, COMMANDER OF THE 101ST FIELD ARTILLERY.

The YD Show in Château Grounds, Mussy-sur-Seine.

on. "I was so frightened that I took it in flying leaps, and we made a race of it."

The machine gun fire was so thick that Lieutenant Brown finally took his company to the other side of the embankment. Here it was sheltered, but to get low enough the whole company had to jump into a brook that was nearly waist-deep. Here it stayed for practically the whole day.

It was on July 18, the first day, that even the Division photographer took prisoners. He was Lieutenant (now Captain) Edwin H. Cooper, who comes from Atlantic City. With his three men, Sergeant Gideon Eikleberry and Privates Painter and Morse, he hunted all night through the thunderstorm for the jumping-off place, to get motion pictures of the attack.

He arrived, all three men worn out from carrying apparatus, just in time to follow the third wave over towards Torcy. They followed on the run, and at a nice place out in front of the town, Lieutenant Cooper stopped to set up his moving picture machine.

Four Boches rose up, apparently out of the earth itself. They had been in a shell-hole outpost, and apparently took the movie machine for a mitrailleuse. The infantrymen had passed them and had never seen them at all in the wheat. Anyway, they came out with their hands up.

Cooper ordered the Germans out of their hole; Morse came running up, tugging at his pistol, and a boy private, mad with battle, came running too. His bayonet was fixed.

"Let me at 'em," said the boy. "Let me at 'em! They killed my lieutenant — they killed my lieutenant."

Lieutenant Cooper was deadly afraid of the fixed bayonet, with which the boy was menacing him as well as the Germans. "These aren't the ones that killed your lieutenant," said he. "They've gone over that way," — and he motioned vaguely at Bouresches, whence came a sound of cheerful popping. "Go get 'em!"

The boy set out on the run, still grinding his teeth. Cooper led his captives towards the rear, picking up a badly wounded American as they went. He opened a dressing station in the lee of a bank and forced the Germans to bring in several more wounded and to dress their hurts. Then he took them in. On the way, four more Germans "kameraded" and were taken along. On the way, too, the party had to pass under the German barrage. Nobody was hurt, however.

In the meantime, Eikleberry and Painter had struggled still farther forward. A shell burst near them, and both were hit. Eikleberry lost half his hand, and Painter was wounded in the thigh and shoulder. As late as May, 1919, he was in hospital, a second operation becoming necessary.

The artillery on our left had moved forward to Lucy le Bocage, and its liaison men had gone right along with the infantry. Lieutenant Lester C. Barton of the 101st Artillery, acting in this capacity, was killed in Belleau by shell fire.

It was now determined to turn east and to flank out Hill 193, enveloping it if need be by a thrust straight north beyond it to Les Brusses farm. Major Lewis' tired battalion made this move, going through on schedule time. The first battalion of the 103d, under Major Hanson, moved into the gap between there and the Bouresches wood. The turn was now executed.

The French on our left were still unable to take Hill 193, and for a while the Boche machine guns had the Lewis battalion cut off. But the Germans had other things to think about now; their reverses farther east had put them in danger of being pinched out themselves, and they went to the rear fast.

On July 20, the Corps was able to order a general division advance for 3 P.M. The 51st Brigade now got into the going, the 102d sending its third battalion north into the Bouresches wood and cleaning it out in some pretty stiff going. On the right, the third battalion of the 101st also drove north into the Halmadiere wood, seeking liaison with the French division from the other side of Château-Thierry, and at the same time gaining contact with Colonel Parker's battalion. As soon as this had been made, the 101st Battalion faced east, and the line and turn were now made.

That night the elements of the Division were at the edge of the Etrepilly plateau, all set for the dash straight across next day to the Château-Thierry-Soissons road. The Boche had been smashed; he had had to yield Monthiers and Hill 193, and had evacuated, or was evacuating, Château-Thierry in hot haste.

At 8 P.M., the Corps had enough information to change the plan of attack, and sent orders to the Division to attack in column formation, going ahead without reference to the progress of divisions on the right or left. Another order came down from the Corps at 11 : 30, ordering the advance to be made at dawn. It was intended to try to turn the German retreat into a disorderly rout.

The advance began at 4 A.M. Division Headquarters was brought up from below Bezu and opened for a few hours at Lucy le Bocage. Then it moved again to Grand Ru farm, up on the Etrepilly plateau, and there it remained as long as the 26th Division was in the fight.

The troops made nine kilometers that day. The engineers, freed at least from their eternal digging, grabbed their rifles and went along gleefully. The Germans seemed to be in full retreat.

The artillery came up and took positions along the eastern edge of the Etrepilly plateau, its headquarters being put in with Division Headquarters in the Grand Ru farm.

This farm was so crowded that most of the Division staff and the artillery staff slept in an open shed — merely a roof on high posts which was used to garage the automobiles — and in the fields around. The huge barn was found to contain four dead Boches, and the first batch of prisoners brought in were made to bury their comrades.

"The pleasantest sight I have seen in the war — a Boche burying a Boche," remarked one of the younger officers grimly.

The advance crossed the Château-Thierry-Soissons road at noon, and the reconnoissance elements went far beyond, until they ran into the resistance where the Germans had decided to make their next stand, on the line of Epieds and Trugny. These were little villages in a broad valley, with gentle slopes back of them, and a wood that had been jammed full of machine guns. Epieds and Trugny were also packed full of the wicked little mitrailleuses.

The Division now had 175 prisoners, a lot of machine guns and some light artillery pieces. By next morning we had 248 prisoners.

General Pershing paid the Division another visit, coming to Grand Ru farm. He spent fifteen minutes with General Edwards, examined the maps of our progress across the Etrepilly plateau, and then came out to the great open shed. Some of the officers were there, and men of the headquarters troop, messengers, runners, and orderlies were about.

The Commander in Chief asked all of them to gather around him and made a short speech; he said he was proud of them and of the Division, and he congratulated the Division commander upon the success of the operation then going on. Finally he said he wanted all the men of the Division to know what he had said and ordered his hearers to pass his words on.

Some of the officers made notes as he spoke. When he had gone, his words were written out in the form of a memorandum, which was to be sent out to the companies. Before this should be done, a copy was sent to Chaumont to General McAndrew for approval.

No reply came from General Headquarters until late September, after the Saint Mihiel drive. Then a note was sent to General Edwards by Colonel Boyd, Pershing's aide, to say that it would be unwise to publish Pershing's statements. It would make him seem unfair to other divisions. "Though," Colonel Boyd concluded, "General Pershing meant every word of what he said."

The truth was that in the meantime General Pershing had made an informal report on the Château-Thierry offensive which was full of praise for other divisions and barely mentioned the fact that the Twenty-sixth was concerned in the affair.

There was so much bitter comment from the men of the Yankee Division that the *Stars and Stripes*, in which Pershing's report was printed, tried to make amends by publishing a full account of the fight the Twenty-sixth had made.

General Pershing never visited the Division again while General Edwards remained in command.

In Trugny there was a machine gun at every seven yards of the front. In Epieds they were even closer together. On our side Lewis was still holding the left, and the French, who had found Monthiers empty, were coming up fast to join on to him. Next to Lewis was Hanson, and on his right Hosford and then Southard. Southard was wounded at the edge of Etrepilly wood, and his place was taken by Captain Andrews.

Andrews was almost immediately gassed, and the command passed to Lieutenant Fletcher Clark, Jr. Two lieutenants were commanding battalions at this time, and the 52d Brigade had been reduced to twenty-four hundred effectives. Some companies had only twenty men reporting; some had only one officer, and one or two had no officers at all.

This was the low mark, however. Men kept turning up, replacements came forward, and the tired battalions filled up rapidly.

Meanwhile, Parker had taken the 102d into the woods south of Epieds, where he was held up by machine gun fire. Logan had started that morning with two battalions, his first one having attacked ahead. He was sent to support Parker, who was trying to get into Trugny. But up to 6 P.M. he had had no chance to advance. The order to go in column, with artillery, still held, and the 101st lay in a lane at Lauconnois farm all that day, waiting for the guns.

An avion came overhead and bombed the men; the ration wagons got sidetracked, and the regiment got nothing to eat. It moved up at 10 P.M. finally, crossed the Château-Thierry-Soissons road, and got into Trugny wood. The guide couldn't find the 102d, and the result was an all-night hunt by Colonel Logan himself.

The 101st was finally placed at the edge of Trugny wood, where it was promptly smothered in gas, and held up.

Men of the 102d got into Epieds, and men of the 101st into Trugny, some of them to be captured and the rest to be driven back again. The 101st met with a savage defence.

It was held up, stopped flat, and the 101st Machine Gun Battalion, marching with Logan's regiment, got into the Barbillon wood and even up into Trugny wood. Here it was forced back by concentrated fire, but it stayed defiantly south of Trugny.

The night of the 21st was a wild whirl. The artillery had been directed to go forward with the infantry; the advance guns of the column, which got on to the two available roads — one at Sacerie farm, where General Shelton had established his headquarters, and the other the road leading in to Epieds — found them choked with infantry and machine gun units, all trying to get forward.

A conference was held at General Shelton's headquarters, and it was at this conference that Colonel Logan and General Edwards overrode the opinion of Colonel Major and General Shelton, who both said Logan couldn't go forward, and the next morning's attack could not be made. Logan told General Edwards over the telephone that his regiment was ready to go until the last man was gone. General Edwards ordered Logan through Trugny wood to the south of Trugny, borrowing a bit of sector from the French of the 39th Division to flank out the town.

It was then determined to attack at dawn. Parker was to continue the frontal attack on the two little towns, keeping touch with Hume and Foote on the left. Meanwhile, the extreme left of the 52d Brigade was again in difficulty; La Gouttiere farm, on the Epieds road, was still holding out against the French, in whose path it lay.

At this point, a mix-up in orders occurred. An order sent by the Corps, and dated 10:40 P.M., July 21, reached the Division Headquarters at 12:30. It was not shown to General Edwards at the time, Colonel Duncan Major taking it upon himself to forward the order directly to the brigade commanders.

It commanded the Division to stretch out laterally. The 51st Brigade was to take over the whole width of the Division's sector, and the 52d Brigade was to slip over and take the sector the French had been covering, on our left.

The order reached General Shelton at 2 A.M., and he forwarded it to Colonel Logan and Colonel Parker. They did not get it for hours afterwards. Their attack had been begun and was kept up all day, with comparatively little results. Twice Logan's men got into Trugny, and twice they were driven out again. Twice Parker had a platoon up, and both times the men were driven back with losses.

General Cole did not receive the order for the shift until 5:30. He had already launched his attack, also.

General Edwards, when he finally did hear of the order, telephoned to General Liggett, the Corps commander, pointing out that such an order, delivered to troops fighting in the dark and in a day and night assault, was bound to result in confusion from the mingling of units.

General Liggett gave verbal orders suspending the former order, but it was too late. The confusion had already arrived, for some units had obeyed the written order and gone to their new positions.

In conjunction with Logan's thrust, on the 22d, General Edwards now swung Major Greenway of the engineers, with two and a half companies, right across the front of the 102d Infantry to take the place of the 104th Infantry, now thoroughly used up. Greenway found some few machine gun nests in the fields southwest of Epieds and cleaned them up, going on to get into touch with Logan. This was accomplished just as the leading elements of Logan's regiment had fallen back from advanced positions in the Trugny wood.

Logan had attacked at 6 A.M., after a fine artillery preparation, and had got the eastern part of Trugny wood before noon. He was moving a wedge formation through the wood, and his leading units ran into the worst machine gun fire it had yet seen. Guns were on both flanks, and dozens of them were in trees overhead. The men came back and even had to leave their wounded in front of them. Nor, because of these wounded, could a second artillery preparation be laid down there.

The final attack of the 101st, going back to get its own wounded, broke the crust. The Germans were driven out of

Trugny for good and all, and this in turn forced the evacuation of Epieds. The retreat was on again.

On July 23, the Corps again ordered the 26th Division to spread out over its own and the next sector, this time assigning to General Edwards, for the day only, the 111th Infantry as a division reserve. The Division order for the side-shift was issued at 4 P.M., the 51st Brigade being ordered to take over the whole Division front and the 52d brigade to assemble, preparatory to moving over to relieve the 167th French. Before this order could be sent out, down came another order from the Corps ordering the Twenty-sixth to attack. It was that very night that the pressure again turned the German defence into a retreat.

General Edwards was forward with his regimental commanders on the afternoon of July 23 when the operations officer from the Corps arrived at Grand Ru farm. General Edwards came in, to learn that now a whole brigade of the 28th Division had been placed at his disposal. Under the Corps' latest plan, this new brigade was to be put into line, taking over from the 52d. The latter was to be reorganized as fast as possible and then sent along with the rest of the world. The essence of the whole plan seemed to be to push forward as fast as possible, while the Germans were going, and not to give them time to stop.

At the same time with the G–3 order from the Corps came a letter from General Liggett ordering General Edwards not to send the 56th Brigade — the unit from the 28th Division which was fresh, and which was to replace the 52d — into the attack until it had time to make reconnoissance.

The order and the letter were in conflict. General Edwards had Colonel Major straighten it out, and the Colonel reported that the letter overruled the order.

At 10 P.M., when Logan was again held up, the Chief of Staff at the Corps reversed the order again and ordered the 56th Brigade sent in.

Once more all the brigade commanders were brought into Division Headquarters. Brigadier General Weigel, commanding the 56th Brigade, was told to go forward at 4:05 A.M., and was promised artillery preparation. He was to relieve both our brigades, with his one brigade, sending in the 111th in the 52d's sub-sector, and the 112th in the sector of the 51st.

General Weigel protested. His men had been tumbled out of their trains and had marched for two nights without food. They had no emergency rations and they didn't know the ground. General Edwards replied that he must overcome these difficulties and go just the same. Major Greenway, Colonel Major and Colonel Alfonte were all ordered to report as guides and assistants to General Weigel.

In spite of their assistance, General Weigel reported to General Edwards at daylight that he had not been able to get his battalions away on time. The attack had perforce been delayed.

About the same moment, however, the French of the 167th Division got word over through Lieutenant John Pendleton King, our liaison officer, that the enemy had disappeared from in front of them and that they were moving out cavalry patrols on General Weigel's front.

Upon this General Edwards ordered our artillery preparation stopped, told General Weigel to send out strong patrols, and to rush them forward to get into contact with the enemy as fast as possible. He also made his 101st Machine Gun Battalion into cavalry, sent them ahead with the right of way and started every element he could to the new objective, the road from Jaulgonne to Fère-en-Tardenois. There the Germans tried to hold up their retreat again, and there the Twenty-sixth Division, so far as its infantry was concerned, was relieved.

The machine gun battalion, the engineers, and the artillery went on with the 42d Division, which made the relief. The command of the zone of action passed to the general commanding that division July 25, at 7 P.M.

The engineers were relieved August 2, after a splendid record of fighting and working. The artillery went on until August 4.

During the period from July 18 to July 25, the Division lost 4108 officers and men in killed, wounded, gassed and missing. Of these a very few were prisoners, taken mostly in Epieds. About twelve hundred more were evacuated, sick or exhausted. The sanitary train reported evacuating 4065 cases, the largest number being 1227 on July 23. The figures included some wounded of other divisions who were evacuated through our lines.

The method of handling wounded during the drive was interesting and unusually efficient. Doctor Fred Bogan, commanding the 102d Field Hospital, set up a "sifting station" at Bezu-le-Guery, making use of a little church and a schoolhouse that stood together at the forks of the road.

The ambulances from the dressing stations, close to the front lines, brought the patients to the sifting station, where Doctor Bogan's improvised bath-house could treat a limited number of gas cases on the spot. Surgical aid could be given in urgent cases, and he even performed some operations which could not wait.

Then the seriously wounded were forwarded to the 103d Field Hospital at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre; the wounded to Evacuation Hospital Number 7, at Monglaust, and all others to the field hospital run by Field Hospital 101 and Field Hospital 104 in conjunction, at Luzancy. Here a second sifting was made, patients expected to be able to return to duty in five days being kept and the more seriously hurt being evacuated to Number 7.

At times the wounded came in so fast that the transport had to be augmented by ten trucks from the supply train, eleven trucks and twelve ambulances from the 116th Sanitary Train, and all the trucks of the 101st Sanitary Train — our own outfit — making the total of vehicles in use about one-hundred and forty.

The hospital at Luzancy was in a big summer school for children from Paris. It was housed in an old chateau, where a tablet on the wall told how King Stanislaus I of Poland always broke his journey here, on his way to or from a visit to his sister, the Queen of France.

Here and there, in the midst of the heart-breaking fatigue and the desperate fighting, in the midst of distressing scenes among the wounded and the dirt and smoke and stink, some really funny things would occur.

It might be a string of German prisoners, headed for the rear, with a mounted military policeman ahead and another behind them. The guards would address the prisoners, who of course rarely understood them, in opprobrious epithet but with kindly intent.

"Turn in here, you misbegotten sons of ——" well, improper persons. That went for "Column right." But the gesture was always expressive, and the prisoners would obediently turn, munching the American hard tack and smoking the American cigarettes their captors had given them. They were all quite content, with the exception of some of the officers.

At the headquarters of the 101st Infantry, some prisoners were being examined one day when word was telephoned in from the line that the Boche was chucking over some big shells from his *minenwerfer*.

"Where are the *minenwerfer* in your line?" asked Captain Thomas F. Murphy, turning to the prisoner just then being questioned.

"I don't know," said the Boche.

"How many have you?"

"None."

"Did you ever see a *minenwerfer?*" asked Tommy, with his blue eyes beginning to shed sparks. Anybody but a Boche would have known that the storm signal was up.

"No," said the Boche.

Smack! The Irish fist met the German jaw.

"How many *minenwerfer* did you say you have got?" asked the captain again.

"Six."

"Where are they on this map?"

The prisoner indicated with a dirty forefinger; the telephone jingled, and five minutes later those *minenwerfer* were being plastered by our artillery.

Sometimes we found something pleasant to remember. One German prisoner came in to Division Headquarters wearing a tag in his buttonhole. The tag read, "This man when captured was giving water to a wounded American soldier." And three other German Red Cross men were actually bandaging up wounded Yankees on the field when they were taken.

Out in front of Trugny, a man of the 102d Infantry lost his company. Wandering about, looking for it, he came upon a Boche and promptly took him prisoner. Being a loyal soul, he determined to turn the prisoner over to none but his own command. It was then 11 A.M.

He put the Boche ahead of him and set out, asking everybody he met where the 102d was. He marched and countermarched; he ran into the 101st waiting in a lane, but wouldn't give up his man. He struck out on a new line; at 6 P.M. he ran into the 101st again.

By this time the Hun was so tired that he collapsed on the grass the minute his guard stopped. Captain William B. Morgan, formerly of the 101st Artillery, but by this time an assistant in G–3, took charge of the man and carried him off in an automobile, promising the infantryman credit for the capture.

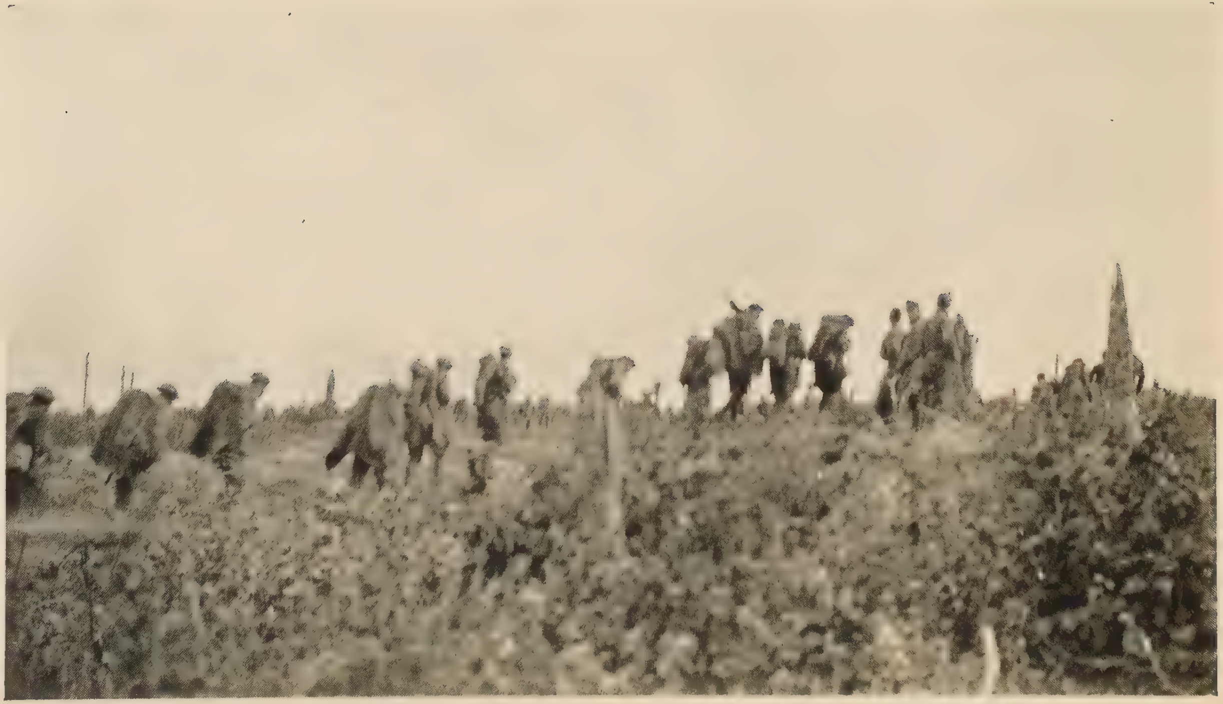
It was the 102d, also, that claimed the capture of the German 210–millimeter howitzer that was sent afterwards to Boston Common. As a matter of fact the gun was left in a ditch by the side of the road, the Germans being in too great a hurry to take it away with them. They emptied its recoil cylinders of glycerin and threw away the goniometer, or sighting device, and that was all they had time to do.

The 102d did pass it, but didn't touch it. Lieutenant Michel Jacobs, an artist whose job in the engineers was to make camouflage, saw the big gun on its side in the ditch. He borrowed a tractor from the heavy artillery in the neighborhood, moved a few stones, and got the big piece on its feet. Then he set a sentry over it with orders to let nobody have that gun without orders from Headquarters and went in to report the capture.

"Fine," said General Edwards. "We'll put it on Boston Common." Back went Lieutenant Jacobs to haul his trophy home, — and there wasn't any trophy. The sentry said the French had "overpowered" him, skibooshed the gun and

Shrine in outer wall of house, Mussy-sur-Seine, decorated on Feast of the Assumption with first ripened grapes of the year.

The oldest inhabitant, Mussy-sur-Seine.



THE 102D INFANTRY GOING OVER THE TOP, SEPTEMBER 12, 1918, IN THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT.

hauled it away. Lieutenant Jacobs turned sleuth, tracked the gun to a little French village, and found it neatly hidden in a back street.

Representations had already been made to the French Command, by Lieutenant W. O. G. Simkins of the Signal Corps, who had been sent out by General Aultman, and who had traced the gun himself. The courteous French said "of course," and hauled the piece back to our Division Headquarters, to be lettered.

Lettered it was. I saw it next morning, and every orderly, headquarters trooper and chauffeur on the place had already inscribed his name in the paint.

Bezu, like all the other towns in this sector where the war was a war of movement, had been utterly deserted by its civilians. They had run away before the onrush of the Boche offensive and had carried all their furniture off in the long, heavy, two-wheeled carts. The empty houses along the village street served us for billets.

On the night when the Twenty-sixth relieved the Second, Major Bogan and I sat outside of my billet, watching the marines marching out through the dusk. They were a happy lot, for they were coming out of a terrible fight, to rest. Company after company passed, whistling or singing.

In every platoon somebody was sure to call out, passing a window two or three houses up the street, "Oh, you kid!"

"Must be a girl there," said I, and we stepped out into the street to look. Sure enough, a rather pretty French girl, in summer clothes and a very fetching hat, stood framed in the window, flirting with the boys as they passed.

One of Major Bogan's company passed, and he too glanced in at the girl in the window.

"Who is that woman?" the major asked.

"She lives there, sir," said the boy. "She moved down to La Ferté when the people went away, and she's come back to get some of her things."

It seemed a reasonable explanation, for we had found the closets and cupboards in many houses packed with wearing apparel.

The last of the marines passed, and the girl came out of the house, accompanied by an American soldier.

"Can you beat them?" I murmured. "Leave it to the soldier to catch every one that shows her head."

They crossed the street and strolled slowly down past us, on the other side.

"I guess I'll have to see about this," said the major. And at supper he asked his orderly to find out what the young woman was doing in town, and if she purposed staying there.

The Greek cook grinned broadly, as the orderly responded "Yes, sir," and the major saw the grin. He put another man on the job, and in the morning learned that the French girl had been his own orderly, and that he had fooled not only Major Bogan but the whole hospital company.

The boys were forever dressing up in things they found in deserted villages. In practically every French home there was a silk hat, and these were the doughboys' delight. They were always of ancient vintage and quaint shape. Practically every company had at least one joker with a battered old tile on his head, and many a mule wagon was conducted down the endless columns of traffic by solemn, silk-hatted, khaki-shirted, muddy-shod drivers.

One man, "Happy" Carabash of Webster, belonging in Company M of the 104th Infantry, went over the top into Belleau carrying an umbrella he had found, and his rifle. He hadn't any more pack than a jack rabbit, but he had found the umbrella in a farm, and it was raining, so he carried it. The wonder is that the umbrella didn't make him so conspicuous a target as to get him killed.

That company was waiting to go forward from the edge of a wood one misty morning in the drive. Suddenly there came striding out of the mist, on the run, Captain Carroll J. Swan of the 101st Engineers, with a cane, his Sam Browne belt on, and a white collar to his uniform. Incidentally he was covered with mud and blood, but tickled to pieces to be in the fighting. The whole engineer outfit was, for that matter; it was such a relief from digging.

"Where are my chau-chats?" Swan wanted to know.

"What do you mean, your chau-chats?" asked Lieutenant Jimmy Brown. Chau-chats are the French automatic rifles, it may be explained.

"Why," said Swan, "I was told that M Company was wiped out and that I could have all its chau-chats."

After the fighting had finished, but before the Division moved back, General Liggett, who was our Corps commander, came to Grande Ru farm and told General Edwards that General Cole, Colonel Logan and Colonel Hume would have to be relieved. He said Cole had lost his brigade for three days and that the colonels had lost their regiments.

General Edwards replied to these charges in writing, showing by the records of telephone conversations, and by his personal visits to the three men, that the charges were without foundation in fact.

At this visit the matter of the relief of Colonel Parker, commanding the 102d Infantry, was also taken up. He had lost touch with his outfit, and on one occasion was even guided to it by a French officer. General Shelton had asked for his relief. General Liggett went out to see Colonel Parker and then ordered his relief.

General Edwards demurred to the crisp and unfeeling method of relief. He pointed out that Colonel Parker had done his country and the army great service, and that he had been the pioneer in machine gunnery at a time when nobody would listen to him. He had served many years, and faithfully.

"I would like to see him relieved decently," said General Edwards, "given a promotion to brigadier general and taken to General Headquarters to be Pershing's adviser on machine guns."

General Liggett agreed that something of the sort should be done. Colonel Parker was not relieved; General Edwards gave him leave to go to Paris, — and while he was away the order for his relief was sent down by the Corps.

Instead of a staff job he was given another command and in the Argonne offensive was badly wounded.

CHAPTER X

YANKEE DEEDS

GENEROUS and handsome comments on the work of the Twenty-sixth Division began to come from the French at once. General Degoutte, commanding the army in which the Division served, gave out to the French press a marginal comment full of the warmest words of praise. He analyzed the American tactics and the American offensive spirit, and added that the spirit and discipline made the Germans "wonder and admire." Of General Edwards he said:

"The general commanding the division is a leader of men, broad-minded, precise in his orders, of practical mind, who, from the first moment, dealt with the problems raised by the operations under way with a mastery which cost dear to the enemy."

He sent to General Edwards himself a letter, saying: "The battles fought by the Twenty-Sixth American Division from the 18th to the 24th of July have demonstrated the fine military qualities of this organization and the gallantry of its commander, General Edwards.

"Coöperating in the attack north of the Marne, the Twenty-Sixth Division fought brilliantly on the line Torcy-Belleau, to Monthiers, to Epieds and Trugny and in the Forest of Fere, thus making an advance of more than 15 kilometers in depth, in spite of the desperate resistance of the enemy.

"I wish to express to General Edwards and to his gallant division my high esteem and happiest congratulations for the manner in which they have served the common cause.

Degoutte."

Later still came another communication from General Degoutte, a memorandum to the effect that President Poincaré, head of the French Republic, had visited the army and had "expressed his satisfaction over the results obtained, as well as the proofs of valor and endurance shown by all units of the army." This was passed on to the Yankees as part of their due. The mayors of the arrondissements of Meaux also sent their gratitude at being saved and their thanks to the army that turned the tide away from their city.

On August 28, General Pershing cited in general orders the First and Third Corps. His order ran:

"It fills me with pride to record in General Orders a tribute to the service and achievements of the First and Third Corps, comprising the First, Second, Fourth, Twenty-Sixth and Forty-Second Divisions of the American Expeditionary Forces.

"You came to the battlefield at the crucial hour of the Allied cause. For almost four years the most formidable army the world had yet seen had pressed its invasion of France, and stood threatening its capital. At no time had that army been more powerful or menacing than when, on July 15, it struck again to destroy in one great battle the brave men opposed to it, and to enforce its brutal will upon the world and civilization.

"Three days later, in connection with our Allies, you counter-attacked. The Allied armies gained a brilliant victory that marks the turning point of the war. You did more than give our brave Allies the support to which as a nation our faith was pledged. You proved that our altruism, our pacific spirit, our sense of justice have not blunted our virility or our courage. You have shown that American initiative and energy are as fit for the test of war as for the pursuits of peace. You have justly won the unstinted praise of our Allies and the eternal gratitude of our countrymen.

"We have paid for our success in the lives of many of our brave comrades. We shall cherish their memory always, and claim for our history and literature their bravery, achievement and sacrifice.

"This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander-in-chief."

Lieutenant Tisson, who was aide to Joffre and who is considered one of the great military critics, said that the work cut out for the New Englanders presented the most difficult military problem he had seen, and that he never had seen a problem better executed.

Artillery officers from the French High Command went to a good deal of trouble to come over to our command with congratulations. They told us we had the best artillery in the American army.

Our ammunition train of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion was the first unit to reach Château-Thierry after the Boches evacuated. It went through even before the indefatigable engineers had cleaned up the road. It made detours round fallen trees and shell holes in the road, with its little one-mule carts, and was in the town and round the seven barricades the Germans had thrown up in the streets, at 9:40 that Sunday morning. The Boches said they evacuated at 2 A.M., but the inhabitants say the tail of their column pulled out at 6:30.

Incidentally, the train came near going over to Bocheland bodily. Everybody was trying to go to Trugny that day, and the guide sent to meet the train took it boldly along the road. The column was so long that Major Murphy caught the rear end of it leaving town when the front end had got up to within two hundred yards of the Germans.

William Young of Brookline, orderly for the commanding officer, had a narrow escape that morning. He was untying the lieutenant's horse when a whizz-bang went off right under his nose. Two mules tied to the left of the lieutenant's horse were killed, and two horses to the right. But neither the lieutenant's mount nor the orderly was touched.

The stories of individual deeds began to turn up in the reports which tired commanders sent in. Over and over again these reports showed how the litter bearers, the medical first aid men, the runners, gave wonderful examples of heroism. It is one thing to go over the top in a company, even in the small company of a squad. It is quite another thing to find your own way through night, rain, woods and steadily drumming artillery fire; through gas and the drifting sheets of machine gun bullets, — all alone. And it is something else again to go quietly out into the hail of bullets and pick up, or bandage where he lies, a wounded comrade. And these are only the commonplaces of the work of the runners and litter bearers.

More than one officer mentioned the doings of William L. Wadsworth of the sanitary detachment. His detachment was given to the 102d Machine Gun Battalion, and he served not only the company to which he was assigned, but the companies on each side of him. Wadsworth seems to have been in half a dozen places at once, always indomitable and always charmed of life. He was gassed, but kept right on with his work of mercy.

He saved men of two different infantry regiments, besides many of his own machine gun battalion. "No enemy fire, however heavy," said one report, "could keep him from wounded men."

Similar reports were made on Sergeant F. E. Goodwin and Sergeant R. A. Eddy of the same battalion, on Corporal H. Gustafson and Corporal D. S. Stulee, and on Private Stewart of the 103d Machine Gun Battalion.

Lieutentant "Chick" Field of Brookline was in a machine gun battalion. The man commanding the platoon ahead of Field's chucked away his cane when he started on an advance out of Bouresches, and Lieutenant Field picked it up and led his men down into the deadly railroad cutting, behind a built-up embankment, where they had to stand and take it for a few moments.

Lieutenant Field was as cool as though he had been behind the guns that were sweeping the digging, instead of being the very centre of their fire. He was really in a support command, and supposed to be in the echelon. But he came up, with his supports, and insisted on moving up. He and his men alike were anxious to get into the fight on this first day of the offensive.

He moved back and forth, directing his men and swinging his cane jauntily. And his death came swiftly and mercifully while he was smilingly at his work. His body is buried there in the cut, where the detail found him next day.

Sergeant Craig, a big, husky fighting man, came through with an odd experience. A Boche dropped a "potato masher" grenade and ran for it. He ducked into a dugout, and Craig picked up the grenade and pulled the string.

"Come out, Boche," he yelled at the man in the pit, and flung his missile at the same moment. The German popped his head out just in time to catch the grenade squarely on the forehead. It burst at the instant it struck, blowing the German's head to pieces.

And the sight, so unexpected, sickened Craig so that he was unfit for duty for nearly half that day.

Lieutenant O. W. Hammond was one of those who almost got there. While men dropped all about him, he went on and on through three days, and had got within twelve hundred yards of his final objective when a shrapnel got him in the leg.

Lieutenant James I. Kearney was the battalion bombing officer for the 104th Infantry. He saw two platoons without an officer and promptly took command. He saw the enemy coming out of a wood and hurriedly posted his men, whereupon the Boches took cover again.

Almost immediately three of them came out on the road once more and tried to set up a machine gun. Private Sardinia took care of them with his little rifle. Three Germans, one after another, tried to operate that machine gun, and Sardinia got every one of them.

Every time Lieutenant Kearney's bunch got "fire superiority" on the Huns facing them, the Germans would cry out "We are Americans." Sergeant Walter F. Smith got up on top of the bank, exposing himself wholly to fire, to see. "Hell, go ahead, fellows," said he. "They're Boches." He spat into the road and jumped down again among his comrades, unhurt.

A report from Corporal Richard J. White tells how Lieutenant Fair, who had been in command, got shot in the hand. He stuck it out for twenty-four hours, but finally had to give up and be evacuated. Sergeant Caswell took command, but was almost immediately wounded.

The senior corporal was Sears, and he was hit in the shoulder almost as soon as he had taken over the command, so Corporal White came in, — and lasted through to make the report.

The Vaux railroad station, where Tom Foley's party came off before the offensive began, was a hot place while the fight lasted. It was here that Lieutenant James Mansfield, who was formerly an officer in the Concord reformatory, was killed. Lieutenant Donald K. Dunbar of the 101st Infantry was also killed here.

Lieutenant McGlasson got as far as the wheat field in front of Epieds. He was taking his platoon across the field — the men's feet raw on top from the constant drawing of the straw across their shoes, wet from days and nights afoot. Captain James A. Haggerty had sent Lieutenant McGlasson up, Captain Haggerty having taken command when Major George J. Rau of the 102d Infantry and his orderly were both killed by the same shell.

McGlasson's outfit had to lie down in the wheat under machine gun fire, and concealed itself so thoroughly that the runners sent to find it could not for a long time connect up. It was while lying there that the lieutenant himself was hit by a machine gun ball.

Over east of Trugny altogether there was a wheat field. Lieutenant Orlando G. Hills, Jr., got his company into it. The fire was hotter here than it had been anywhere except on the other side of Epieds, and the company had to fall back. The bright particular star of that retreat under fire was Sergeant Thomas E. Blake. He stayed behind to help Private Bardinella, who had been hit, and got him out safe.

One report said "every officer and sergeant in this company, engaged in the operation of July 20–26, is a casualty. There remain with the company only eighteen enlisted men, four of them corporals from the same platoon, who were in the engagement."

The reports bristled with tales of heroism. Private Thomas H. Fulham, of a machine gun company, when one of the ambulance drivers was knocked out by the concussion of a shell, volunteered to drive in his place. He took the ambulance back and forth through the barrage all one night, though it was not his duty at all.

Corporal David B. Hunt was in a group when a shell dropped. It killed three men in the group and wounded five. Hunt was hit; so was the sergeant in charge and the other corporal. Hunt took command, appointed squad leaders, reorganized the section, and stayed with it, walking back and forth behind the men and holding the whole outfit on its feet.

Ralph L. Day and Standish V. Furber got Lieutenant Massion in when trying it looked like suicide. The barrage was still on, and the flares were flying. But though one of the lights showed them up plainly, they got away with it.

Perhaps the most deliberate thing of the whole story was the act of Sergeant S. L. Nickerson of the scouts, with Corporal M. J. O'Connell and Private Thomas Ryan. These men were out ahead of the line of outposts, and the infantry they were protecting was pulled up by machine guns chattering in the woods opposite them. An open field lay between, and these three men deliberately volunteered to walk out into the field and to draw the fire of the machine gun on themselves. The gun had to be located; otherwise the advance must stop, which was impossible, or else scores of men must be killed.

They went. It was certain death, of course, and they took it with their heads up, "saving the lives of a great many others", the report says.

Little groups of men tackled machine gun nests and frequently bested them, too. Charles Miller, Rudolph Holtz and M. Kaufman pulled this stunt. There were eight Boches on the gun when they made their rush. They killed four and saw three run away. Nobody knows what became of the eighth.

First Sergeant Leo Fox was the senior N. C. O. of his own particular little section of line in the Vaux party. He and Sergeant Robert Ginivan held on to the outpost line all through that tough party and kept their men in hand all the way. Ginivan, indeed, managed to find a party of Boches on their way over, to get a counter-attack up all by himself, and to dent that party considerably.

How about Lieutenant Donald E. Dunbar, who did his own liaison work when he couldn't get runners and crossed through the fire zone three times? He fought through two days at the head of his men, but fell on the 20th after consistently staying in places where he would not ask his men to go. He had a big part in the Vaux fight.

Corporal Austin J. Kelley, Corporal John J. Grady, and Private Harold E. Rounds started off, as they supposed, to the flank, during the Vaux fight, to establish liaison with the company on their left. They missed their direction, found themselves within the Boche lines, mixed it up merrily with a bunch of Huns they ran into in the darkness, — and brought in three prisoners.

And this is the way the litter bearers worked. Arthur Cleversey, Sven Knudson and Walter Berry were in one party. Knudson was wounded in the hand, but he went on working. Then one shell wounded both Cleversey and Berry. Cleversey lost an arm. Berry was also permanently crippled. But both insisted on being the last to be picked up.

Lieutenant David Brickley of the machine gun company of the 101st Infantry grew restless while waiting for his chance to advance. He turned to and dressed wounded men, even going out into No Man's Land under heavy fire to put on the bandages.

John R. Kiley, a runner, managed to stay on his job — which is one of the most vital in the organization when it is in a fight — even after a shell had blown him downstairs and buried him in falling ruins.

Lieutenant Martene W. Corum, on the very last day of our advance, heard cries for help and went along a shallow trench. He found nine wounded men, lying all alone. He ran along the trench to the next squad, called for volunteers and litters, and carried one himself. Lieutenant F. P. O'Neil, Sergeant Frank Harris and Private Mortimer Butler came along, and between the four of them they got the wounded into the road and into a passing ration cart.

Fred R. Brown, a company cook, had begged to go along on the party, and there is one lucky man alive to-day because of the granting of Brown's request. The cook came across the chap just after a shell had blown one arm off. Only the prompt application of a tourniquet saved the man's life.

Lieutenant George E. Irving, facing Trugny, had a series of escapes. Fifteen men in his company were knocked over, and he himself got two bullet holes through his canteen. Later in the day a shell explosion knocked him out temporarily. Two hours after this, down came the gas and high explosives on his position. The men put on masks and withdrew, but the lieutenant went back and helped litter the wounded out of the woods.

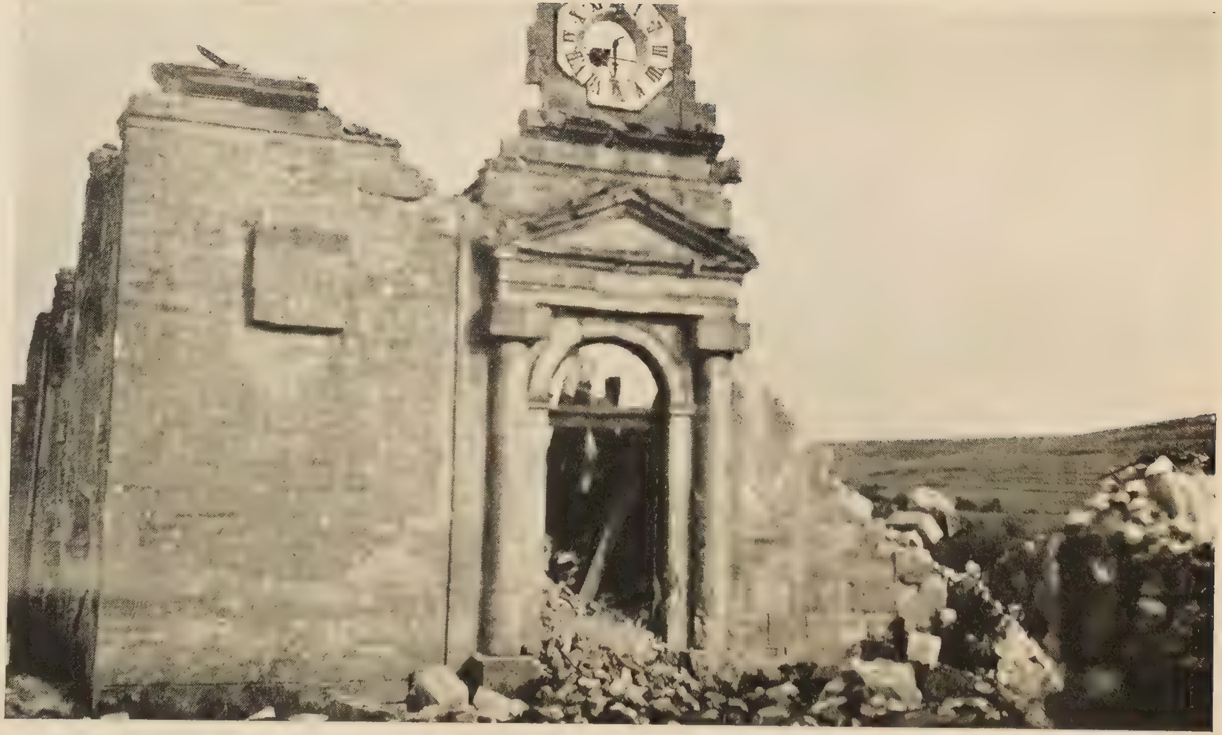
On July 23, Corporal Gavin A. McIver and Private Albert C. Smith, battalion scouts, volunteered to go after a machine gun that was working havoc. With flanking parties alongside them, wide apart, they crawled up to within fifteen paces of the gun. The plan was to draw the fire of the gun on one party and let the others rush it. It succeeded, but McIver and Smith had to do the work of drawing the fire. They were both hit, of course — but their comrades got the gun and the Germans.

Sergeant John L. Clabby heard a machine gun talking somewhere on the right of his platoon as it lay in a wheat field. He thought the noise came from a little mound in the wheat, and single-handed he crawled up to it, killed the gunner and destroyed the gun. "After which," the report concluded, "we followed Company F."

The commonest story in this fight was the attack by men, single-handed, on German machine gun positions. Usually the man was hit; he could hardly be missed by a machine gun when he went charging right up to it. But usually, also, he got the gun and killed or ran off the gunners. The French soldiers would not do this sort of thing and looked on our men as fighting fools, — wonders of bravery, and of useless foolhardiness.

Most companies, and some battalions, went through that push under command of lieutenants. Some of them came out in command of corporals, but that was never the fault of the lieutenants.

Colonel John F. J. Herbert, commander of the 102d Field Artillery.



CHURCH AT ST. RÉMY, IN THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT. A SHELL CARRIED AWAY THE FACE OF THE CLOCK, WITHOUT HARMING THE HANDS.

Lieutenant Lee H. Pickett, of the 102d Infantry, was hit at the very start of the drive, for instance. But he would not go to the rear; he simply got his hurt dressed and continued to command his platoon.

Lieutenant Henry A. Riecke of the same company, taking his platoon up to Bouresches, found the long line of squads suddenly holding up. They had come to their very first machine gun nest and didn't quite know what to do about it. The bullets were spattering in among them in a rather convincing way. Lieutenant Riecke considered that their job was to take that machine gun. As an evidence of good faith, and not necessarily for publication but just to give his men confidence, he went on ahead. Of course, a spurt of fire mowed him down, and he was hit three times before he touched the ground. But the men were on their way — and they got that gun.

Lieutenant Ashley J. Griffin was an adjutant. But officers didn't stop for office duties in that offensive, and he took charge, on July 20, of the left flank of his company. He reorganized the platoon and had the luck to find a German 77 which had been left behind to annoy the advancing Americans. Around it were planted, very artistically, a number of machine gun nests. Lieutenant Griffin got the lot, and his men killed their crews to the very last Boche.

Lieutenant John S. Bruce and Lieutenant John Kjellberg were in the machine gun company of the 102d Infantry. They came to the edge of the Trugny woods, and faced the German machine gun fire. Each man in his own squad, they went to work under a most intense fire; prisoners said afterwards that Trugny was as strongly occupied as Epieds, where there was a machine gun every seven yards! Each lieutenant was hit, but stuck with his men. In each squad the casualties were heavy, and finally the two lieutenants, wounded, fired their machine guns themselves until wounded a second time. The duplicate feats were going on simultaneously and within a few yards of each other.

Lieutenant Harry R. Howe, in the 101st Engineers, lost the use of one hand three days before our push began. His was that naughty company of engineers that was shelled with gas in Corissette woods and came out of it into the open ground behind Tom Foley's people without telling anybody who the hell they were. They worried a whole brigade for half the night and almost got an American barrage put down on them for fear they were Germans.

It was the mustard gas that nearly burned Lieutenant Howe's hand off. But he went right along through the whole offensive with his company.

While all this desperate work was going on up front, of course there was a more or less unsteady stream of ambulances, — you must figure the little road-lice poking their way, full of wounded, over crowded roads in the thickest kind of night, with no lights.

One night down in the 103d Field Hospital, the Germans came over with the usual bombing stunt, from avions. The nurses were all ordered to "beat it", but they refused. They stayed with their wounded right through ; I don't know where they hail from, but here is the roll of honor of American women in this one case : Miss Clara L. Zaung, night chief ; Miss Ruth Bridges, Miss Elizabeth Harland, Miss Elizabeth Roulstone, Miss Sybella T. Haviland, Miss Rosa I. Hall, Miss Margaret Lowe, Miss Ethel Randall and Miss Della A. McNamara.

It is interesting to see how often the men of the sanitary detachments came through with the goods. Jesse H. Bailey, who was in that service with the 103d Machine Gun Battalion, was so busy with his rescue work during the drive that he was forty-eight hours without rest or food. This seemed worth looking up. It turned out that he had got into a shell hole where there was a little group with a machine gun. A shell hole is held by the average soldier to be the safest place in the whole world, on the theory that lightning never lands twice in the same place. This particular hole, however, was hoodooed. A big shell exploded right in it, burying all hands and wounding or stunning nearly all of them. Bailey was one of the first to come to consciousness.

He helped one after another of the wounded to the nearest aid station, but went back to the hole, not satisfied that all were out. It was extremely fortunate for one young chap that he did, for the soldier was buried completely out of sight.

Bailey got him out and worked over him for a long time before he got any signs of life at all. By this time it was daylight. When the next night came, Bailey himself was exhausted. On the second day the Red Cross searchers came along and took care of both men.

Arthur Paradis is in the 103d Infantry. He was another of those chaps who, hearing shots, hopped to it and won; he had barely passed out of Belleau woods when his squad ran into a German outpost. Paradis took it on single-handed and killed every Boche in it before his fellows could come up with him.

Corporal Daniel J. Connor, of the same regiment, was one of the men saved by apparently blind chance. A shell fragment went right through his helmet and lodged in his hair, without scratching him, "though I was a bit dizzy for a while", he admits.

When the men went up against Belleau, the place evidently had Boches still in it. Sergeant H. L. Fennell, of the 103d, took six men as a flanking party and went round through the fields to enter the town from the rear. The country was pretty open, and they had to crawl a good part of the way. But they got four prisoners, just the same.

There wasn't much hand-to-hand fighting in the first part of the push, but the little town of Epieds was stubbornly defended. It was here that Sergeant Albert W. Herman pranced through, his bayonet going steadily. He refused to say just how many Germans he killed, but the men who were with him told me that it was a sufficient number to satisfy any civilized person.

The other sort of single-handed work fell to E. H. Young of the 104th Infantry. He was out in a wheat field near Bouresches, when a sniper winged him. Young dropped, but realized that it was a sniper who had creased him. He was not disabled, and he crawled up and found that sniper, and put him out of business with a little sniping of his own.

Corporal E. L. Laplante of the same regiment also found a sniper making trouble. Laplante crept up on his man but didn't stop and shoot. His man was down in a shell hole, and Laplante couldn't get a shot at him until he was right on top of him. So he jumped down into the hole, bayonet in front, and finished it up that way.

The infantry went so fast in that offensive that they sometimes made it difficult for the artillerymen. No sooner would they get a nice new position and get their distances and directions all figured out, than word would come that they were too far to the rear. Then they would harness up what horses they had left and go on again.

Captain Coburn Smith, who was the observer and intelligence officer for the artillery, had an especially hard time. In order to find observation posts that would be good for more than an hour at a time he sometimes had to go ahead of the infantry altogether, — a particularly perilous job. Once he had to set up his peep-hole three hundred yards ahead of the infantry line, — and he stopped then only because he was actually at the back edge of our own barrage.

Another artillery observer, Lieutenant Fred R. Seibert of the 101st, had a funny adventure. He had two men with him in his observation post, far from either French or American troops. He was looking, of course, for artillery targets, when he suddenly saw fifteen Boches coming down the road and waving a near-white shirt. Seibert and his men covered the Germans and ordered them to halt. They were only too anxious to surrender, and the lieutenant sent them in under guard of his two men and stuck to his observation post all alone.

George Dilboy of the 103d Infantry left a record that his regiment will honor as long as it exists. On the very first day of the advance, he found himself facing a machine gun emplacement. He boldly went over a railroad embankment and fired clip after clip into the nest, which he could just see. But the machine gun went on firing too and landed bullets all round Dilboy.

Instead of falling back to his squad, Dilboy actually rushed at the machine gun. It sounds incredible that any man could go up in the face of machine gun fire alone, but he did it. He got within twenty-five yards of the nest and then came down, wounded in half a dozen places.

Even as he lay in the wheat he kept on firing, though he was dying. He killed two of the Germans in the emplacement, and the rest of the crew of that gun broke and ran. When the squad came up, Dilboy was dead. But he had made the advance safe for the others, and Congress recognized his deed with a Medal of Honor.

Lieutenant Julius W. Toelken belonged in the 104th. His platoon was held up by machine gun fire, like others. Lieutenant Toelken took a rifle, crawled off to one side, stood up and got three Boches before they located him. He dropped safely when the gun was turned his way, and his men began firing. At that the Germans ran, and the platoon, racing up, turned their own gun on them and got the rest of them.

Lieutenant Harry H. Noel of the 103d worked practically the same trick. His company was in the first wave going up to Belleau, and it came to a powerful machine gun nest. Noel got twelve men, took them off to the right, and made a furious charge up a steep slope, though other machine guns off to the flank sprayed their bullets all round the running men. They got the German guns. Noel was hit, but the other officers of his company were all so much more badly wounded that he finally found himself in command, took the whole company through, and at the objective organized the ground for resistance, — which didn't become necessary. Then they went ahead again.

There is a man in the 101st Infantry whom everybody calls Tom Foley. He has his peculiarities, as every man worth knowing has. One of them is that Monday is his fighting day. On Monday, July 15, he was attacked at Vaux, and his battalion repulsed the Boche most brilliantly. On Monday, July 22, he led off in the attack which was later acknowledged by French and Americans alike to be the puncture which set the Boche on the run on our side of the salient. Captain Foley, though commanding a battalion in the advance, led the attack on the machine gun nests personally.

Lieutenant John R. Feegal, of the 102d, was another man who made a single-handed attack on the machine guns and got away with it. He went boldly forward when his company was stopped, armed with only a pistol, killed his Boche, and allowed his men to advance.

Lieutenant W. J. Blythe of the 104th took two men with him into a wheat field bordered by woods, two miles east of Belleau, early in the drive. There were two machine guns in the nest they tackled, but by crawling up close and beginning their fire all together, they got away with twelve Boches, capturing all they didn't kill.

Lieutenant Paul R. McCampbell of the 104th was one of the men who went against Hill 193. He led a charge ahead of the other companies and had the luck to capture a German officer and three men, with their machine gun and all.

While a platoon lay in the woods south of Trugny, the high explosive shells and gas began to come over thick, and it was evident that only foolishness would keep men there. So the platoon was moved back. A runner told Lieutenant George E. Irving of the 101st Infantry, who was in command, that another platoon had left some wounded men in the woods. Lieutenant Irving himself took one end of a litter and went back into the inferno with three volunteers, rescuing every man who had been hurt.

Lieutenant Huntington Frothingham, who scared everybody almost to death by his pranks up on the Chemin-des-Dames front, came through with a little tactical maneuver all his own in the Château-Thierry push. He deployed his men, when the fire got thick, to a thin formation and took them forward to their named objective. Then he found that the machine guns seemed to be on his left. As coolly as in a practice maneuver, he changed direction of his front and cleaned up handsomely.

It is too bad not to tell every story that was told in the ranks, but that would mean the repetition of similar incidents over a period of five days. The list of men who exposed themselves in order to draw fire, the men who went fearlessly out into the storm of bullets to rescue the wounded, the men who ran straight at machine gun nests in the face of practically certain death, was endless.

CHAPTER XI

OUT OF THE LINE

As soon as the relief of the Yankees had been made, all units were withdrawn to the west of the Château-Thierry-Soissons road, and camped in whatever shelter could be found. Farms, woods, and even the open fields were full of troops. The weather continued wet, with hot, steamy days between rain storms, but the men recovered their tone very fast.

Men who had been reported missing turned up; replacements came in, and there was endless searching for equipment that had been dropped in the rush of our forward drive.

To their blank astonishment, the men found that they were to do five hours' drill a day. It wasn't so bad as it sounded at first, because in the first place the five hours were split up, and much that was necessary movement went for drill. In the second place, it was necessary to shake the new men down into place, and in the third place, there was so little to do that any sort of work was really welcome.

Many men got leave and went in to visit Château-Thierry, coming back with the most extraordinary plunder. One man found two fine German fur coats; he kept one and gave the other to the first officer who made inquiries, — and both those fur coats were worn in the following winter. How the two men managed to carry them through the campaign in the fall remained always a puzzle.

Only four days was spent in the front area. Then the Division Headquarters moved back to Mery-sur-Marne, in the beautiful chateau which had been occupied for a few days before the drive began. The regiments pulled back to the clean, smiling little villages of the wide, sunny Marne valley, and got into comfortable quarters. The deverminizing machines were set up on the river bank, and even the weather turned fine. Work came down to a matter of daily target practice for outfits lucky enough to have a target range, and barely enough open-warfare drill to keep the men from getting stale.

Big swimming parties went down to the river every day; fresh clothing was obtained, and the commissary set up shop in the little town of Nanteuil and got in a lot of supplies.

Forty-eight-hour leaves were granted, some regimental commanders accepting the most ingenious excuses imaginable from their subalterns. It was even possible in those few halcyon days to get to Paris, though the standing orders were that no leaves should be granted for Paris.

That was for officers. As to the doughboys and cannon feeders, the mule wranglers and camion drivers, they simply leaked in. The American soldier discovered that he could travel on a French train without money or ticket; if "no compree" didn't get him by, any old stamped piece of paper would go as a pass. He was equally ingenious about getting into Paris past the military police at the station.

I met one of the boys in the street in Paris. He explained how he had gone absent without leave; how he had jumped a train at La Ferté by the simple expedient of going down the track a piece and jumping the train on the far side.

"But how did you get into Paris?" I asked.

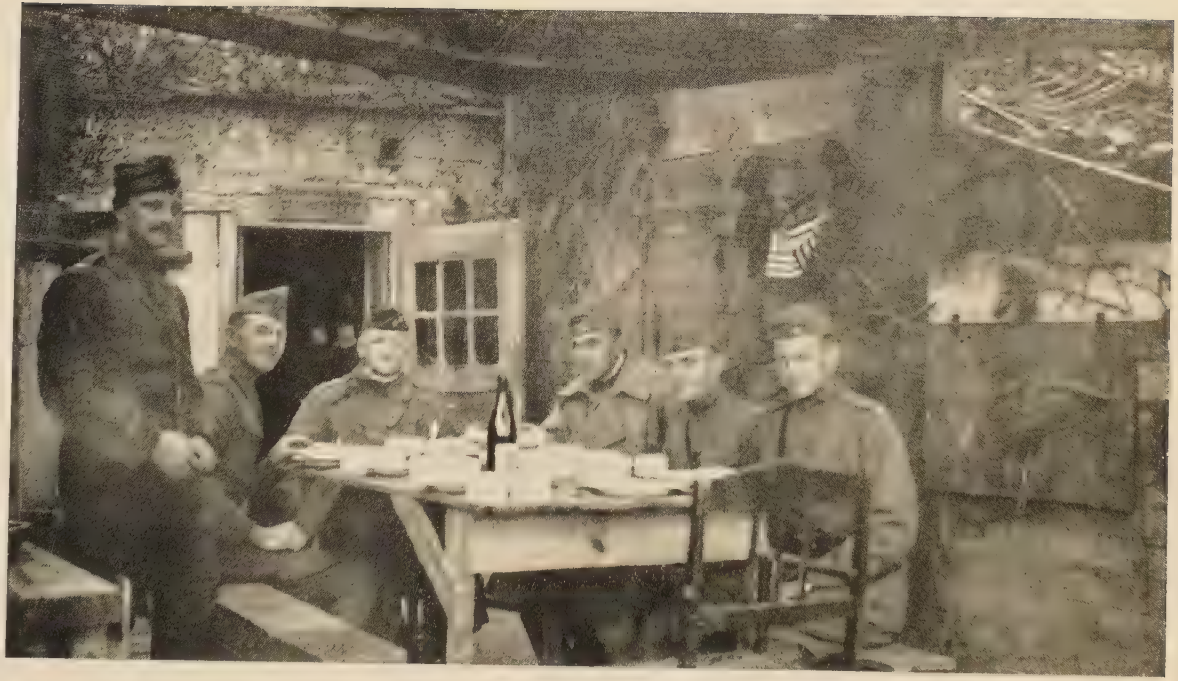
"I didn't come into Paris," said he. "I got off at a place called 'Interdite' and climbed up to the street."

Now "Interdite" is a sign that is placed by a stairway from the cut outside the station. It means simply "Forbidden." But as its existence — and the fact that the trains all stopped there before being switched to their station track — became known, "Interdite" got to be the American A. W. O. L. station.

How the doughboy got along in Paris without money remained always a mystery to the officers. It was simple enough; there were many places where the enlisted man could eat, and for the rest of his needs, he was always fairly sure of

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

Colonel J. Alden Twachtman, commander of the 103d Field Artillery.



General Edwards lunching at captured German headquarters in Troyon sector.
Left to right: Captain John Simpkins, Colonel John F. J. Herbert, Major General Clarence R. Edwards, Captain Nat Simpkins, Captain Lawrence Clayton, Lieutenant William P. Jesse.

meeting an officer — or correspondent — on the street, full of pretty French money and good nature.

"Having a good time?" the officer — or correspondent — would say.

"Well, yes, sir."

"When are you going back?"

"Well, I wanted to stay over till tomorrow, but I guess we'll go back tonight." They usually traveled in bunches of two or three.

"Why? Broke?"

It was worth the money to see the smile that blossomed when the officer or correspondent asked this question. The doughboy knew he was all right then.

"Yes, sir."

Then there would be a reckoning of assets, a shading of the officer's intentions, and a sharing of the possibilities of seeing Paris. On leave, our officers and men became simply neighbors abroad, sharing whatever they had.

Incidentally, I met two men who went back to Mery-sur-Marne in haste before their time was up and in more or less of a scare; they got frightened by a night air raid over Paris. And another man — not from the Twenty-sixth — got leave because of peculiarly heroic conduct during the great drive, went to Paris, and was killed, while sitting in a café, by the explosion of one of the shells of the famous "big Bertha", the long-range gun that was firing on the city.

The artillery had barely got well rested up when the orders came through for another move, — this time to the training area north of Chatillon-sur-Seine. The move was made between August 13 and August 18, headquarters being opened at Mussy-sur-Seine on August 15.

About this time, the changes in the roster of officers began to move swiftly again. Big batches of officers were sent home, to gain a step in rank and to become instructors in the camps over here. Other divisions needed officers, and the Twenty-sixth had to send constant drafts to them; one group alone contained eighty captains and lieutenants.

Other big bunches, sergeants and corporals, went away to officers' training schools to become officers, and a few were sent home.

We had already lost Brigadier General Peter E. Traub, and Colonel Shelton had taken the brigade. This necessitated some new appointments to the regiments. Colonel John Henry Parker was relieved of the command of the 102d Infantry, on July 31, and Colonel Horace P. Hobbs, the division inspector, was given the regiment. Colonel Duncan K. Major was given command of the 104th Infantry on the same date.

Notification of these appointments had no sooner reached Headquarters than there came down a very tart order. The Division commander was ordered to put Colonel Major and Colonel Hobbs back where they had been, and to make no appointments to the command of regiments. The High Command refused to allow General Edwards to choose his regimental leaders, or to pick the men upon whom he must depend to make the work of his Division a success, and to keep the discipline and morale of his men good.

Lieutenant Colonel Alfred F. Foote had commanded the 104th Infantry in the interim, but being a national guardsman he was not promoted to the command of the regiment. Instead, Colonel Garrison McCaskey was sent in over him. Colonel McCaskey was a regular.

In the 102d Colonel Hiram I. Bearss, who came from the marine corps, took command. Colonel Bearss was a very brave man, who went into a fight with a box of cigars under his arm, and by preference went into the front line of his attacks. Later on, he was given high honors for his bravery, when he went ahead of his battalions in the attack on Marcheville. He commanded the regiment — except for a short time — until the fighting was over and the Division was back in a rest area. Then he was sent home.

The 101st Artillery had been left without a colonel when John H. Sherburne was promoted to be a brigadier and sent away. Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Goodwin commanded with brilliancy through the historic drive which our artillery made from July 18 to August 4, though Colonel Sherburne stayed along until the 28th Division came in, and he helped General Weigel of that division through his first difficult day.

But Lieutenant Colonel Goodwin was not promoted. Instead, a regular army colonel, Albert T. Bishop, was sent to the regiment. His first act was to send Lieutenant Colonel Goodwin to command a battalion, though he could not of course reduce him to the rank of major. The situation in the regiment was that Major E. B. Richardson had been sent home for duty in the United States and Captain E. F. Fish was commanding a battalion.

Colonel Bishop did not get on well with the 101st Artillery. Discipline went off, and he did not keep the respect of brother officers. He retained the command while the Division was in rest area and until it took position for the Saint-Mihiel offensive.

He came one day to the *poste de commandement* at Mouilly, where Colonel Logan had his headquarters while preparing for this drive, and undertook to rank Colonel Logan out of the headquarters. And when Colonel Logan laughingly refused to move, Colonel Bishop threatened that on the next move the artillery might fire on our own infantry.

"That would be nothing new to us," retorted Colonel Logan.

A few days later, on September 9, Colonel Bishop was relieved from the Division and was sent away to have his mental condition inquired into. Lieutenant Colonel Goodwin again took command of the 101st, and was eventually promoted to be a colonel. He retained the command until the Division was demobilized.

On August 13, Colonel M. E. Locke was relieved of the command of the 102d Field Artillery, and the command passed to Lieutenant Colonel John F. J. Herbert. He was not promoted to the colonelcy and later on was superseded, only to come into command at the very end and to get his long-deferred step.

Just before the Saint-Mihiel attack, on September 11, Captain R. A. Greene was relieved of the command of the 101st Trench Mortar Battery, Captain J. A. Walsh taking command.

Next morning the trench mortar battery not only played an important part on starting the offensive; it had the honor of putting over the spectacular new thermite shells for the first time.

Captain Al Ford took command of the headquarters troop on August 1, succeeding Captain Bert L. Ashby. Up to this time, Captain Ford had been really the handy man around Division Headquarters. He had done everything, from organizing the Y. D. theatrical troupe and escorting Elsie Janis round our area, to skirmishing ahead when the Division moved and finding the billets for the headquarters staff.

Finally Brigadier General Aultman left the artillery brigade on August 15 and was succeeded by Colonel O. W. B. Farr. Major Mackall, the chief of the intelligence bureau (G–2) was called up to a higher position; so was Captain William B. Morgan, who had originally come over with the 101st Field Artillery, but who after a training had been acting assistant in the operations.

Lieutenant George G. Moyse of Waltham was sent home about this time. Others to go were Lieutenant James H. Kearney of Medford, Lieutenant Ralph P. Hopkins of Attleboro, Lieutenant W. R. Buckminster of Boston, Lieutenant Mark A. King of Roxbury and Lieutenant Andrew J. Bernard of Boston. Another man who was to have had the privilege of coming home to a promotion and a new command was Lieutenant Clark R. Lincoln of the ammunition train. His name was on the list, but he was killed by a bomb that was dropped from an aeroplane on the train as it moved up to Verdilly, almost at the end of our push in the Château-Thierry sector.

Other men sent home were Lieutenant Edgar F. Miller of the 102d Infantry; Lieutenant Fletcher Clark, Jr., of the 103d; Lieutenant Leroy S. Wilcox of the 104th; Lieutenant Kenneth E. Walser, of the 101st Artillery; Lieutenant Loxie E. Parks, of the 102d Artillery; Lieutenant Walter T. O'Donohue of the 103d Artillery; Lieutenant George C. Cappelle of the 101st Engineers, and Lieutenant Fred M. Fay, from the 103d Machine Gun Battalion.

The party included also from the 101st Infantry, Lieutenant Donald S. Francis, Corporal Harry O'Donnell, Sergeants Rupert C. Brown, John J. Kelliher, James Martin, John J. Brennan, Frank E. Hayes, James F. Kelley, Benjamin J. Young, Michael Donovan, John Melledy, Leo F. Fox and Arthur Hayden.

The 102d Infantry sent Lieutenant Joseph F. Murtaugh — who commanded the whole party — Corporal George A. Brusso, and Sergeants Harvey L. LaRue, Harold H. Shields, William W. Thompson, Jacob Holm, Harry T. Miller, Walter Tedford, Martin M. Whalen, William M. Hopkins, Harry J. Silsby, William L. Knox and Alfred M. Alexander.

The men from the 103d Infantry were Lieutenant George I. Nye, Sergeant Major James E. McMahon, and Sergeants William H. Doyle, Zephirin Vincent, Lawrence Peterson, John F. Hough, Phillip M. Smith, John C. Weston, William E. Fish, Jr., Ima B. Spear, Oliver C. Dudley, Ernest A. Berrow and Harvey S. Butler.

The 104th Infantry sent Lieutenant Paul De Verter, and Sergeants Frank Parks, Harry D. Baker, Frank C. Dwyer, Carlin F. Harrington, William L. Allingham, John C. Gramstorff, Arthur F. Gildey, William J. Carlson, Joseph B. Graham, Harry H. Kelly, Charles J. Sullivan and John J. Early.

The 101st Artillery sent Lieutenant Earl Jensen, Sergeant Major Radford J. McCormack, and Sergeants Elmer R. Glidden, Charles W. Farley, William W. Allan, Raymond Falkowski and Leonard J. Agnew.

From the 102d Artillery went Lieutenant Ernest C. Porter, and Sergeants Bernard C. Gould, David Cronin, Bernard Lynch, Freeman L. Macy, James P. McDownell, and Randall H. Quessy.

The 103d Artillery sent Lieutenant George E. Caster, Corporal Arthur G. Emery, Sergeants John W. Rhoades, Will am R. L. McBee, and Frank W. Jeffers; and Corporals John S. Cavolick and Clifton E. Nichols.

The 101st Engineers sent Lieutenant Harold D. Hayes, Sergeants Donald J. Kimball, Harrison L. Simonton, Charles C. Harris, Edward F. Walker, and John W. Priestley, and

Corporal Fred M. Brodhead. The mitrailleurs could spare only Lieutenant Sidney Bacharach.

Just before the Division moved from Mery to Mussy, a searching inquiry was begun by higher authority concerning General Cole and Colonel Logan. The Corps openly charged that for two days during the Château-Thierry drive, the Division didn't know where General Cole was, and that General Cole didn't know at all where his troops were. In vain the Division showed the inquirers the records of constant communication by telephone and runner between headquarters and General Cole, the telephone log kept by General Cole himself on all messages passing between his brigade headquarters and his two regiments. In vain it was shown that even in that terrible drive, when units constantly arrived at places where they weren't supposed to be, or couldn't get to places where they had been ordered to go, rations still went forward to the men and arrived. The Corps insisted that the general and his brigade had been lost.

The inquiry as to Colonel Logan centered round the check that his regiment endured in the woods of Trugny, when it had to fall back, leaving its own wounded out in front, and the artillery could not fire because of the danger of hitting those wounded men.

General Edwards showed that it was Colonel Logan's regiment that had broken the crust of that stiff defence, and told how, when Colonel Major and Colonel Shelton believed the 101st could not possibly go forward, Colonel Logan had insisted that it *could* go forward and volunteered the regiment for the attack which General Edwards was considering.

Then it was that a straightforward demand was made on General Edwards to relieve these two National Guard commanders. General Edwards responded that he could not relieve them for cause, there being no cause, and that unless the Higher Command could produce two better officers for these units, he should leave Cole and Logan where they were.

Some of the younger officers got long leaves at this time and started off for a fortnight at Biarritz or other French summer resorts. Late in August, as far away as Biarritz, they heard that the Americans were going to have a little offensive of their own, and would attack on the Saint-Mihiel salient on September 1.

Even the 26th Division was named as one of the units in that attack, and the whole French public was perfectly aware of the plan. Of course, the Germans were also aware of it, as was later shown by the very small number of prisoners and guns we captured in the famous salient.

The only people in France who did not know were the men in the Division itself. Orders came to move at twenty-four hours' notice, and the inhabitants of the pretty, clean little towns of the Côte d'Or, the famous wine-growing country of the upper Seine, told us where we were going. This always happened, and the information was rarely correct; this time, though the men paid little attention to the stories, the civilians had their story right.

Everybody hated to leave the Chatillon area. Not only did the Division get its first rest since leaving home, practically one year before; it got that rest among a people so smiling, so clean, so warmly enthusiastic over Americans, that we fell in love with all of them. The country was the prettiest we had seen, with the noble vine-clad hills of the Côte d'Or and the products thereof appealing to us all the time. The weather was beautiful; there were shows and band concerts in almost all our billet towns, and life seemed very good.

Some of the outfits began to hold their first anniversaries, the military police leading off with a big celebration. Colonel Sweetser's headquarters town was just outside Chatillon, and there was held the afternoon of sports and the merry dinner of the officers. Father Connor — who became widely known in this area by the fact of holding services in many of the wonderful old churches — ran the athletic meet, and Company A of the military police won it.

The town was far from Mussy, where I was billeted, and all along the road that night my car was held up by lonely M. Ps at the crossroads, anxious to know the score. Even for their celebration, not all the military policemen could get in.

The military police of the Twenty-sixth Division had even as early as this made a wonderful record. Correspondents who visited all divisions told me that ours were the best, the best-disciplined, the best-informed and the firmest military policemen they met anywhere.

They had been carefully picked, the original standard being five feet nine inches of height. Of course, replacements were necessary in this as in other outfits, and the replacement men did not all measure up to this standard. But they all measured up to the other standards of the military police, which was more important.

In the year of its existence, the military police had had only two men court-martialled. Their men didn't get drunk, and only one man in the entire outfit had been A. W. O. L. He was a replacement man, and his absence without leave wasn't very serious. He had merely ambled over to the next town to visit a French girl in whom he had become interested and was picked up by one of his own mates. He was court-martialled, of course, and as he constituted fifty per cent of the entire court-martial record of his outfit, he was ridden for a while by the other men.

General alertness, the quality of staying with any given situation — which by the way was the habit of all the American soldiers — and an uncanny amount of judgment, were the main factors in the equipment of a military policeman.

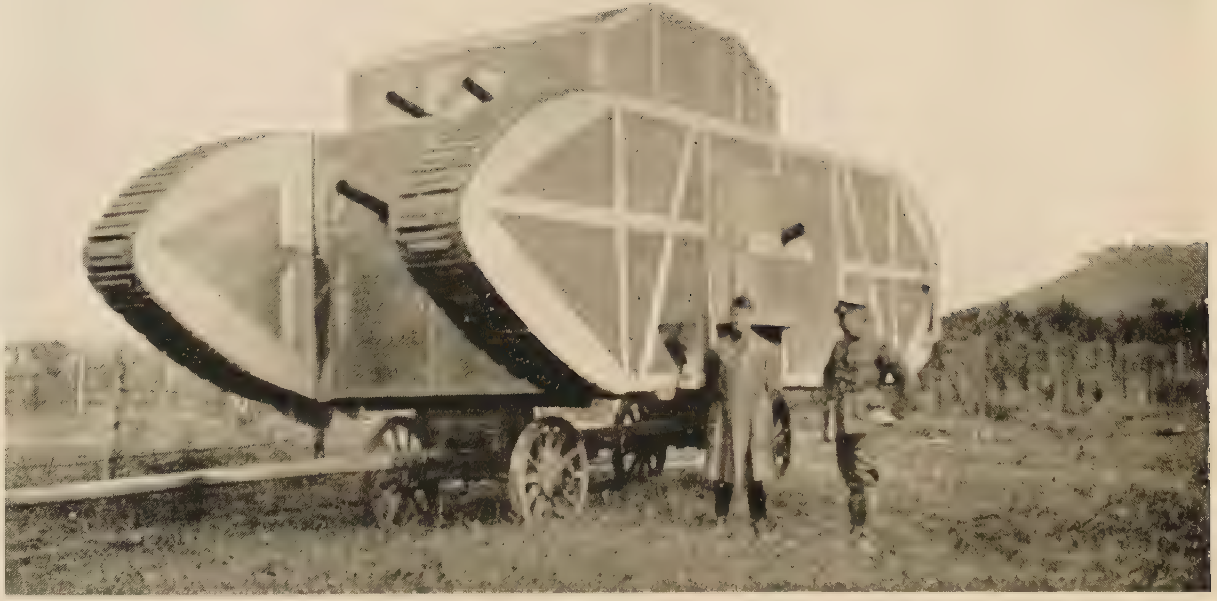
Their original instructions — and practically the only instructions they got — ran something like this.

"You men have got to know all there is to know about routes, roads and the locations of units, officers and bureaux, not only in your own district, but everywhere else.

"You have got to understand traffic handling to the last detail. It is absolutely up to you to keep traffic moving, wherever you are. It is up to you to keep unauthorized persons, especially spies, from traveling about in our area.

"You must always be strictly within the law yourselves, even the law prescribing the form of address to officers. There-

General Edwards addressing men of the 102d Artillery, in the woods of the Troyon sector.



Fake German Tank, a wooden frame covered with muslin and armed with stove-pipe guns. Found at Viéville, in the St. Mihiel salient.

fore you must identify approaching cars, no matter how fast they may be going, and the rank of the persons within, no matter how dusty. You must salute those who are entitled to salutes.

"You must settle all questions that may arise, all by yourselves. You will rarely be within reach of a commissioned officer to whom you can refer.

"Our officers are behind you and will support you with their authority. But while you are military police, and clothed with power, you must never forget that our men are volunteers and New Englanders, and that they have already shown that they are real men and entitled to respect. You must treat them like men, not dogs."

The military police were guards for prisoners; they were infantry, sometimes engineers, baggage smashers, traffic handlers, and guides for replacements. At every crossroad they stood, especially when the Division was in the fighting line, and kept moving that traffic which was the very life of the front-line men. They kept everything moving up to the last moment of possibility, — and held up all the stuff that ought not to go by.

At the crossroads, they worked single-handed; I never saw more than two M. Ps at a crossroads. Practically all the work was at night, since all movement at the front was by night and entirely without lights on the vehicles. The darker the night the more favorable for safe movements and so the more crowded the roads. A rainstorm made an ideal night for moving.

Every crossroad was a sifting place for traffic. Ammunition for such and such artillery must turn off one way, rations for the doughboys must go somewhere else; each little convoy had its own direction, and the military policeman must head it right.

So in the dark, and in the whirling rain, amid the roar and smell of millions of motors and the shuffling of thousands of feet — for of course there was always a certain amount of troop movement mixed in with the transport — the M. P. had to stick it out on crossroads perfectly registered by the

Boche artillery, through endless nights. Whenever Fritz had reason to think there might be movement on our roads, he shelled. And the M. P. had to stay and take it.

Incidentally, the officer commanding a company of military police, who had to ride the round of his posts every night, got a fairly long pasear out of it. His horse never lacked exercise.

The first military policeman to win the Croix de Guerre was Sergeant Freeman F. Dodge of Cambridge. He stayed in Soissons with Major Estey when the city was shelled, just after the Division had pulled out in March. There were a number of others who won decorations.

When the military police battalion was formed, the 6th Massachusetts was the first organization to contribute. Every man in the battalion was hand-picked.

At the beginning, Captain C. E. Akeley of Leominster was virtually in charge, with Captain Michael J. Dee of Concord Junction as adjutant and commander of one company. Captain A. N. Payne of Marlboro was acting major.

Lieutenant George E. Parker of Framingham had the other company and Lieutenant J. S. Coburn of Fitchburg was the judge advocate of the outfit.

Lieutenant Harry E. Sheldon of Lowell started with the M. Ps, but was detached to serve as renting, requisition and claims officer for the Division. Lieutenant E. B. Hawkes of Wakefield also really belonged to it, but left to join the 103d Infantry.

Long before this time Major William H. Dolan, who started from home with the infantry, had become chief of motor transport. About the same time Lieutenant (later Captain) John William Mahoney of Lawrence took charge of the horse transport. Later on, Major Dolan changed over to be ordnance officer and gained his grade, and at the end he came home a full colonel, nominally in command of the 102d Infantry. By that time Captain Mahoney had joined the ammunition train as adjutant.

Eight hours of drill a day was the schedule in the rest area. It was necessary to shake down the replacements — you remember that the Division had nearly five thousand losses in the Château-Thierry drive — and to get the whole machine running smoothly again. It was also necessary to keep in the finest of training.

This was the more necessary because we were in a rest area. It was no mere sitting down where one happened to be, sticking up pup tents and making the best of it. In the fifty or so villages the Division occupied, if there was a man who hadn't a billet, there must have been something the matter with him.

The boys were eating scandalously, too. They wolfed down the best their own cooks could do for them and then, in the immemorial way of soldiers, they went out and got the best the land afforded from the smiling inhabitants. The inhabitants themselves were strictly rationed, but nothing was too good for the Americans. Now they never heard a cannon, and they slept all night every night. They soaked in sunshine.

Best of all, the boys had now begun to realize better than ever before that they were a part in a tremendous thing. There was much less of the "I-want-to-go-home" talk, and a great deal more of pride in being part of the biggest thing that has happened in the world's history.

They had begun to appreciate each other, also. Earlier, it was the common thing to hear artillerymen and infantrymen mutually scornful of each other; the artilleryman was prone to think the doughboy was a doughboy because he hadn't the head nor the initiative to be anything else, and the infantry man was sure the gunner chose his job to keep from going into the front line.

That was all changed. You would hear an artilleryman say, "My hat's off to those doughboys. They're the real soldiers. They stand the gaff, and I don't understand how they can make it."

The infantryman had a real affection for the gunners. "They're the ducks that keep us safe," they said. "When they're tossing over that old barrage, we're wheat! And they are everlastingly on the job. Does an artillery guy ever sleep?"

It is true, and a proud record, that it was rarely more than forty seconds after a rocket soared up from a front line, calling for a barrage, before the first shell was on its way over to Germany. It has happened more than once, thanks to the alert watch kept in the batteries, that the first shot would be fired before the rocket had died in the sky. And this happened at a time when the gunners had been fighting night and day for a week!

CHAPTER XII

SENT FOR IN HASTE

How sudden the interruption of the training in the Chatillon area was may be judged from the fact that the operations bureau was just completing, on August 27, the orders for a Division terrain exercise for the next day, when the Corps telephoned that new orders were on the way.

Under the Corps' directions, the Division was ordered to move to "another area" by rail. Only our motor transportation was to go over the road. Entraining was to begin the very next morning, and Division Headquarters was to close in Mussy-sur-Seine at midnight, August 28.

No destination was announced; even the place where Division Headquarters would next be opened was not divulged. But there was a direct hint that hurry was imperative. The townspeople of the area assured us that we were going to Saint-Mihiel, and they bade us very sympathetic and heartfelt farewells when we climbed into the trucks and pointed out for the entraining places.

The Yankees had moved times enough now to become expert at the job of getting into trains. Young officers were sent to the railheads, others went ahead in first trains to attend to the detraining, and the various outfits began to make speed records.

When the Division arrived in the rest area, one infantry battalion detrained, cleaned its cars scrupulously, got its animals and wagons off, and sent the empty train on its way in just thirty-five minutes.

This time, starting for our next trip, the bets began to fly. The 103d Artillery presented the most difficult loading problem, its guns being just twice the size of any others and most awkward things to steer on to the flat cars, though beautiful babies in action.

One battery got aboard in twenty-seven minutes and felt proud of itself. A second battery loaded up in twenty-three minutes and gave itself three cheers. Then up walked the captain of a third battery and offered to back his men against the record. There were plenty of takers, and at it the men went. In just twelve and one half minutes the captain shouted "Time!"

"No," said the umpire, pointing. "There's a wagon with its wheel hanging over the edge."

"Jump her, boys, — lift her!" shouted the captain. There was a scramble, the wagon waddled round into position like a fat gray centipede, and the trick was done. Fourteen minutes flat!

As a matter of fact, the Twenty-sixth had been chosen as one unit in a concentration north of Bar-le-Duc, for the purpose of reducing the Saint-Mihiel salient. This operation had been planned on paper a year previous, but came naturally as a sequence to the Château-Thierry operation. The proposition was simply to saw off one salient in the German line after another, and then to choose the best point for an offensive from the Allied side, — or, as it was determined by Marshal Foch, to make a simultaneous attack all along the line.

The move was delayed a little by a train wreck that had occurred east of Chatillon, and departures from our entraining points were fifteen hours late. The run was only ten hours long, and in the dawn of a cold, gray day — a monstrous change from the wonderful weather we had been enjoying — we tumbled out of the troop trains on open sidings, east of Bar-le-Duc. The detraining points were Longeville, Tronville-Nancois and Ligny-en-Barrois, which lie close together.

Bar-le-Duc lies almost due south of Verdun and is connected with it by a famous main highway called the "Via Sacra." It was this road, and this road alone, which saved Verdun from the furious assaults of the Germans in 1916. The famous engineer into whose hands the problem was put by the French said he could keep the citadel safe if the army would make an ironclad order that no traffic should move south on the famous road. Nothing but incoming stuff could use it; going back, at no matter what cost of detour, all traffic must find other roads.

The Twenty-sixth was first told that it might go north on this main road. Its headquarters were first ordered to open at Souilly, two thirds of the way to Verdun. Before this could be done, other orders came, changing the headquarters town to Sommedieue, across the Meuse, and at the foot of the Heights of the Meuse, southeast of Verdun.

The battalions, as fast as they detrained, marched to the nearest vacant woods and camped down until dark. Then they were on their way, marching practically all night. Only the first battalion of the 101st Infantry escaped this by being moved up hurriedly in trucks, to relieve the first battalion of the 2d Cuirassiers. The Yankee battalion was taken to Sennoncourt.

The last train of the Division did not come in until 2 A.M. on September 1, — and the whole movement was ordered to be completed by September 4.

The Corps changed the orders frequently; August 31, it held up all movement, and September 1, it sent all units forward, northward, again. By this time other divisions were coming into the same general region, and the main road north from Bar-le-Duc was barred to the Twenty-sixth.

The artillery had gone promptly on its long, hard march. All movement was by night, and when the brigade got north of Souilly, it found that even the crossroads were barred. That is, movement across the main road was permitted only up to a certain hour.

On the night of September 2–3, the concentration was completed. The artillery was gathered north of Rupt-en-Wœvre and went into bivouac in the woods southwest of the town. The 52d Brigade moved into support positions in camps north of Sommedieue, and the rest of the Division stayed in positions far to the south of Souilly.

The orders at that time contemplated a relief of the 2d

Division of French Dismounted Cavalry and the occupation of a sector extending from Haudiomont to Bonzee-en-Wœvre, generally speaking opposite Manheulles, which was held by the Boches.

The artillery had made its reconnoissance and selected its battery positions. Then, on September 5, came new orders from the Corps. Division Headquarters moved over to the left, to Rupt-en-Wœvre; a new front, further to the right, was assigned to the Division, and the French Division was relieved on the nights of September 6, 7 and 8.

In Sommedieue, our first headquarters town, headquarters was in a curious old chateau which had a chair factory at the edge of its terrain, still filled with the stock and half-finished chairs. A water-power was furnished by a dammed brook, and we promptly made use of it to run our electric lighting plant; four hours a night we got before the pond ran out.

Eastward, the first ridge of the Heights of the Meuse rose, clothed with pines. At the foot a railroad line brought in the heavy naval guns and their attendant cars, the first of the artillery concentration which was to surprise us all during the next week.

Up on the slope, a whole set of offices and deep *abris* had been put up by the French. It was a fine *poste de commandement,* and nicely hidden from the Boche. He knew of the existence of both the naval guns and the headquarters, however, and later on, when the French colonials occupied the place, it came in for a fearful shelling. For the few days it was occupied by the Yankees, however, not a shell fell.

Rupt consisted of two short streets, parallel to each other, and lying up in one of the valleys, like Sommedieue. It was one of the muddiest towns we saw, nor were the houses very good. It was here that command of the sector passed to General Edwards on September 9.

In this region, the Meuse, lying behind us, ran approximately northwest. On its east bank the hills rose in a long hogback, wooded for the most part and pierced almost with regularity by valleys. Through the midst of the woods ran the Grande Tranchée de Calonne, a fine road, right down to Hattonchâttel, which stands on the extreme tip of the long ridge, just above Vigneulles — the town at the foot of the hill, right under Hattonchâttel, which was later on to be our objective.

The hill range broke down into the plain of the Wœvre on the east side. Another fine road ran along the base of the hills, and the little towns were strung along almost at regular intervals, — Mont-sous-les-Côtes, Mesnil-sous-les-Côtes, Tresauvaux, Les Eparges, Combres, Herbeuville, Hannonville, Thillot, St. Maurice, Billy, Vieville, and right under Hattonchâttel on the point, Hattonville. A railroad line ran through all of them.

Out in the plain lay a second rank, so to speak, of little towns. Champlon, Saulx, and Wadonville were the nearest. and back of them Riaville, Marcheville and Saint-Hilaire, These were the towns which came to interest the Yankees most. But from the crest of the hill it was possible on a clear day to see eighty-two towns, many of them busy factory towns, with their chimneys smoking away as peacefully as if there weren't any war. They were all in the hands of the Germans.

The close-locked trenches came down to the Meuse Valley south of Lacroix-sur-Meuse. They mounted the hills and struck straight north through the woods to a little powdered hamlet called Vaux-les-Palameix, and swung eastward, crossing the Grande Tranchée de Calonne east of Mouilly, above the head of the deadly Ravin de France, and so down the eastern slope of the hills at Les Eparges. North from there, the French held the hills, and the German trenches were well out in the plain. Nowhere else in our experience did we see so much wire as there was in this sector. Elsewhere there had been belts, anywhere up to thirty yards across; here belt followed belt, and there were literally miles of wire entanglements.

At the No Man's Land area, the woods were, of course, blown to bits. Gaunt skeleton tree trunks stood here and there, but the position had remained as it was for so long that thick underbrush had grown up round the trees, and travel was almost impossible even for unburdened, free-going foot-passengers, in peace. It was awful country.

September 6, the American First Army issued its "Battle Instructions No. 1", and we began to see the appalling size of the operation in which the Division was engaged. It was the first offensive under American command of any large proportions. To be sure, French units were used, as well as American, but the tactical command was with us.

Every night was full of artillery going forward. To the Yankees alone were assigned, as additional artillery, two regiments of American light artillery, nine batteries of motorized 75's, one battery of 220's, a battalion of 270-millimeter coast howitzers, and one battery of the wicked 240-millimeter trench mortars. Ammunition in incredible amounts was hauled up every night, our dumps being located at Genicourt, a convenient point back on the bank of the Meuse.

We did not know it at the time, but hospital preparations looking to the care of twenty-five thousand men had been made. A whole hospital plant was placed on the road from Nancy to Toul, far over to the east, and other new hospitals were opened along the Bar-le-Duc-Verdun road. Of course, there was already a big hospital at Souilly. The hospitalization was entirely unnecessary; Fritz knew all about the attack and didn't stay to fight the sector.

The situation was in a small way not unlike the Château-Thierry attack. While the Twenty-sixth, with the 2d French Dismounted Cavalry on the right and the 15th Colonial (French) on the left, were to cut into the salient on the west, several other divisions were to attack on the east of Saint-Mihiel, along the front of the old Toul sector the Twenty-sixth had held during the spring months. This attack would move north across the plain of the Wœvre, and its eastern limit was at Pont-à-Mousson.

By September 9, there was an amazing amount of artillery in position. When General Edwards was consulted by the Corps as to what artillery he wanted for the coming push, he answered, "All I can get." And for once he got plenty. The snappy 75's and the long, lean 155's were everywhere, in gullies, behind hills, and up on the plateau itself. Above Mouilly, which stands just outside the entrance of the Ravin de France, the guns stood right out in the open, hub to hub, for the best part of a kilometer; it looked more like a park of artillery than like battery positions. Back of each gun was a most noble pile of shells, — representing a tremendous lot of money in the aggregate and untold labor in getting them where they were.

No old battery positions were used, because the Boche had all the old battery positions registered. We hoped he would fire on them. Luckily Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the three days before the attack, were very rainy, and there was almost no aeroplane observation on us. Wednesday night, September 11, there was a terrific storm, and consequent great freedom of movement. It meant of course unspeakably heavy roads.

Out of the woods where they had lain concealed came the companies. Up from every village the camions began to roar and thunder, as soon as darkness was well established. The roads choked, and the military police nearly went insane trying to straighten out the tangles.

On Monday, Colonel Bishop, commanding the 101st Artillery, was relieved. Lieutenant Colonel Goodwin took the regiment and put it in to support the 101st Infantry on the right of our attack.

By 10 P.M. on Wednesday night, every unit had got into position somehow and settled down in the rain to wait for the "K hour" of "D day." For in army orders, the day and hour of an attack are never given; they are made the subject of a separate order which comes at the last moment. This is to guard against any possible leak of information to the enemy.

Somehow the company cooks and supply officers got supper up to the wet and waiting men. How they cooked it, how they carried it, and how they found the men, — all these are the things that are not down in the books. But practically every man had a hot supper that night.

It was barely ten o'clock when the first platoon of the engineers marched out of Mouilly, into the mouth of the twisty ravine, and came to a halt alongside their first job. For they had the mission of making a road up through that ravine to connect with the Grande Tranchée de Calonne, which ran across its head.

At the same hour infantrymen were taking their lives in their hands and crawling out from the trenches to the wire entanglements on the hills on both sides of the ravine, to cut the wire. Paths through our own front-line wire were cut in many places. The German wire was to be destroyed by artillery fire and by the tubes of explosive which the engineers would take over with them.

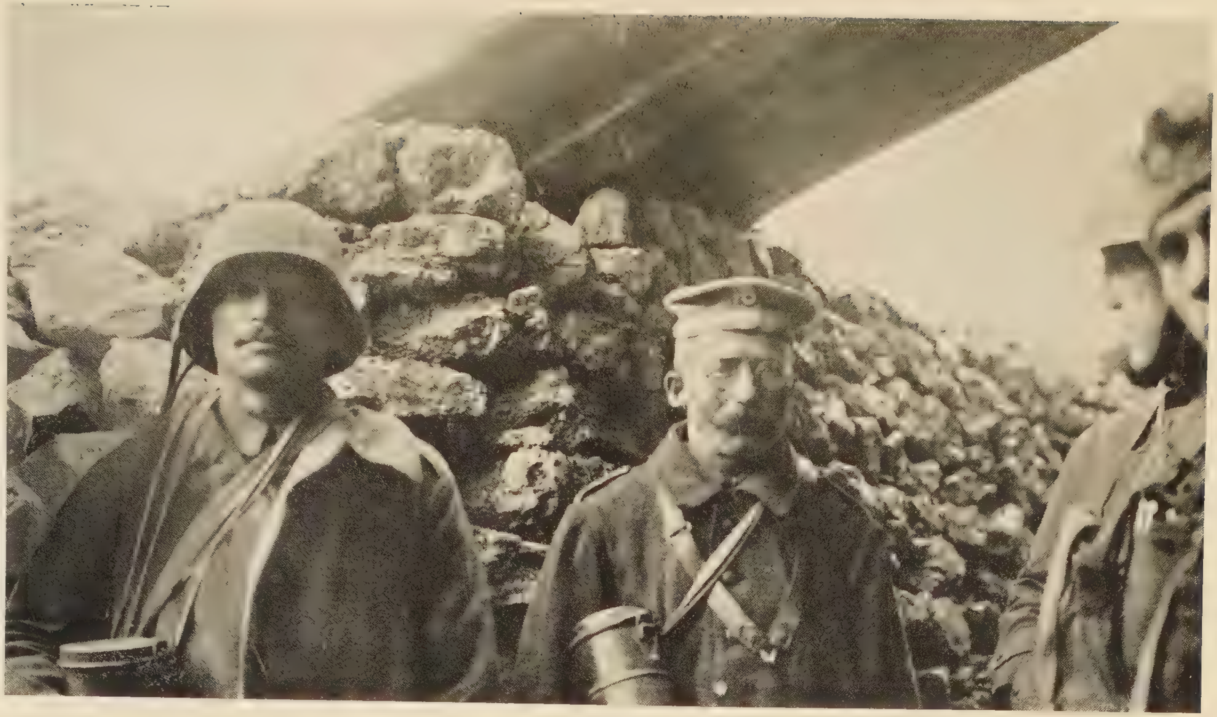
Except the men who were actually going over in the attack and the artillerymen, who somehow got a little sleep in the early part of that night, everybody was busy in the region. Officers, their orders all given, were out reconnoitering; captains sedulously went through their outfits to make sure that everything was understood and no equipment missing.

From the rear the horses and mules went on straining their hearts out, bringing up material and ever more material. They were not in the best of shape to begin with; there had been a great deal of hauling in the recent weeks, and fodder had been short. They died by the dozens Wednesday night and Thursday, falling down by the roadsides from overwork and giving up the ghost with a patient sigh. Some teams tried and then simply refused to try again to haul their wagons.

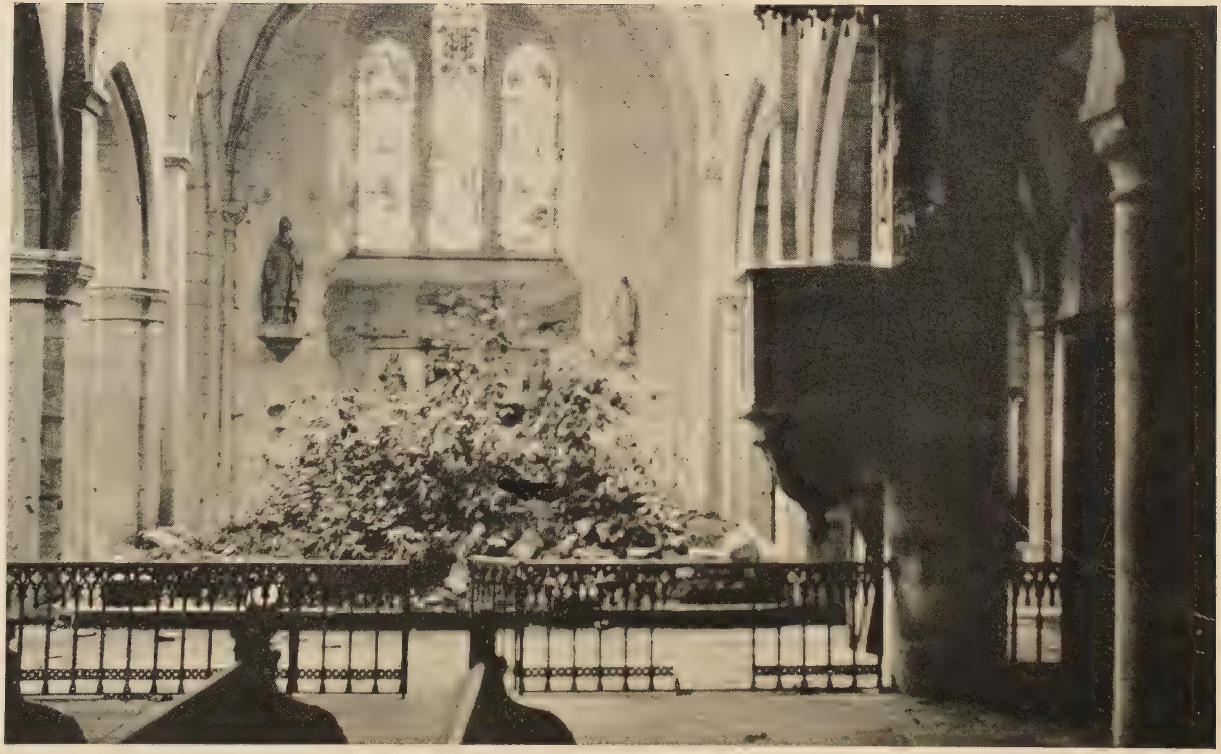
At midnight there seemed to be a pause. Only the wire cutters kept at work. Even the patrols had been kept back that night; there was too much risk that a single prisoner might be taken and might be forced by his captors to tell of the impending move.

The orders provided that the 101st Infantry should take the right of the line and the 102d should be held as part of the Division reserve. The 103d and 104th were to attack on the left, abreast, and each regiment in three lines. The 101st was to put two battalions in the line, and one in a second line.

The men were to follow a barrage and go forward at the rate of one hundred meters every four minutes. When the road from Vaux to St. Remy (a town lying inside the eastern ridge of the hills) was reached, the line was to halt for half an hour



Types of Boche Prisoners. A blond giant and an oldish professor, captured in the St. Mihiel salient.



14TH CENTURY CHURCH AT HATTONCHÂTTEL; THE MOUND OF VERDURE GREW UP OUT OF THE DEBRIS OF THE SHELL-SHATTERED ROOF, WHICH FELL INTO THE CHANCEL.

and reorganize. It was probable that by that time the units would be more or less disorganized.

Another halt was scheduled when the line should have reached the high ground running back from Dommartin, — which was another of the little hill villages. Of course these villages were none of them anything more than stumpy ruins of walls.

Along with the infantry were to go a platoon of stokes mortars to each battalion, 37-millimeter guns, and half-companies of engineers. For that matter the orders provided that a 75 field-piece should accompany each battalion, and a platoon of machine guns. But the guns couldn't get up until there was a road, and when the machine gunners came along, they did it only by dint of carrying their guns and ammunition by hand.

The artillery preparation was set for one o'clock. And promptly at one o'clock there turned loose such an inferno of sound as we had never before heard. The whole top of the earth seemed to burst into flame. From right and left and rear, from every hilltop and from every valley, the cannon began to bang, and the echoes ran round and round until the whole sky was roaring continuously.

It seemed as if those guns must be firing indiscriminately in the direction of Germany and letting it go at that. Yet we knew that every gun had its carefully selected and ranged target, and that the shells jumping out of that hell of noise were being scientifically planted on the enemy's front trenches and his wire, on support trenches and his strong points. Three groups of guns devoted themselves entirely to wire-cutting, and the infantry later reported that the wire was well smashed up.

At 5 A.M., the fire ceased abruptly for five minutes. Prisoners afterwards told us that they expected the attack then, and lots of them came out of shelter when the sound stopped, only to get caught in the renewal. That renewal came in gas shells, too. At seven o'clock there was a ten-minute let-up in the firing; both these silences were to permit the sound-ranging, which we were just installing, to be done.

After each of these let-ups, new guns, hitherto held in reserve, joined in the firing. And after the second let-up, the trench mortars began throwing their hunks of hell across and into the German front-line trenches.

At seven, those of us who had been sleeping on chairs in the regimental dugouts started along to see the jump-off made.

In the Château-Thierry push I went along with General Cole's brigade; this time the inner swing, with the 101st, promised to have more of a party.

As we went into the ravine above Mouilly, our guns were throbbing away very fast. Fritz didn't seem to have much artillery going; now and then one of the swift 88's would whizz over, but they weren't doing Fritz much good, because the batteries he was firing at were not where he was searching for them.

In the ravine, the 101st Machine Gun Battalion was waiting; the 102d Infantry was filing into the mouth of the ravine, up on the right, and two young lieutenants, Paul H. Smart and Gay C. Scott, who had been sent up to go with their 75's along with the 101st Infantry, were fuming back of the machine guns. The gully was solidly plugged.

It was a rainy morning. At the turn of the gully the road ended in a trench mortar emplacement, — virtually a big rectangular cellar. Here a big bunch of engineers was working furiously to fill it in. Just beyond, the communicating trench went wiggling up the valley. It was a deep trench, for all this terrain was under the easiest sort of range and observation from the German front line, just ahead. This must be filled in.

Farther up still our own front-line trenches, also deep and tangled and twisting, lay waiting to be filled in. Beyond was the thick belt of wire; a short space only intervened between it and the German wire, and then the engineers would be at the worst of their task.

The German trenches were not only deep, like ours; they were elaborately concreted. When it should come to filling them in, — oh, the poor engineers!

That wouldn't be for some time, however, for just as Major John D. Murphy and I came along here, the barrage began to fall on the German front line. In that barrage was a new and particularly terrible-looking sort of shell. When it struck, it burst in a wide, livid sheet of flame, covering yards of ground and splashing up twenty feet into the air, — white fire. Its fragments, instead of whirring off invisibly, went away in long arcs of fire, leaving thin trails of white smoke. It was the new thermite shell, the wickedest seeming thing that had ever been thrown over.

We climbed a hillside in a trench, and went along to the elbow. It was eight o'clock.

Across the ravine, the patient little bushes had clothed the hillside, though the earth showed brown and torn between them, in stripes. Suddenly one noticed that some of the brown stripes seemed to be moving. It was the attack.

Long strings of men, all carrying full equipment, filed along the hillside at several points. One expected to see them in little bunches, until it was remembered that they would not take formation until they had passed our wire.

Round the head of the ravine they went, and on our side of the gully — up back of us on the hill — occasional clinkings and conversation told where another unit was moving up, — McCarthy's battalion. Major McCarthy had come back from hospital and was in command himself this morning.

Not a shot was fired from the German lines; not even a machine gun rattled. The first wave took its shape and disappeared over the lip of the ravine. The second wave began to disappear into the German trenches. These were the moppers-up, and they must explore the dugouts and hunt the shrinking Boche.

After two battalions of the 101st had disappeared, Fritz began throwing a few 88's in where they had been, on his own front line. But it was too late; the Yankees were well within the arc of the fire. And even this fire ceased very shortly.

Our battalions went a full kilometer before they ran into any real resistance. The Germans for the most part had retreated down the Grande Tranchée de Calonne to the second-line trenches, which crossed the road, and were backed up by a lot of pill-box machine gun positions in the edge of the woods.

The 101st presently ran into this resistance and had to stop for a while. Our front line broke up into groups and began the trick — which we had learned so thoroughly and at such high cost in the Château-Thierry fight — of infiltrating between the machine gun positions, as soon as they had been definitely located.

Some artillery fire came over, but the main resistance was from the machine guns. In the meantime, our own artillery had not been able to move up in support, but the guns from the positions, especially the heavier calibers, were now shelling the distant reaches of the Grande Tranchée de Calonne thickly. We saw the results next day, when for long distances we had to cut away the great trees our guns had brought down across the road.

The intermediate objective, the Vaux-Saint-Remy road, was reached on schedule time by the right of our attack. But the battalions of the 101st had become a little mixed up. The reserve battalion was ordered up, and the first battalion of the 102d was also ordered up to go through the 101st, and to go on with the advance. This was at 10:15 A.M.

There wasn't much to see in that advance behind the 101st. Here and there one might glimpse a squad craftily shifting over to make a move up towards the bunch of trees where a machine gun was working; here and there would be a squad patiently working out the trenches. But there was little percentage in it for a correspondent.

It was on the Vaux-Saint-Remy road that Captain Joseph McConnell, the commander of Company A of the 101st Infantry, was killed. He was taking his men through a wooded stretch, when artillery fire came down on them. At the first explosion he ordered his men to jump into a trench near by, but he was too late himself; a second shell fell near him, and the up-driving fragments killed him.

The company was obliged to move on, and the captain's body was left lying in the edge of the woods, near the road, until Father O'Connor found it next morning. Captain McConnell was buried in the little cemetery at Troyon.

There was no officer in the whole Division whose death was more deeply felt. Captain McConnell had a quality which endeared him to everybody who knew him, and a personality which was rare indeed. His earnestness, his common-sense facing of problems, his devotion to his men and his resolute reticence about himself were characteristics for which he was well known. His work as a commander and his sturdy mentality made him respected, but beyond all these things was the quality, indefinable but appealing, that made him one of the best-loved men I have ever known.

By one of the strange circumstances of war, the only man killed in the 103d Field Artillery on September 12 was Major Harry A. Harvey. This regiment lost only three officers killed in action during the whole campaign; the others were Captain Joseph C. Davis and Lieutenant Laurence S. Ayer.

It was on September 12 that Captain Thomas F. Murphy returned to his regiment for a day. He was adjutant of the 101st Infantry, and while still in the Château-Thierry sector was evacuated with a broken elbow. The sidecar in which he was riding was struck by an automobile, and Captain Murphy was badly hurt. His experience in the hospitals was so bad that he finally escaped, made his way across country by all sorts of expedients, and rejoined. He was still in very bad condition and was immediately sent back to hospital. In the end, he was sent back to the United States, with his arm still useless.

On the left the 52d Brigade was having a stiff time of its own. So long as it was in the comparatively open ground, nothing stopped the advance. But coming to the Chanot wood, the same old crust of defence was met. Machine guns, cunningly hidden, popped at every forward move, and over here there was more artillery fire, also.

Back in the ravine, the engineers were tearing at their task. How they accomplished it nobody can say, for the very lieutenants don't know it all. The men clawed stone out of the overhanging banks with their hands, and fetched it in the skirts of their slickers when they could find nothing else. They chopped down trees and filled trenches and emplacements with the thick trunks. They blew up the wire, and then rolled the wicked barbed stuff out of the way.

They picked a possible grade up that terrible ravine and through No Man's Land. At first the way was winding, but loop by loop they straightened out the road. And at 3 P.M., they got two guns up the road. The machine gunners of the 102d Battalion had taken their cumbersome apparatus in their hands and filed up after the 102d Infantry, which went forward during the morning, in the driving showers.

Before the second wave had been in the German trenches thirty minutes the first of the German prisoners came back. The stream of prisoners never did stop flowing after that for twenty-four hours. Once we were through the ring of machine guns, they quit fighting.

It is hard to say who took the first prisoners, but Larry Conry of Lynn brought them in to brigade headquarters.

Larry was in a group that really got lost, going across No Man's Land. Suddenly the Americans saw three Germans come crawling up out of a dugout. They threw up their hands, and one of them spoke up in English.

"You move out towards the front-line trench, and then keep right on going over to our lines," said Larry, poking a gun against this man. "And see that you don't get funny."

"We won't try to get away," said the German, "and we will go straight over. In fact, if we meet any small parties of Germans on the way, I'll holler to them to surrender, too." He kept his word, and when Conry arrived at headquarters, he had thirty-seven prisoners.

By ten o'clock, the left flank, the 104th, found that the liaison with the French on our left was broken. There was nobody there, and the Division's flank was sticking out in the air. However, by this time there was no opposition to amount to anything, and the Yankees kept right on going. The 52d Brigade reached its objectives, on the edge of the plain, at 7 P.M. Everybody was moving southeast, but the French

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

Colonel Warren E. Sweetser, commander of the 101st Train Headquarters and Military Police.

Lieutenant Colonel Frederick E. Jones and the author, at the mouth of an abri.

found their opposition stiffer than we found ours, and really didn't get going that morning at all.

At 3 : 15 P.M., word was sent to the headquarters of the 26th that the Colonials on our left would stop and organize the ground they had taken, turning over to us a portion of their sector. A little later General Hennoque, commanding the French Division to our right, came over to Rupt with a proposition for General Edwards. It was that the two divisions should swing from their southeast direction and push right over towards Saint-Maurice, easterly. To this General Edwards agreed, and sent an officer out with the order for General Shelton, whose brigade would have to make the turning movement.

It took time to get the word to all units, and it was 7 : 30 before everybody was set to make the change. And then came the news that changed the whole plan once more.

The Corps telephoned and sent messengers in quick succession to say that the Colonials on our left had taken Saint-Remy and the crest of Les Eparges.

Indeed, from our own position we had seen the Senegalese, knives held between their teeth, crawling up under the machine gun fire, through the bushes whose tops were nodding in the gale of flying lead.

A letter from the Corps chief of staff told all this, and also that the attack on the southern side of the salient was coming along famously. The enemy was being pressed back across our front by Allied troops far to the right; he was withdrawing everywhere; there remained only one thing to do.

"The Corps commander directs," the letter went on, "that you have the attack in your sector pushed with the utmost vigor, in order to prevent the escape of the retreating enemy."

A message that came almost on the heels of this directed the Division commander to reconnoiter to the southeast, towards Saint-Maurice and Hattonville with a view to establishing connection with the southern attack.

Finally, at eleven, General Edwards received a message dated at the Corps at eight which said, "The 1st Division from the southern attack is moving on Vigneulles to join with you in closing the gap between the two attacks. The Corps commander directs that you continue the advance along the Grande Tranchée de Calonne, so that by daylight to-morrow (September 13) you will have established contact with the 1st Division and will have one regiment in Hattonchâttel."

These written messages, however, merely confirmed and emphasized the telephone talk General Edwards had already had with the Corps commander about 7:30. And a great deal had been done between that time and the hour of getting his written instructions; as a matter of fact, they had already been partly carried out.

General Edwards, as soon as he had talked with the Corps, called General Shelton on the telephone. The brigadier, however, had left his headquarters and gone forward to arrange the turning movement.

Lieutenant Linton, one of his aides, took the message and went forward on foot to find General Shelton. He arrived in time to stop the turning movement. This was at 8:10, and at nine o'clock the new movement was under way.

The 102d Infantry had already got through as far as the head of the Grande Tranchée de Calonne, preparatory to going forward. All General Shelton had to do was to give it a new objective and a new formation, and to order forward with it the units needed for its support.

The infantry went ahead; next came the machine gun company of the 101st Infantry and the whole 102d Machine Gun Battalion. The 101st Field Artillery was ordered to follow, but couldn't get its guns over that still embryonic road across No Man's Land. Accordingly, the rest of the 101st Infantry, which had been ordered to escort artillery, didn't wait for it, but came along. The 101st Machine Gun Battalion, which had been waiting in Division reserve all day, was also ordered up and made the trip.

General Edwards' message had been emphatic and precise. He told General Shelton — and the word was passed right along down to the men in the ranks — that it was now a race for Vigneulles between the Twenty-sixth and the First, and that he depended on the Twenty-sixth to win it.

Advance flankers were thrown out, for the woods were not yet known to be clear of the enemy. But the main body marched down the road in column formation, the machine gunners still lugging their heavy guns and ammunition boxes.

The head of the column debouched from the woods just behind Hattonchâttel at 2 A.M On the way down, the regiment had met an ammunition train of the Germans, coming up the road. The young lieutenant commanding it had even driven his light car right in among the Americans before he realized it. The whole string of trucks ammunition, lieutenant and all, was captured.

Colonel Bearss, Colonel Alfonte, the signal officer of the Division, a chauffeur and an orderly, were the first men in the town. They found light showing through the chink of a blind and figured rightly that it was a headquarters. They fired their pistols in the air two or three times and then walked in and captured a major and four other officers. Then they went round the town and captured a whole machine gun company and supply train.

Strong patrols were sent out southeast at once to get into touch with the advance of the southern attack. But that never got to the meeting point until 9 A.M. The Twenty-sixth had won by seven hours.

Hattonchâttel and Vigneulles had both been set afire by the Germans. Hattonchâttel in particular was a beautiful spectacle, because of its position on the point of the hills. And out in the plain of the Wœvre, the little towns could be seen burning for miles, dotting the dark landscape with little glowing spots.

Strong guards had been left along the Grande Tranchée de Calonne to block the escape of the Germans that might try to cross from the southwest. It seems probable that many did escape through the woods between these guarded points, but there were hundreds who simply gave themselves up at the first opportunity.

After daylight the 101st Infantry occupied Hattonchâttel, and everybody sat down to take account of stock. The First Division could be seen deploying on the fields below, to the east of Vigneulles, and a long column of light tanks crawled round the point of the hills and up towards the front which the 52d Brigade had taken.

General Cole's regiments had had an all-night fight of it. When the shift was made, the 103d and the 104th were given as their new objectives the line from Hattonchâttel to Saint-Maurice. They met machine gun resistance all the way, but methodically worked out to the edge of the hill, arriving at daylight.

On the thirteenth, the artillery came along at last, to new positions well forward in our conquered ground. On the thirteenth, also, a distressing thing happened in Vigneulles, where General Shelton had now opened his headquarters.

Orders had been given on the twelfth to the bombing squadrons of the air service to drop a good dose on Vigneulles, then in enemy possession. The taking of Vigneulles was not known at the time they set out next morning, and they bombed our own men, hurting thirty-five.

They occupied Herbeuville and Hannonville, down on the plain, and seeing that the enemy had apparently withdrawn from Saulx, Marcheville, and Damvillers, sent out patrols and established outposts in these towns. Marcheville was afterwards abandoned, but we kept the other towns.

Fritz had left a sniping 77 out in the woods east of Vigneulles and this presently began to shell the elements of the 1st Division which were deployed on the plain. It also put shells into Vigneulles itself, and a scouting party was sent out. As soon as the piece was found, it was silenced.

In the meantime, the organization of the taken ground was begun at once. On the afternoon of the 13th, the French Dismounted Cavalry Division began to relieve our units, and our brigades shifted up to the left along the front of the hills. The boys weren't in any too great a rush to go. Not only had they been fighting twenty-four hours, but it was discovered that in the hurry of his retreat Fritz had been unable to destroy his stores. There was a fine large depot at the foot of the hill, at Vieville, full of beer and mineral water, of canned provisions and brand new trench helmets, of all sorts of things interesting and attractive. Word was somehow passed round, and companies somehow spared their ration carts for a few minutes, and that depot somehow never did get reported thoroughly, — until it was mostly too late.

General Edwards came down next morning, the fourteenth, and by chance there took place a most interesting meeting in the little town of Hattonchâttel, — for there assembled were commanding generals of the American, the British, the French, the Belgian and the Italian armies, who had come over from sheer interest in the swift accomplishment of the American army, functioning as an army for the first time.

The French Dismounted Cavalry Division moved out into the plain and took the line from Vigneulles to Thillot-sous-les-Cotes. On its left the 39th French Division took the line southward towards Creue and Heudicourt, the front established by the First Division.

The Twenty-sixth was established on the line from Thillot to Combres, with outposts at Saulx and Wadonville, in the plain. A few days later this was again extended a little to the left, to take in Les Eparges.

The burning towns died down; there was no way of putting out the fires, and they simply burned themselves out. In Vigneulles Fritz had managed to set afire a big small-arms ammunition dump, and all through the thirteenth it was popping, giving an excellent imitation of a battle all by itself.

One of the most pleasant things about the result of this Saint-Mihiel drive was the view of the rear of Mont Sec. All through the spring, in the Toul sector, the Twenty-sixth had gazed across at its face; it was a famous observation post of the Germans heavily fortified by artillery. Every Yankee longed for the day when it should be attacked.

We saw it as soon as we came out of the woods on the Grande Tranchée de Calonne, off to our right now. It had been taken by the French, and more than anything else in the whole salient, Mont Sec testified to the fact that the German High Command had not been surprised. There were only thirty-three men on top of the famous hill when the French got up, and almost no artillery.

One of the officers captured said that the Germans expected the American attack on September 9, and had not understood what had happened when the ninth, tenth and eleventh passed without any forward movement.

Stories of the adventures of the day before began to come in. Captain T. H. Cutler, the Division gas officer, had had his in the front line of the 103d. Even before the advance started, Captain Cutler saw three Boches in a shell hole, waving handkerchiefs as if they wanted to surrender.

He took William J. Daigle of Gardner, Maine, his orderly, slipped off to one side and dropped into a trench. They crept up close to the Germans and then stood up. One of the Germans knew an English phrase, and he was saying it over and over.

"Excuse me, excuse me!" he shouted. It was his translation of "Kamerad!"

Corporal H. H. Gillis, orderly for Colonel Logan, got three prisoners of his own. He was trying to start up one of the abandoned German trucks, and the men simply came down the road and surrendered to him. This was well along towards morning on the thirteenth, and by that time the Germans were surrendering every time they could find a chance.

Lieutenant Volney Bowles, signal officer for the 101st Infantry went ahead with the rush, accompanied by a squad carrying rolls of telephone wire. He hadn't enough to go the whole way, and went ahead with Corporal Harry C. Pierce to scout out some German wire, and piece his own out. Suddenly a pop-pop began, ahead of him, and the corporal went down, hit in the leg. Lieutenant Bowles threw himself on the ground and was not hit.

He rolled the corporal and himself into a ditch, and tied up the boy's hurt. Then he tried to hoist the wounded man on his back, when he suddenly saw four Germans coming up.

Close at hand was a German rifle on the ground; luckily, it was loaded. Lieutenant Bowles began firing and got two Boches. The others ran. Then he collected thirteen more prisoners, and made them carry in the wounded corporal.

James F. Carty and Harold Proctor, both Connecticut men, were also forward as observers. They got thirty-nine Boches without any fighting.

The first patrols into Vigneulles captured a whole German military band, instruments and all. The only wonder is that they didn't make the band play the other prisoners back down the long march to the American lines — fourteen kilometers.

On the road there were evidences that the Boche expected tanks. He had dug several big traps, ten feet deep and twenty across, with straight up-and-down walls. They didn't catch anything but the ration and baggage cart of Colonel Bearss.

We found also a special anti-tank gun. It is exactly the model of the ordinary rifle, but it throws a heavy pointed bullet about five eighths of an inch in diameter, and is nearly six feet long. It is so heavy that it has to be fired from a rest. Two of the things were captured.

It was even proposed to put up signs along the road, "This way to the prison pen!" and after disarming any German who turned up, to point him along the road and send him in without any guard at all.

In the count-up, we found that the Twenty-sixth had taken three majors, thirty-five officers all together, 2200 men, one delousing machine, seventy horses, a great number of camions and wagons and an immense mass of arms and material.

One battalion of the 103d took a whole battalion of Germans prisoner, more in number than their captors.

Just before this time another change in the personnel was made. Lieutenant Colonel Conselius of the engineers was relieved from the Division, and Major John Greenway took his place. Major Greenway now became lieutenant colonel and was assigned to the 101st. He was an old Yale athlete and hailed from Ajo, Arizona.

Early in September Major (then Captain) Hamilton R. Horsey joined the Twenty-Sixth Division as assistant chief of staff assigned to duty as G–2, the intelligence officer. Colonel Duncan K. Major, our chief of staff, for some reason would not allow Captain Horsey to do his work, and the situation finally became so difficult that Major John E. Hyatt, General Edwards' aide, was forced to interfere. He appealed to the general, who ordered Colonel Major to change his tactics.

It was just after the Saint-Mihiel operation that Colonel Major brought about a situation from which General Edwards extricated himself only by apologizing to the men concerned.

Our prisoners were taken to Genicourt, where a pen had been prepared to receive them, and the intelligence department had sent Lieutenant Wendt, Sergeant Thomas J. Sullivan, and other interpreters, to question them. But the prisoners came in so fast it was quickly evident that the questioners must have more help.

Colonel Warren W. Sweetser, commanding the military police, asked to have the process of examining and searching prisoners expedited, and Captain Garfinkle, the assistant judge advocate, was asked to help out. In the course of the work, he found that some of the guards who brought prisoners in had taken from the Germans things like watches, knives, compasses, pistols, and other personal belongings. These he recovered, and when he finished work put them away temporarily in his trunk. Then he left hurriedly for Bar-le-Duc, to attend the Saturday services of his religion.

In the meantime, the prisoners had been forwarded to the Corps. There some of them complained that they had been robbed by their captors, and an inquiry was at once telephoned back to the Division.

Colonel Major went to Captain Garfinkle's quarters, had his trunk opened in the captain's absence, took out the property, and ordered the captain arrested. This was done as soon as the captain returned. A court-martial developed the facts, and the captain was acquitted, General Edwards writing a letter to Captain Garfinkle to apologize for the affair.

Similar apologies were necessary upon the case of a man accused of shooting a prisoner, and an officer accused of cowardice and running away from the enemy. Investigation of these three cases,' instead of action, would probably have resulted in their being dropped without arrests or courts martial.

It was just after the Saint-Mihiel drive, also, that the Division

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

Colonel William J. Keville, commander of the 101st Ammunition Train.

Photo. by Eichler Studio, Springfield, Mass.

Lieutenant Colonel Alfred F. Foote, who commanded the 104th Infantry, later becoming division inspector.

lost the services of Lieutenant Colonel Alfonte, who had been its signal officer. He was a Southerner who had won the universal love and admiration of the Division staff, and was one of General Edwards' best trusted officers. Incidentally, on such occasions as I went to the front lines, I was fairly sure to see, at the furthest point of my advance, Colonel Alfonte out ahead of me, on his way back from some place still further forward.

Captain Smith and Major Evans had gone, and the departure of Colonel Alfonte would leave us without any signal officer at all. General Edwards asked higher authority to allow Colonel Alfonte to stay until the officer to relieve him could arrive. This was granted.

Colonel Major had delivered the order for his departure to Colonel Alfonte. He saw him at mess, and immediately afterwards sent for the officer and asked him, "Do you mean to obey this order?"

Colonel Alfonte said that General Edwards had received permission for him to stay over. Upon this Colonel Major threatened to ask for his own relief from the Division on the ground that he was not supported by the commanding officer. This, of course, would have amounted to a charge against General Edwards.

Colonel Alfonte tried to explain the situation, but Colonel Major insisted on a straightforward answer to his question. He called in Colonel Dowell as a witness and then asked Colonel Alfonte again, "Do you or do you not intend to obey this order?"

"If you put it that way," said Colonel Alfonte, "I will go to-night. I had wanted to stay long enough to get a uniform that is being made for me at Bar-le-Duc."

General Edwards was away that day. Colonel Alfonte packed up and went, and when the general heard what had happened he sent Captain N. S. Simpkins, his aide, all the way to Bar-le-Duc to express his regret at what his chief of staff had done.

Captain Simpkins caught a cold on that trip, and he never really recovered from it. When he moved into the damp, unwholesome air of the subterranean citadel at Verdun, he developed influenza, went to hospital, and died.

It was at first very doubtful just how much of the Plain of the Wœvre it was worth while to occupy in force. The town of St. Hilaire, which we held at first, was much in the position of Marvoisin in the Toul sector, except that here we held the high ground, instead of Fritz.

Nevertheless it was decided to withdraw from St. Hilaire. Before the outpost could be pulled in, the Boches tried a strong raid on it. The raid didn't get anywhere; it was broken up and left a bunch of prisoners in our hands.

Then we pulled back. The Germans promptly moved in. Colonel Bearss of the 102d, at a conference of officers, demanded and received permission to send a good big patrol into the town to show the Boches that it was no more healthy a resort for them than for us.

Colonel Bearss selected four platoons to go on the party, taking men from every battalion in the regiment. Two platoons under Captain Oberlin he sent into St. Hilaire in a frontal attack, with the mission to take prisoners. The other two platoons were to go over on the flanks of the attack, merely as support.

Then he took four more platoons and sent them over, an hour after the attack on St. Hilaire, to project round in the Warville wood. Each attack had an artillery preparation and a rolling barrage ahead of it.

The Bois de Warville party was in command of Captain A. W. Dillard, and the two captains tried to make a bet on which would bring in the most prisoners. The colonel, however, covered both bets himself.

The party at St. Hilaire found a heavy *chevaux de frise* at the entrance to the town. When they tried to pull it out of the way, a mine under the road exploded and tossed the whole squad into the air. Captain Oberlin went up with it, but luckily was not hurt.

The Americans ran into the town, but the Boches had run out of it. So they started for home again, — and down came a German barrage ahead of them. Captain Oberlin simply took his men out to one side and walked round the edge of the curtain of fire.

Captain Oberlin was later taken prisoner by the Germans, and for a long period it was not known whether he was alive or dead.

The other party brought in fifteen Roumanians from the Bois de Warville, after a rather tame rush of the woods. The only resistance was from machine guns perched in trees, which were silenced before our men got up to them by shrapnel bursts from the artillery.

The Saint-Mihiel operation was regarded as a brilliant piece of work. In the midst of it, General Cameron telephoned to General Edwards, at the time when success was assured. He said "Go to it, old boy; it's a race between you and the First Division." And in a pencilled note to General Edwards at about the same time, he said "This is your chance."

Colonel Major put it more plainly after the operation was finished. "They can't keep you from being a Corps commander now," said the chief of staff. General Edwards had been overpassed many times, when corps were being formed, and his friends had been more or less astonished. In the Division we dreaded the day when he would leave it, believing we should never get another commander who could replace him.

It was needless worry. Within a few days General Pershing drove through Troyon and passed the Division headquarters, but did not stop. No more felicitations came from General Cameron; he cited the French regiment which was on our left but did not mention the Twenty-sixth Division.

Late in September we got a delayed citation, but it was of the 102d Infantry only. Gallant as that regiment's advance had been, in column through unexplored enemy country and in the night, it was nevertheless without opposition. There was no citation for the 101st, which had done the fighting on the right, and broken the way for the 102d; no mention of the 103d and 104th, which fought right through their whole advance.

CHAPTER XIII

The Feint

As soon as the Saint-Mihiel salient had been wiped out, the Twenty-sixth Division passed again into a French Corps — the Second Colonial — commanded by General Blondlat. Division Headquarters moved from Rupt down the line to Troyon, a little village on the main road from Saint-Mihiel to Verdun, the road that followed up the Meuse valley on the east side of the river.

The first work of the command was to arrange for shelter for the troops. Everybody was cheerful, though the rains continued and the nights grew steadily colder. The officers had fine shelters, which the Boches had built with their customary thoroughness – wonderful *postes de commandement* for themselves, chalets in the woods, with commodious shelters of concrete; beautifully built and handsomely decorated houses, with piazzas commanding the views, large open fireplaces and all the comforts of home.

For the men, however, the case was harder. Camping in wet woods, without tentage, doesn't rest up weary troops, and therefore those most in need of rest were gradually withdrawn, some of them going back even across the Meuse and into the pleasant hills on the far side. Here were some old French barracks, not too comfortable and not too clean, but at least dry.

For two weeks the Division remained inactive, except for one more party organized by Colonel Bearss, and a wee party — more of a joke than a serious attack — arranged by two or three of the younger officers.

The first party was another excursion to St. Hilaire. This town had been reoccupied by the Boches and very strongly organized. It was a town not worth our taking, in the view of the High Command, but it was later on of the utmost use to Fritz, when it came to making a fight for Marcheville, nearer our line and less than one thousand yards from St. Hilaire. He got both observation and machine gun fire on Marcheville.

On a Sunday night, therefore, Colonel Bearss sent off a party to harry up St. Hilaire a little. It wasn't intended to take the town, but to comb through it for prisoners, and generally to keep the Boches aware of the presence of Americans on their front.

Major Christopher F. Lee of Dorchester was given one end of the show. He had recently come over from the 101st Infantry, been taken into the 102d and made a major. He was sent around St. Hilaire to the left of the town, and Captain Edward C. Bell of Waterbury, Connecticut, went around to the right. Each had two platoons in his party, and on each side two platoons were moved up to support them.

With Major Lee went Lieutenant Harry J. Harding of New York, a nervy young officer who had been begging in on every party that was organized by the 102d. The other platoon commander was Lieutenant H. W. Vonbernuth of New York, another sample of the fine young fellows who built up the proud reputation of the 102d Infantry.

In Captain Bell's party the platoons were commanded by Lieutenant John Fleming of Boston and Lieutenant Neil W. Hooker of Northfield, Vermont.

The plan for the raid was as daring as anything that had been conceived during the Division's stay in France. Against any but an exceedingly demoralized enemy it would have been a terribly dangerous thing to attempt, for it deliberately proposed to send off a party and then put artillery fire between that party and its own lines.

The two groups were to go off around St. Hilaire and meet on the road beyond it, on the way to the next town, Butgneville. As soon as they were in touch with each other, Captain Lee was to send up a green rocket. At this signal, our heavy artillery was to dump twenty-four big shells into St.

Hilaire. If any Germans ran out, Lee and Bell would gobble them up. If none ran out, the Americans were to count up the twenty-four shells; as soon as all had arrived, they were to rush into the town from the rear, scoop up all the Germans who might be there, and come home.

Of course, if the artillery fire happened to contain any "overs", they would land about where the raiders intended to be. Equally of course, if their presence were discovered by the Boches, they would be between two fires from St. Hilaire and Butgneville — and in mighty short range from either town. But a little thing like this didn't bother the men of the 102d nor the officers who took them out.

An artillery preparation began at 9 P.M. It was not the concentrated drumming of the bigger offensive, when we drove down the salient; since that wonderful morning much of the artillery that had been loaned to us had been taken away again for the big Meuse-Argonne offensive which was now being prepared. But it pounded all the surrounding towns with a harassing fire, to disguise the real object of our attack.

There was a little brook out in the plain, called the Longeau River. Ordinarily it was knee-deep. Now, after continuous rain, it was nearer shoulder-deep. But it had to be crossed, and there were only one or two single-plank bridges. It delayed Lee's party, which had to work its way through swampy land for more than a kilometer.

The two parties never did meet back of St. Hilaire. It is probable that one hit the road farther out than the other. Captain Bell reached the road, waited awhile for Lee, and then started back, his position being extremely dangerous unless the two parties should join. On the way back, he took seven prisoners.

Lee, not meeting Bell, didn't send up any rocket. He sent Lieutenant Harding up the road towards Butgneville, however, and Harding came to an outpost close up to the town. Six Boches were in it, and Harding captured three of them, shooting the others. In the meantime, Lee himself had scouted back towards St. Hilaire, and got four Germans who were on their way from one town to the other.

Back on the heights anxious watchers waited long for Lee's signal. The raiders started at 9:45; on their schedule, they should have met at 10:45. But up to midnight, nothing had been heard from them.

Then up went a green rocket. Just what a green rocket fired by the Boches meant at that particular date nobody ever knew. But whatever it meant to the Boches, it meant to the watcher that our two parties had come together, out there behind St. Hilaire. The Boche had very accommodatingly fired a rocket of the very color they were expecting, and had given the signal for his own strafing. Down came the heavy artillery on St. Hilaire — but nothing more happened.

The raiding parties were already on their way home across the soggy meadows. The thing had been a brilliant success, by raw luck.

On their way back, they came to one of our dugouts on the lower slope of the hill which had been shelled during the evening. It was occupied by a squad of 102d Infantry, and the men were wrathful because all eight of their rabbits had been killed. They explained that they had been carefully saving those rabbits for more than a week. Fritz had left them behind when he quit the sector so hurriedly, and the boys were planning a feast. It was only after hearing the story and questioning the men further that Lieutenant Fleming learned that one of the men, as well as the rabbits, had been hit when the shell exploded.

Two nights later Paul Hines gave a party. Paul Hines had been a Boston newspaper man, a quiet, smiling chap who had become a lieutenant and gone over to the 102d Infantry to become assistant to the adjutant. But as no reporter likes a desk job, he grabbed eagerly a chance to have a party of his own.

The regiment had a fine, big six-inch howitzer, left behind in the salient by the Germans in their rush to get away. Some shell cases had been found, all capped, and there were plenty of shells. A search round the dumps turned up what looked to be ammunition, — doughnut-shaped bags containing a sandy substance. The amateur artillerists thought it might be powder, and a real artillerist who was consulted said he believed, because of the shape of the bags, that it was powder.

Anyway, they took a chance. They borrowed from the artillery two teams of horses and a wagon to haul the ammunition. They also borrowed drivers and cannoneers. They had enough ammunition for six shots, and their little plan was to haul the gun out into No Man's Land, beyond the village of Saulx, set it up in a field, and fire point-blank at St. Hilaire with the Germans' own gun. The range was only five hundred yards, and they figured to sight the gun through the bore. Then they were going to run before Fritz could set up retaliation fire.

In the meantime, two or three camouflaged machine gun nests were planted round the gun to smear any attempt to rush it or carry it off. Through the moonlight, the gun and the wagon wound down the steep face of the hills, and out across the plain to Saulx. The Boches were nervous that night, and were cracking shells into Saulx with peevish persistence. But the young officers — half a dozen had added themselves to the party — went right along. The horses and wagon had to be sent back, of course, and the men had to heave the tremendous gun down into the roadside ditch and then up into the soft field; it was two hours of heartbreaking toil.

They whirled the gun round, set her spade, and sighted in the general direction of St. Hilaire. They loaded her without the slightest idea of how many bags made a charge. Then, lest she explode, they fired her with a long lanyard of telegraph wire. It took three of them to yank the thing, and the gun simply said "plink!" They tried it again, with a fresh primer. Same result. The gun never did go off, and when they had used up all their primers they rolled her under some trees for camouflage and came back into Saulx, bringing some of the ammunition for examination.

They went down into a dugout, a place perhaps twenty feet square, and tested that ammunition by putting most of it on a table and a double handful in a piece of newspaper on the floor, and then lighting the newspaper. If it had been powder none of the young officers would have gone in to report that fact. As it happened, the stuff was flash reducer, which the Germans put on top of their charges to smother the flame when the gun was fired. It wouldn't burn on a bet.

During this time, the men explored the salient thoroughly. The civilians in the little towns along the foot of the hill range were a never-failing source of interest. They had been prisoners of the Germans for four long years.

Everybody asked first, of course, if there were any Boche babies in this town. The inhabitants always denied it vigorously, but usually added that there were some in the next town down the line. Everywhere they said the Germans had behaved with moderation. They requisitioned all sorts of things; no civilian could keep a mattress, for instance, if a German soldier wanted one. But they paid for their laundry work, and though they forced the men of the towns to labor, they paid for that labor. The principal sympathy of the civilians was for the German soldier, who, they said, was treated with the utmost cruelty by his officers.

Very lucky for the 102d and the 103d was that bit of half-rest in the Troyon sector, — whose sub-sectors, by the way, had been named for the New England States. Connecticut and Massachusetts they were, with the various headquarters named Providence, Augusta, Montpelier and Concord. For now the 26th Division, or at least those two regiments of infantry, were to have a rôle on the opening day of the great Meuse-Argonne offensive whose real development was to be in the forest of the Argonne, far to the west of us.

Our position hinted at an attack in the direction of Metz, and such a possibility occupied a place in the minds of the Germans. Several officer prisoners assured us that while we might easily take the towns out in the plain — those towns whose calmly smoking factory chimneys were a constant temptation to any commander — we should very shortly come to a line beyond which it was impossible to pass.

But to make the hint stronger and to make the Boche keep his artillery where it was, the Division was ordered to attack two of the towns on our immediate front, Marcheville and Riaville, on September 26, the day when the big offensive was to jump off. It was a feint and intended only to disguise the real attack; we were to hold the towns only twenty-four hours.

The 102d Infantry was to make the raid on Marcheville with its first battalion; at the same time the 103d Infantry, to the left, was to attack Riaville, also with one battalion. Supporting the attack were two companies of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion, the whole of the 103d Machine Gun Battalion and two half-companies of engineers. Major Hanson commanded the attack on Riaville and had his headquarters back at Champlon, almost at the foot of the hills. Colonel Bearss, commanding on the other wing of the attack and in command of the whole operation, had headquarters in Saulx, but did not stay there. Instead, he went out with his advancing lines and into Marcheville itself, and established a command post right in the town. In some accounts he is said to have been the first man to enter Marcheville.

Each regiment of light artillery sent a battery down from the hills to positions in the plain. The 101st Artillery supported the 102d Infantry, and the 102d Artillery did as much for the 103d Infantry. The gunners had had a hard time during our occupation of this sector; the enemy could outrange guns placed back in positions on the hill tops, and whenever there was a raid on any of the towns in the plain, guns had to be hauled down the terrific grades and put as far out as possible. Afterwards, they had to be hauled back, — and the horses suffered accordingly.

The order for the raid was kept secret until the last minute. This time there was real secrecy; the company cooks were the first to get any intimation of the coming attack. They received orders to get ready two cooked meals for the men to carry along with them.

This was on September 25. After the cooks had received their orders, the officers were called in to Division Headquarters and there they were told of the next day's plan. The artillery preparation began at 11:30 that night. It was fine and thick, but compared with what we could see and hear on the north-western horizon, seemed small. The pounding on all enemy towns within reach went on steadily for six hours. At 5:30 it changed to a box barrage round each town, and the men went forward.

There was a road leading from Champlon to Riaville, and another leading from Saulx to Marcheville. And there was a little cross-country road leading from Marcheville to Riaville. Along every road, of course, were deep trenches, many of them half full of water. Fresnes, off to the left, partly blanketed Riaville, and outside of Fresnes there was a very wicked trench on the Fresnes-Marcheville road.

Here and there were little *mottes* of trees, but for the most part it was all open country. There were wicked belts of wire around every town and in front of every trench position, just to make the country more difficult.

The main attacks went up the trench systems as far as possible. Liaison was kept between them by a platoon of the 103d in charge of Lieutenant Charles E. H. Bates, a California boy who had come to the 103d Infantry less than two weeks before. It was Lieutenant Bates' first time over the top, and he won a Distinguished Service Cross during the day.

Bates sailed August 8, 1918, for France. On his arrival he was ordered to the 103d Infantry, and joined just two days before the Saint-Mihiel drive began.

How the outfit had already lost its New England character may be seen from the fact that in that liaison detachment from the 103d, Lieutenant Bates was from California, Lieutenant Baxter C. Riddle from South Carolina, Lieutenant G. I. Swett from Paris, Maine, and Lieutenant A. R. Barker from Michigan.

Bates took his party out to Saulx, the second village out on the plain, where he expected to join two platoons from the other regiment and a machine gun company. This was to be the liaison.

The shells were bursting so fast over Saulx that he put his men behind the fragments of wall still standing, and went hunting for headquarters. He didn't find them, but hung on where he was. About this time — 1 A.M. — our fire began on the outer towns.

A message came to ask if he was "all set", and then the signalmen — those heroes of every fight we ever have — came along running their wire through the night and under the double shell fire.

Bates thought he might as well get started and sent two platoons along with Lieutenant Riddle, down the ditch towards the jumping-off place. Then Lieutenant Paul Hines came along and took another platoon with him. Bates was left as liaison officer.

Up came Colonel Bearss and his staff, and wanted to know what the blue blazes Bates was doing there. Furthermore, Bates would rejoin his platoons at once. Then the colonel disappeared, and Major Lewis ordered Bates to deploy his men along the ditch by the roadside towards Marcheville. It was now getting light, though the fog and smoke lay heavy over the plain. The machine guns began to sputter.

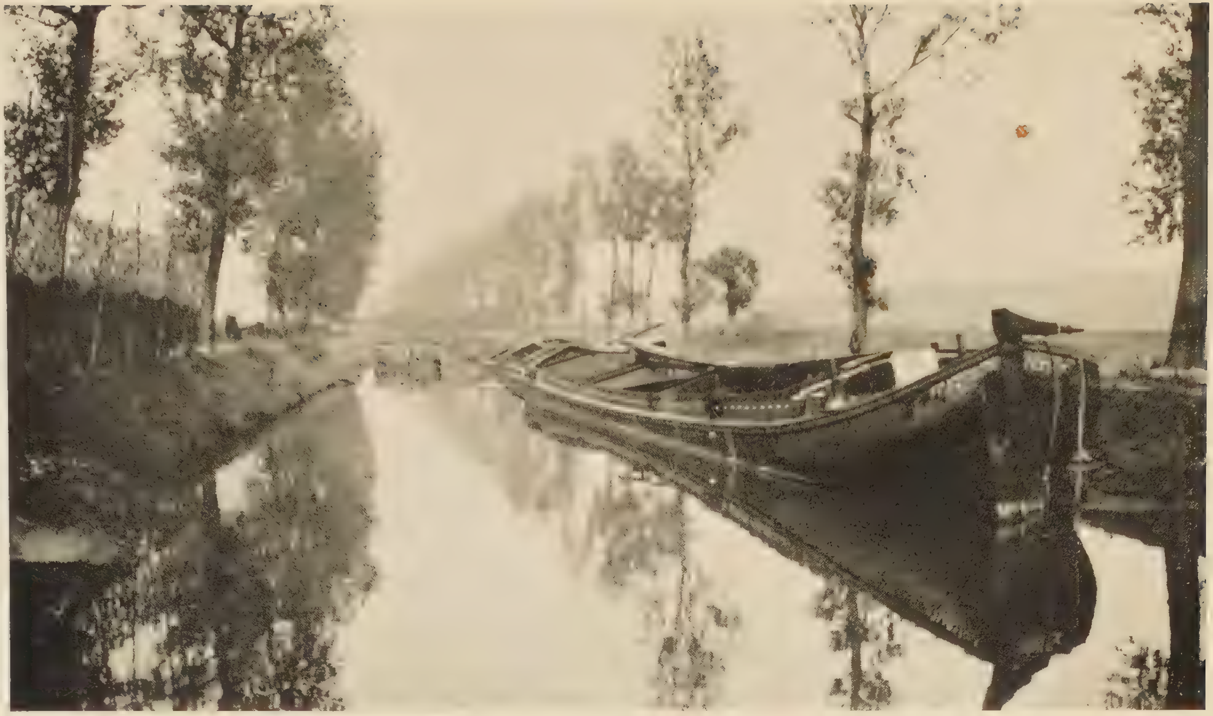
Bates went along, and began the work. In a little while, he met the colonel again, and the colonel was in a much pleased frame of mind. The hour for attacking had come, and the colonel was on his way forward.

"Go ahead and take the town," he told Bates. "You can do it."

Bates went to his men and told them what they were going to do. Then, on a whistle signal, they jumped out of that ditch, straightened their line and ran full speed across the meadows towards the town. They had two hundred or three hundred yards to go, and the machine gun and rifle fire was flying all round them, but nobody was hit.

They got right into Marcheville, and the machine guns kept firing. They hunted for the gunners, but even when they were right on top of them they couldn't find them, so well were they hidden.

September 26 came on a Thursday, just two weeks after the Saint-Mihiel drive. Monday was rainy; Tuesday and Wednesday were pleasant, and the big spongy plain dried fast. But there had been so much rain for a fortnight that there was still a great deal of mud, and the little Longeau River was bankfull.



Canal Boats, sunk and riddled by the shell-fire of four years, in the Meuse Canal, at Bras, our division headquarters north of Verdun.

Major John R. Sanborn of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion, and Lieutenant Colonel John D. Murphy, at mouth of an abri in the Verdun sector.

Fires in the Open for the first time in Four Years. At the front line on armistice day.

There was a late moon on Wednesday night. Early in the evening everything quieted down. For many nights Fritz had been nervously shelling this and that town, and in daylight his harassing fire never ceased; but on Wednesday night he seemed to conclude that nothing was coming off and so let his guns cool a bit. Our artillerymen, of course, were getting what little sleep they might before their long labor should begin.

At 5:30 it was still dark. There was faint moonlight, and a great fat morning star, and a cold, windless air throbbing with the thump of the guns. Everywhere were singing the fool French birds, that don't know enough to move out of fighting country.

The men were allowed an hour to go to their objectives; then the artillery was to change to "interdiction fire." On signal, it would change back to the box barrage, — and so stubborn was the resistance of Marcheville that the artillery had to respond to the call for box barrage seven times during the day.

Finally Lieutenant Paul H. Smart, who had been sent forward as artillery liaison officer with the infantry, succeeded — it was 4 P.M. — in getting back through the heavy enemy barrage to the infantry telephone station east of Saulx. He brought a message from Colonel Bearss that the enemy were pressing him heavily, and a request for a new barrage to the north of Marcheville. This barrage was drawn up and laid and repeated a number of times until after nightfall, when the withdrawal was made from Marcheville.

At the start of the attack, all that could be seen from the brow of the hills was a great white blanket of fog and smoke. The night-long artillery fire and the natural fog hung together on the plain, and as the men went forward they created an artificial smoke screen of their own. The smoke screen itself hindered the progress of our attack, which was necessarily slower than provided in the orders. That is, the smoke hid our men, but it also hid the Boche machine guns from them, so that more than once they did not discover the machine gun until they were within twenty feet of it. Boches in shell holes, throwing grenades, also had the best of it because of this same smoke screen.

Major E. E. Lewis (afterwards Lieutenant Colonel Lewis) had direct command of the battalion attacking Marcheville. Colonel Bearss tucked a box of cigars under his arm and started for Marcheville himself, taking Major Lewis and Lieutenant Colonel James L. Howard with him. Colonel Howard was the liaison officer of the operation.

As the troops approached Marcheville, they developed machine guns at every possible corner. They flanked them out in the now well understood way, and though there were a good many casualties, they got into the town itself. Marcheville consisted of one street lined with ruined houses, and at the southwestern side some big storehouses or barns. The town was simply full of machine gun nests, pill boxes, snipers and grenade throwers. Ruined buildings, broken-down walls, even innocent-looking sheets of tarpaper, all concealed the deadly machine guns.

As fast as anything began to sputter, however, the men rushed it and, if the Huns stayed with the game, downed every man in hand-to-hand fighting. In most cases, however, the Germans ran as soon as the Americans charged. During the day the 102d took thirty-nine prisoners.

Colonel Bearss found a dugout at the upper end of the town, an underground shelter with two doors. The body of the dugout was shaped like a capital U, with the two horns towards the enemy. Here he established his headquarters and sent back a runner to announce his whereabouts. The runner was wounded long before he could get back to Saulx, and the great majority of runners who tried to make that trip on that day were hit.

By this time the Germans had reorganized in St. Hilaire, and were preparing the first of four counter-attacks which they made during the day. Colonel Bearss ordered Lieutenant Bates, who had come in to report himself, back to his platoon and told him to stay in position, promising to send him some more men.

Bates went back, but found that while he was gone somebody had moved his platoon off. At the same time he saw a column of Boches coming down a trench from St. Hilaire towards Marcheville. He realized that Colonel Bearss' party was in danger of being cut off, and as he said later to me, "I thought a second lieutenant was less important than a colonel." So he undertook to stay alone in the position and fight the approaching column as long as he lasted. An automatic rifle was lying near him and he began to fire on the Boches in the trench with it. He didn't understand the weapon, however, and when a man came along who did, Bates turned it over to him and took an ordinary rifle. They kept up the fire long enough to make the Boches take another way into Marcheville and then simply held their ditch until along in the afternoon.

Four times the American troops were driven back from the town. From the hill the spectacle was wonderful; first our line would close in, following artillery fire, and then the German shells would smother the place. Then came always the let-up while the German infantry worked forward. Our boys would come tumbling back to an elbow in the trench beyond which they could not be enfiladed. Then down would come our artillery on Marcheville again, and up would go the line. From each end of the town they went forward, and always there was the frontal threat.

In Colonel Bearss' dugout, the first notice to quit came in the form of a shell that blew in one of the doors and wounded five men of the liaison group. The party went out of the other door and tried to make a stand in the square of the town. They fought with their pistols until ammunition began to run low. It seems probable that they remained in the dugout right through at least one of the counter-attacks without being discovered. At any rate Colonel Howard, who was directing their fight, judged that they would better drop back into the trench outside the town. To do this they had to hop, one by one, through a breached wall. The Boches had the breach under fire from a machine gun, and it was risky business making the jump. But every man got through unhurt.

They had gone into Marcheville between 9 and 10 A.M.;

they came out at 4 P.M., and they were back again and in full possession of the town, according to Colonel Bearss' official report, when the hour for withdrawal came at 7:45.

Over on the left, Major Hanson's battalion had an even tougher proposition to face. They were seen earlier by their opponents and driven to cover in the little clumps of trees before they ever got up to Riaville at all.

The Germans promptly shelled the clumps of trees, and Hanson's men, going forward instead of back, moved up to the second trench line. Twice they got up close to the town only to be held up by machine gun fire.

Major Hanson called for artillery on the town, and the Germans were heavily pounded, our boys going right up to the edge of the falling rain of projectiles. At 12:30 the artillery ceased, and the infantrymen made their way right into the town.

The story thenceforward was exactly the same as that at Marcheville. Twice Hanson's battalion was driven back from Riaville, and twice it returned. Throughout the day it stayed with its job. The withdrawal, at dark, was prettily made, the two outfits coming back in echelon, one staying on to protect while the other withdrew halfway, and then the movement being reversed.

The party going up to Riaville was in command of Captain T. D. Bonney of Rumford Falls. The men in his outfit were from Dexter, Maine, and Manchester, New Hampshire. With Captain Bonney went Lieutenant Guthrie Cole of New York and Lieutenant Oscar J. Nusser of Chicago, a former newspaper man. He had also Lieutenant T. R. Pearsall of Ann Arbor, Michigan, Lieutenant Merrill Macintire of Presque Isle, Maine, and Lieutenant William S. Jutra, his second in command, from Manchester, New Hampshire.

Captain W. H. Woods of Rumford Falls had with him Lieutenant George H. Bourque of Waterville, who was killed getting over the wire, Lieutenant Leroy Bruce, Lieutenant Danielson and Lieutenant Prendergast.

Lieutenant F. J. Burbank had a company, and so had Lieutenant G. I. Swett. With Burbank went Lieutenant

John S. Moran of New York and Lieutenant R. S. Wilson of Austin, Texas. With Swett went Lieutenant Lothrop of Leominster, Massachusetts, Lieutenant A. R. Barker of Detroit, and Lieutenant B. C. Riddle of North Carolina.

This battalion went out the night before the attack on Riaville, like everybody else, and hunted up their positions along the road. A party of men coming along showed up against the sky-line.

"They must be some of our men moving into position," everybody thought, and waited. Presently they were near enough to challenge, but they "failed," as the young sprout of a lieutenant who told me put it, "to make a satisfactory reply." For which Bostonian-sounding phrase I could have kissed him.

The Americans fired, whereupon the Boches shouted, "We are Americans."

"Old stuff!" replied the boys, continuing to fire.

The morning broke, and Captain Bonney began to move his men off to the right, his own company in advance. He couldn't get in touch with the other regiment, attacking Marcheville, so he came back again, and tried to go up from two little ditches towards the left end of Riaville.

Twice artillery was called for on Riaville and twice the men were taken up towards the town. But the morning had grown bright, and every foot of the way was under observation. The precious hours of dusky dawn were gone.

At the place where they must leave the ditch and go across lots up to the wire, Captain Bonney sent up two men to look for gaps. They did not return, and he sent two more to look for them. Both were dead by the wire.

Word came from the major that more artillery was to be thrown, and to wait for his order to advance again. The order to advance at 12:30 arrived at one o'clock. This is not anybody's fault; I tell it to show the difficulties of liaison, and the consequent impossibility of schedule concerted action.

In that connection, I must tell of the work of one man this day. He was Jerry Tryon, of the 102d Infantry, who has been mentioned before. He was used as a runner, and was given the most important order of the day by Lieutenant Smith, the message centre officer, to carry to Colonel Bearss. It was the order for retirement, stating the hour. Lieutenant Smith impressed it upon Tryon that it was to be given into Colonel Bearss' own hand, and Tryon started.

Now Colonel Bearss was not in Saulx, where his headquarters were supposed to be. He was up in the thick of the fight, and really hemmed in. Between Marcheville and Saulx was a zone of death, industriously pounded every minute by the Boche to keep any possible reinforcements from coming out. It was no healthy-looking strip of country that noon. But Tryon went along, climbing over dead and getting out of the way of stretchers, and actually penetrated to the front, into the middle of the scrap, found the colonel and delivered the message. And I, who watched that fight, tell you that it was cold drawn nerve that made that trip.

Tryon came from Saybrook, Connecticut. He already had the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre, and he fought at the Chemin-des-Dames, at Seicheprey, and through the Saint-Mihiel and the Château-Thierry drives.

There was a Red Cross man who distinguished himself that day at Riaville, also, — a New Englander from North Dakota, by the Yankee name of Andreas Nilsen. He was attached to Captain Bonney's company, and when one of the officers was hit, out beyond the wire, he went out and started back with him.

By way of understanding this, let some one of your friends who weighs 160 or so hang a lot of hardware on him and go out and lie down in a field. Then you, also hung about with hardware, go out and pick him up and carry him in through barbed wire entanglements, while a hundred or so others throw rocks at you. Imagine those rocks to be high-power bullets and shell fragments, and you can get the idea.

Nilsen got as far as a shell hole, — 50 yards or so, — and then perceived that both he and the officer would be killed if he persisted. So he stopped, left the officer in the shell hole, and went back to the company to tell of the situation.

Cyrus Wallace of Dexter, Maine, and Corporal Hervé L'Heureux of Manchester, New Hampshire, volunteered to go back with Nilsen, and the three brought in the wounded man.

Lieutenant Frederick M. Linton, General Shelton's aide, made his name and fame in the attack on Marcheville, — and lost his life. He came down to Saulx with a message from the brigade just in time to hear from a runner who had got through the barrage that Colonel Bearss, Colonel Howard and Major Lewis were surrounded in Marcheville.

Lieutenant Linton gathered up what men he could find in Saulx. At the moment a battery of artillery was hidden in the edge of that town, and an ambulance and first-aid station was located on the inner side of the town. He got some twenty-five men together and led them towards Marcheville, not through the trenches but straight across country in face of the enemy fire.

He actually got his men up abreast of the little liaison group, which by this time was out of Marcheville and in the corner of the trench. Then they signalled to him, and he joined them. In the next counter-attack, Lieutenant Linton took his men right along into the town. He was hit on the way in, but not seriously enough to stop him. Only a few moments later he received a second wound, a fatal one this time. He was cited by Colonel Bearss and was given the posthumous decoration of the Distinguished Service Cross.

Lieutenant Paul Hines was in that little fighting group round Colonel Bearss. He was all through the fighting, everywhere grinning as if he enjoyed the mess. And in the afternoon he distinguished himself by rushing out over the open ground from the trench to rescue a wounded officer. He took two men with him to what looked like certain death; but the party in the trench spread out and opened up such active fire on the Germans at the southern end of Marcheville that Hines was able to get back safely. He was given the Distinguished Service Cross in January, and the men with him were also decorated.

Lieutenant John Humbird of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion was another man who won his Distinguished Service Cross that day at Marcheville. He was all over the place, helping his men to set up their guns right out in the open with a supreme disregard of safety. Yet he came through without being touched. Colonel Bearss, Colonel Lewis and Major Howard were all decorated with an oak leaf on the cross.

General Blondlat, the French corps commander, was so much impressed by the behavior of the Yankees that he recommended and received a decoration for the whole first battalion of the 102d Infantry.

Thirty-two officers and men, besides those named, received decorations for this engagement; they included the two regimental surgeons, the commanders of the ambulance service and the chaplain of the 102d.

Once more the quiet settled down on the sector, and once more the Yankees stirred up that quiet. On the morning of October 2, a raid was sent over to the Warvilles woods and the Hautes-Epines woods, in conjunction with the French. Artillery fire of an hour and a half was put down, and the mixed party pranced through the woods and picked up forty-nine prisoners. It was a lively morning party, going off at 6:40.

Captain Hanson of Waltham — for the party was given by the 101st Infantry — took his men up in four successive waves, well scattered. Our wide-flung line went slanting off cross-lots to the left of the Bois de Warville, following closely our barrage, which was falling on St. Hilaire and the wood.

There was a long arm of the wood, fairly thick, which stretched out towards our left. Round this our men went in a long curve, with the lieutenants carefully timing the swing and keeping the line. It was gingerly maneuvering in the dark, but the Yankees did it. The officers who went along with Hanson were Lieutenant George Goodrich of Worcester, commanding the company originally from that city; Lieutenant P. F. O'Brien of Charlestown, Lieutenant Frank P. O'Neil of South Boston, Lieutenant W. R. Orchard of New York, Lieutenant Lyle M. Prouse of Providence, Lieutenant Thomas F. Healey, the wearer of a Distinguished Service Cross in the medical corps, and Lieutenant Ralph G. Hadley, who went along as the line-of-communication man.

So they came into the woods from behind, and the first thing the Boche knew of it was that fire began to come from behind him. He ran as fast as he knew how, but we got forty-nine of him, of whom one was an officer.

On October 5, the observers reported a concentration of Germans in a battalion command post which had been located in the Harville woods. As soon as it became dark, a battery was sneaked down off the heights and up to the northeast of Hannonville, and threw in a fine heavy mixture of mustard gas and high explosive.

Nothing happened that night but all next day we could see the endless procession of Boche ambulances working at the rear of the wood. Three nights later Fritz retaliated, gassing Hannonville and Herbeuville heavily. He got a few of our men who had no shelter protection; they could only put on masks and take it as it came.

Our relief was now at hand. Nobody knew just what was coming next, but everybody believed we were to be put into some part of the Argonne fight, which was by this time progressing wonderfully.

Gossip was already wondering how long the Germans could hold out. For a long time their lines had caved in everywhere the Allies attacked in strength. Long after the war ended, Marshal Ludendorff said that the turning point for Germany came on August 8. Then it became apparent, not that a great victory had been won on that day, but that the resistance of the Boche was no longer stiff. The soldiers had been weakened.

In a letter dated July 31, I had mentioned guardedly the prediction that was flying round in our Division, that the war would be ended by the New Year. In early August, I became enough convinced of this to make several wagers; after the Saint-Mihiel push almost everybody in our Division was convinced, and by the time the Argonne offensive was under way it seemed to us only a matter of weeks.

Months afterwards, General Harbord told me that the American High Command did not believe, even up to the end, that the Germans would sign the armistice terms as offered.

The High Command, of course, knew the general situation better than anybody in one division could know it, but it was always interesting to me to see how much more accurate the intuitions and observations made in the front line were proved to be by the outcome.

During our occupation of the Troyon sector, many more changes were made in the personnel of the Division. In the 104th Infantry, Colonel McCaskey was succeeded by Colonel B. F. Cheatham on September 28. Colonel Cheatham was a Yankee from Tennessee, a short, crisp officer of wonderful personality who had been in the quartermaster's department and who came rejoicing to command a line regiment.

Lieutenant Colonel John F. J. Herbert, who had carried the 102d Field Artillery gloriously through the fighting in the fall, was left a lieutenant colonel, and Colonel J. A. Mack was put in to command, October 9.

Colonel P. D. Glassford, who had the 103d Field Artillery, was promoted to brigadier general and was given our artillery brigade, succeeding Colonel O. W. B. Farr in the command. Colonel J. A. Twachtman came to take command of the 103d Artillery.

Major F. B. La Crosse came to command the 101st Field Signal Battalion on October 1. Major H. L. Bowen took the 103d Machine Gun Battalion on the eighteenth. Major William Denton was given the sanitary train on October 1. On September 28 Captain W. L. Morrison took command of the Division Headquarters troop, foreshadowing the departure of Captain Ford to the 35th Division.

Major Henry Wheelock took the supply train, replacing Major T. C. Baker who had been grabbed by the Higher Command on the strength of his wonderful record. Captain John R. Sanborn took command of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion on October 19, succeeding Major John D. Murphy. Major Murphy was promoted to lieutenant colonel, one of the youngest of that grade in the entire army, and was made division machine gun officer.

CHAPTER XIV

At the High-Tide Mark

During the early days of October, the Division was pulled back from the Troyon sector and moved up to reserve positions near Verdun. Headquarters moved first to Lempire, on the west side of the Meuse, and then, twenty-four hours later, to the citadel of Verdun itself. The infantry went up by stages, marching afoot, to the terrible hills below the Mort Homme, on the west bank, and the artillery, first concentrating at Rupt-en-Wœvre, went to positions southwest of Verdun, set up horse-lines and began cleaning equipment and resting up horses and men. It was a short respite for them; for the infantry it was hardly that. The men were without shelter except for pup tents, and on the muddy, filthy hills that had been a battle ground they did not improve.

About this time the influenza epidemic made its appearance. There had been more or less influenza in the Troyon sector, but now the evacuations ran up from day to day until our losses from this cause were serious.

The surgeons discovered an interesting thing about treating the disease. No matter in how dirty, unsanitary a hole a man fell sick, he had a better chance of recovery there than if he were littered to an ambulance, jolted to a *triage* at the rear *echelon*, transferred to another ambulance, hauled to an evacuation hospital, and then sent by train to a base hospital.

Rum was found to work wonders, not only with the men who had begun to be sick with influenza, but as a prophylactic for those not yet infected. At Division Headquarters definite improvement and quick recovery were made by Colonel Dowell and Lieutenant Bowen, whom I treated with rum brought from Paris. No officer who took rum regularly, three times a day, fell ill from influenza, but many who did not take rum had the disease.

In the Division little was heard of the plans of the general staff, of course. The daily progress of the Argonne offensive to the west of us formed the only foundation for guesses as to where the Twenty-sixth would be used, though it was assumed that the Division's post would be somewhere north of Verdun itself.

It was just at this time that the American Second Army was being organized. Many American divisions were concentrated near the line which was constantly being pushed eastward and forming one more salient. Headquarters of the Twenty-sixth Division closed at Troyon October 8, opened at Lempire next day, and underground in the citadel of Verdun on October 10. Reconnoissance was immediately made of the ground to the north of the city, especially on the east side of the Meuse.

The hills, bare in this section, rose abruptly from the river on the east; on the other side there was more room between the river and the foothills. The line ran down with a concavity in it on the front eventually given to the Division, — and it was this concavity that caused a good deal of the last troubles of the Yankees.

The first orders for the move arrived from higher authority on October 6. On that date the French Dismounted Cavalry and elements of the 79th (American) Division began to relieve our outpost and line of resistance units. The artillery and the engineers were ordered to remain where they were for the time being.

Being army reserve, the Yankee Division was definitely out of the 2d Colonial Army Corps. But a new system of taking the front was now shown to us; the policy of the French on the Verdun front, where units were worn down to their last pound of strength, was to put in newcomers unit by unit, so that a division might last the longer in line. This was the place where, according to French belief, meters of gain were worth as much as kilometers elsewhere.

As a matter of fact, the German defence was so strongly organized north of Verdun that progress was extremely difficult under any circumstances. In the pressure of necessity which urged the Germans in October, 1918, the resistance had become almost impregnable. The enemy occupied positions in the hills of great natural strength, which he had improved with all the skill at his command. He backed up his position with a concentration of artillery and had the most nearly perfect liaison between his guns and his front lines that we had ever seen. He could direct fire with a speed and accuracy that was almost uncanny.

This region was the neck of the German bottle, through which ran his great east-and-west railroad system. All his escaping troops, moving back from the offensive in the Argonne, were forced to go past our front, as one might put it. How important the Germans themselves felt the position to be may be seen from a captured official German document.

Vth Army Staff
Ia No. 10619 Secret

Army Headquarters, Oct. 1, 1918.

According to information in our possession, the enemy is about to attack the Vth army east of the Meuse and try to push toward Longuyon. The object of this attack is to cut the Longuyon-Sedan line, the most important artery of the Army of the West. Moreover, the enemy's intention is to render it impossible for us to exploit the Briey basin, on which depends in large part our steel production. Thus the heaviest part of the task will once more fall on the Vth army in the course of the combats in the coming weeks, and the safety of the Fatherland will be in its hands. It is on the unconquerable resistance of the Verdun front that depends the fate of a great part of the west front, perhaps even of our nation. The Fatherland must rest assured that every commander and every man realizes the greatness of his mission and that he will do his duty to the very end. If we do this the enemy's attack will, as heretofore, break against our firm will to hold.

The Commander in Chief,
Von der Marwitz,
General of Cavalry and Adjutant General.

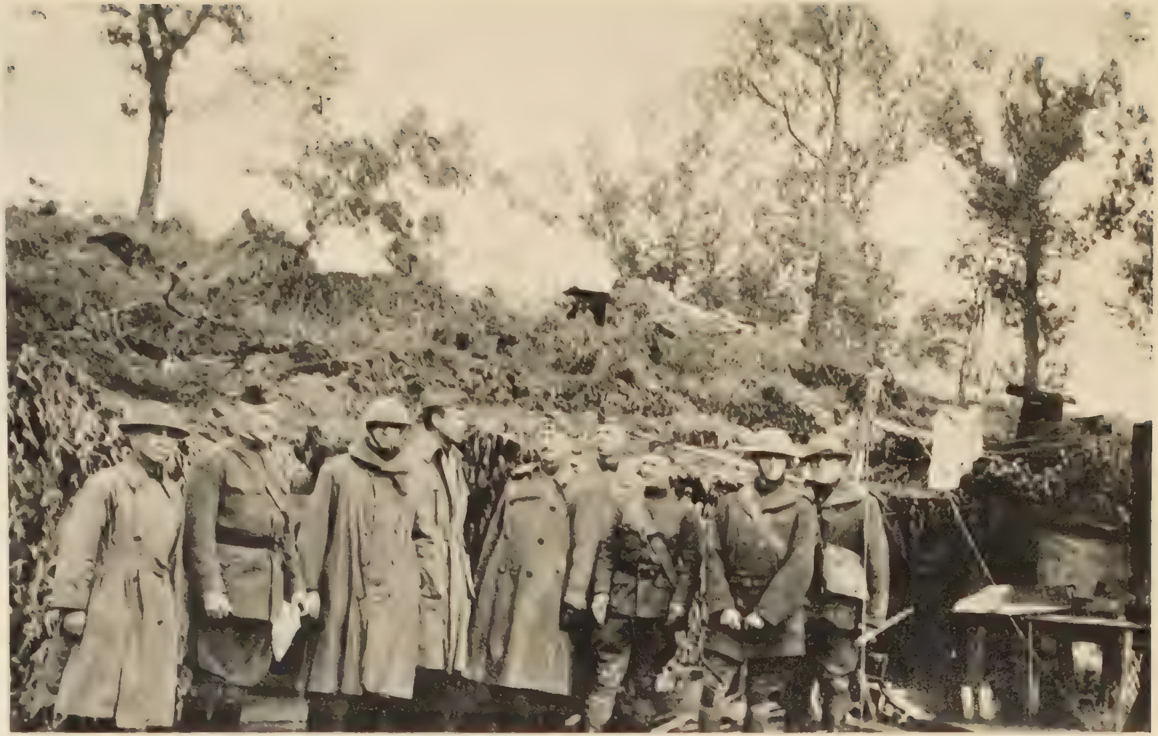
To ensure that the front would hold, the Germans concentrated there the best troops at their disposal. The answer of the Allies was to so conduct the attack on them that as many German divisions as possible should be pinned there, and thus diverted from the defence of the Argonne sector.

Long after the armistice, a lecturer from the General Headquarters came to the Yankee Division to explain to our officers the grand strategy of the war. He said frankly that the Yankee Division was used by the American Expeditionary Forces for the purpose of holding as many German divisions opposite it as possible. The intention was to attack night and day, without any let-up, and though great gains were not expected, the Division was to be used up in its attack, to be thrown forward constantly, as long as there was any of it left to fight.

On October 11, the first unit of the Twenty-sixth went in to relieve part of the 29th Division. The 104th Infantry, which had been lying in the Bourrus woods, went to the barracks on the Cote d'Oie, or Goose Hill, relieving the 114th Infantry. On the thirteenth, the 104th moved again, crossing the Meuse and going into the Brabant-Samogneux area, where it became the corps reserve of the 17th (French) Army Corps. The 103d moved up to Goose Hill, and General Cole established his headquarters at Cumieres, on the river itself.

The 17th Corps had its headquarters at Regret, just outside of Verdun and southwest of the city. Its attacks were all directed to an attempt to get the high ground and observation points north of Verdun and east of the river. To get them would ensure protection of the right flank of the forces fighting west of the Meuse.

At first the attack was concerted and general, with orders to keep going rather than to take limited objectives. It made little general progress, and by the time the Twenty-sixth came into the area the tactics had changed to smaller, more localized attacks with limited and special objectives. The fighting promised — and it kept its promise — to be of the most desperate character. The great Montmedy-Mézières railroad line, the assembly area in the rear of the Germans, where they had put together their great force for the attack on Verdun in 1916; the supply depots and the valuable observation points, all made the prize in front of the Americans



MAJOR GENERAL EDWARDS' FAREWELL TO HIS COMMANDERS, OUTSIDE HIS CAMOUFLAGED HEADQUARTERS, BRAS, OCT. 23, 1918.

Left to right: Col. Cheatham, Gen. Edwards, Gen. Cole, Gen. Glassford, Col. Hume, Col. Sweetser, Col. Goodwin, Gen. Shelton, Col. Bearss.

French soldiers awaiting President Poincaré outside the citadel of Verdun.

of immense value; but the Germans had been improving their position steadily for four years, and it was organized as strongly as any part of the whole western front.

The abrupt ridges and narrow ravines were intended to be contested inch by inch. Some of the valleys were full of skeletons, with rags of old uniforms still clinging to them; Douamont, Marre, the Mort Homme, Fort de Vaux, all the famous spots in Verdun's ring of defence, lay now in our area.

The Corps had made progress towards Sivry, on the west end of its sector, a little mass of ruins lying down by the river and on its east bank. When we went in, there were the 10th (French); the 29th (United States) commanded by General Morton, who had commanded the Massachusetts men on the border of Texas during the march from El Paso to Las Cruces, New Mexico; the 18th (French), the 26th (French), and elements of the 33d (United States). To the north and northeast the line had been pushed forward to take the Chaume wood, a hill (known as Hill 382), the Molleville Farm woods and part of the Haumont woods.

The fighting had been exhausting and costly. Units were quickly used up and worn out; when this happened they were relieved by fresh units from divisions in reserve. It was following this policy that the Twenty-sixth was to be fed into the line, first a regiment and then a brigade. Units of the Thirty-third were fed into sector opposite Sivry and the Consevoye woods, and on their right the 29th American was gradually replacing the 10th French.

Where the Tenth went in, the French had, by the hardest kind of fighting, won about half of the Haumont woods, an exceedingly important height north of Caures woods. Our regiment went up, marching twenty-four kilometers on the night of October 15–16, and was ordered to attack next morning. The attacking force was composed of Companies A, D and E, with one platoon of Company G and one platoon of Company H in support. Sixteen French tanks — of the light type — went ahead of the attack, which followed closely after a barrage.

The tanks failed completely. It had been raining continuously for two days previous, and the ground had become a sea of mud, — deep, slippery, and seamed and scarred from end to end with shell holes and trenches. The tanks stalled, mired, and were abandoned by their crews; of the sixteen that started, only one came back.

The Boches had hidden machine guns thickly in every hollow and at concreted strong points in every trench. The advance was bitterly contested and was made by small groups of men, crawling from shell hole to shell hole. Without the tanks, the infantry found itself in very poor going. Here and there an advanced section made a point and clung to it. Acts of individual gallantry under the storm of fire were plenty, but no general success could be made. In the end the battalion had to withdraw to the line of departure, with losses which, while not heavy, were serious in view of the already depleted condition of the regiment.

Meanwhile the other units of the Division were moving up. The artillery and engineers rejoined, the guns coming in under a heavy gas and shell concentration to positions well forward on the east bank of the river.

The relief of the French Division by the Twenty-sixth was completed on October 18. The sector was known as the Neptune sector, and Division Headquarters opened at Bras, under the abutment of a ruined bridge across the Meuse.

The artillery was reinforced by additions lent by the French, and the big 14-inch naval guns came up on the far side of the river and squatted there on their trains. All day and all night they elevated their wicked snouts, regarded the heavens for a moment, and belched forth a great globe of flame and smoke. As soon as they fired, the guns lowered their long necks and disappeared below the sky-line, — and ten minutes later reared their heads again and spoke.

It was an unhappy time in the Twenty-sixth. General Shelton had come down with influenza on October 14 and had been evacuated. In the bed next to him in the Evacuation Hospital at the side of the road to Souilly lay Captain Nat S. Simpkins, General Edwards' aide, who was taken down on October 12. Colonel Bearss had taken command of Shelton's brigade. Lieutenant Colonel E. E. Lewis, who had just been promoted, took command of the 102d. General Edwards himself was not at all well, but kept up somehow. His senior aide, Major John W. Hyatt, had been sent away to school, and he took Lieutenant Daniel Willard, Jr., on to help him out.

Lieutenant John Pendleton King, who was our Division liaison officer, was another man sent to hospital on October 12. He was sick for six weeks, rejoining the Division only when it was in a rest area at Montigny le Roi.

On October 17, General Edwards had another blow, the severest one that fate could deal him. He learned through a newspaper dispatch that his daughter Bessie had died at Camp Meade, near Washington, where she was in training for nursing. No cable message had been allowed to come from Mrs. Edwards to him, and his own officers had to break the news to him.

For many days General Edwards had been under the heaviest responsibility; an attack was impending that promised the most desperate fight in the whole gallant record of the Twenty-sixth; he was terribly worried over the condition of Captain Simpkins.

The news of his bereavement ran through the Division, and every man suffered with the general. He was the most beloved and adored commander I have ever known, as well as the most gallant officer and gentleman. His personal grief was the grief of every man under him, and Chaplain O'Connor, writing to him, spoke for all of them. His letter said:

> My dear General Edwards: — I know how futile are words to assuage the grief that has come to you in the loss of your only daughter. I know how dear she was to you, and her loss by death at a time when you are far from home and so deeply interested in the destinies of the men under your command will draw from you all the virility of your manhood to sustain the blow.
>
> I realize that a heart like yours, which has caused you to show so much sympathy for afflicted parents and wounded soldiers must feel deeply the grief that has come to you. Were it possible for the officers and men under your command to lighten this burden, every man of them would feel it an honor if his life could restore hers to you.

But we are powerless; yet if there be consolation in knowing that there are thirty thousand hearts which desire to lessen your sorrow, the Twenty-sixth Division grieves with you.

May God, who has placed this burden on you and your good wife, give both of you the strength to accept it with Christian fortitude.

Sincerely yours,
M. J. O'CONNOR, Chaplain.

An attack was preparing for October 23. The regiments were already depleted; the weather had been very bad, and the terrain was of terrible difficulty. The troops were living in conditions that were rapidly affecting both health and morale, and the missions set for them were of a character to daunt the bravest.

General Edwards was working night and day to get ready for the attack. Then, on October 22, the blow fell. He received a letter from General McAndrews to the effect that in pursuance of a new policy that had been adopted by our General Headquarters, generals who had had experience on the fighting front would be sent home to train new divisions, and that he, General Edwards, had been selected as the first to go under this new policy. In a footnote, General McAndrews offered General Edwards his condolences on the death of his daughter.

On the heels of this message came word from the hospital that Captain Simpkins was very low, and could not recover. The influenza had become complicated by nephritis, and pneumonia had made its appearance.

General Edwards sent word immediately to Captain Simpkins' two brothers, Captain John Simpkins, of the 102d Field Artillery and Lieutenant William Simpkins, General Shelton's aide. Captain John Simpkins managed to get to the hospital shortly before noon and found his brother still conscious. But he lapsed into a coma and died early in the afternoon.

The press of work necessary on the day before an attack held General Edwards for some hours after the news reached him that Captain Simpkins could not live. When he finally could leave Bras, his headquarters, he was too late. His aide had passed away before the general arrived at the hospital.

General Edwards went back to his headquarters and took up again the labor of preparing for the morrow's attack. I ventured to suggest to him that as the operation promised to be very difficult and costly, it might help if the men knew that this was the last time they would have the opportunity to go forward for General Edwards. He lent me his car and a guide, and I went out to Colonel Bearss' brigade headquarters above the town of Haumont.

Colonel Bearss wrote the order far underground, and runners took copies out to every platoon. It said:

> "Every officer, non-commissioned officer and man, is depended upon to uphold the glorious traditions of the Twenty-sixth Division. All hell's flying artillery cannot stop this brigade when it has once gone into action."

General Edwards was told to remain with the Division until the officer who was to relieve him should arrive. He conducted the attack of the twenty-third, and in the evening sent out a citation of the attacking brigade. It read:

> 1. The Division command extends to the commanding officer, 51st Infantry Brigade, and the officers and men of the following organizations, his hearty congratulations on their great success in the operations of this date for the capture of the heights of the Meuse in the region of Le Houppy Bois and Belleu Bois: 51st Infantry Brigade; 101st Infantry; 102d Infantry; 101st Machine Gun Battalion; 102d Machine Gun Battalion; Detachment, 101st Field Signal Battalion; Detachment, 101st Sanitary Train; 282d Aero Squadron (French); Balloon No. 25 (French); 51st Artillery Brigade; and 1st Battalion, 211th Field Artillery (French).
>
> 2. The attack as planned was difficult of execution, and only to be attempted by trained troops. You carried it out like the veterans you are, and with a dash and valor worthy of the best traditions of the Twenty-sixth Division.
>
> C. R. Edwards, Major General Commanding.

The general had already, on the twenty-second, called all his commanding officers in to Headquarters, and had bidden them good-by. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, he issued his farewell order to the Division. It said:

> 1. In compliance with Paragraph 48, Special Orders No. 293, General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, the undersigned relinquishes command of the Twenty-Sixth Division.
>
> 2. He thanks the Division for its loyalty to him and for what it has accomplished in the common cause. He bespeaks for his successor in command the same loyalty and devotion, and he leaves the Division in full confidence that its same fine work will continue to the end.
>
> C. R. Edwards,
> Major General Commanding.

To the 51st Brigade of Artillery, General Edwards sent a farewell order, as follows:

> 1. To the artillery of the Twenty-Sixth Division is due my expression of admiration for its efficiency and fighting qualities, and for its indefatigable support of our fine infantry. Artillery can desire no higher tribute than the conscious fact that it had gained the confidence, reliance and thanks of the infantry.
>
> 2. During more than eight months of fighting service the spirit of loyalty displayed by every officer and man of the Fifty-First Field Artillery Brigade toward his duty, toward the Yankee Division and toward the Division commander, has been fine.
>
> 3. The record of the Fifty-First Artillery Brigade in the second battle of the Marne is glorious. It went with, supported and protected the infantry in its advance of 18½ kilometers by Château-Thierry, and afterwards, in succession, two other divisions in the advance from the Marne to the Vesle for a period of eighteen days, between July 18 and August 4, with a gain of over 40 kilometers. It is a record of which the entire division and our country justly may be proud.
>
> I congratulate and thank the artillery brigade of the Yankee Division.
>
> C. R. Edwards,
> Major General Commanding.

On October 24, Brigadier General Frank E. Bamford came to Bras, and General Edwards left the Division that he had organized and commanded through so glorious a year of fighting. Under him the Yankees had defended every sector they had been given to hold and broken through every opposition when they were ordered to advance. They had won the admiration and unstinted praise of the French in every sector and decorations from the French by the hundreds. They had compelled admiration and won decorations from our own High Command, and there was not one black mark, not one failure, on the organization's record. At the very end, facing what proved to be the last engagement of the war, General Edwards was taken out of his command and sent home.

Nobody in the Division could understand the reason for the removal of its commanding officer. Other removals, which followed in quick succession, were made by the new commanding officer; three of these stood out prominently, because all the officers removed were national guardsmen, and all of them were removed on charges which on investigation were found by the American High Command to be false charges. On October 25, the very day after the command of the Division passed, Colonel Logan, commander of the 101st Infantry, was relieved of his command. On November 6, Colonel Hume was relieved of the command of the 103d Infantry, and on November 9, General Cole was relieved of the command of his brigade. All these officers had to be returned to their commands later on. The inference was made by nearly everybody that General Edwards, who had persistently refused to relieve these officers, was himself removed in order that somebody else should do what he had refused to do.

The wonderful thing was that the Division, with four commanders who were all worshipped taken away in this fashion, with its morale already much lowered by sickness, bad weather, lack of shelter and continuous and hard fighting, still kept its fighting spirit and made the terrific sacrifices and desperate attacks that were immediately demanded of it.

Nobody who was at Division Headquarters on the morning of General Edwards' departure will ever forget it. He went early in the day, as soon as his successor had arrived.

The Headquarters, as already told, lay buried in the embankment that had led up to a bridge over the Meuse. It was a peculiar situation, just outside the ruined town of Bras. A road led from Bras out eastward to the canal, with its wrecks of canal boats hauled up against the bank. A military bridge had been thrown across the canal; the road crossed and went on straight to another temporary structure, over the river, and so to the town of Charny. The embankment of the old bridge began to rise before reaching the canal, and the artillery brigade had its headquarters on that side. A little arched foot-bridge led over the canal here to the long row of dugouts which formed Division Headquarters. Camouflage extended from the top of the embankment out over the kitchens that stood alongside, and to the ground beyond. The offices and quarters were not very heavily protected; they were built of stone and mortar, with slanting walls to deflect chance shell fragments, but were not particularly safe. A walk of duckboards extended their whole length, from canal to river.

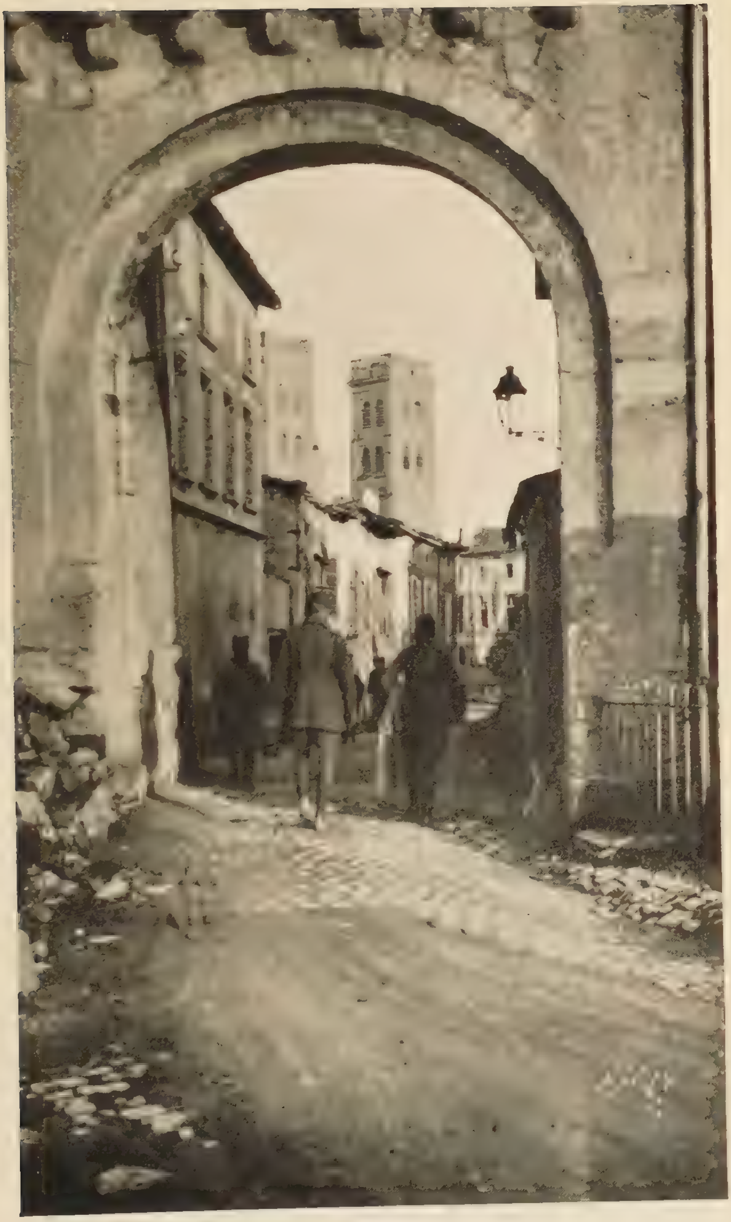
General Edwards' personal baggage was put into his car. Colonel Major and Colonel Dowell, General Edwards and the new commanding officer, stood in a little group in front of the general's office.

"This," said General Edwards, with his hand on Colonel Dowell's shoulder, "is Colonel Dowell, and you will never have a more loyal, earnest, capable officer on your staff.

"This is Colonel Major, your chief of staff. He is so well known that I need add nothing more."

He bowed to his successor and turned to clasp Colonel Dowell's hand. Then he went down the long walk. From kitchens and offices, the men came out in silence as General Edwards went along. He shook hands with every man in the place and bade each one good-by. To many of them he made some little speech, perhaps promising to attend to some matter personal to the man, perhaps congratulating the boy on some performance. General Edwards was the only man who kept a cheerful countenance. Officers and men, as he went along, looked as if they were losing their last friend. Tears were rolling down more than one man's face.

The new commander of the Division, with Colonel Major, went with General Edwards to his car. It was slow progress,



VERDUN CITY GATE; UPPER TOWN.

At the front line, afternoon of November 11; Colonel Dowell explaining his position on the map to Brigadier General Shelton.

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

Chaplain Lyman H. Rollins of the 101st Infantry.

for General Edwards stopped at every step. Every man followed, too, so that there was a little crowd round the car when General Edwards, Lieutenant Willard and Doctor Morton Prince of Boston, who had been visiting the Headquarters, got into it. Everybody except General Bamford and Colonel Major uncovered as the car rolled away.

Down the road, those who stayed behind, watching, saw the car stop. General Edwards sprang out and held up his hand to an approaching motor-cycle courier. The rider slid to a stop, the General shook hands with him, mounted his own car again, and was gone. We heard afterwards that all the way to Verdun this happened; General Edwards would pass no man of his former Headquarters without bidding him good-by.

In spite of all these disappointments and handicaps, the old Division persisted. There had been a shift of command in the 101st Field Artillery, but the new colonel stayed only three days. He was Colonel Creed F. Cox, who took command October 17 and was assigned to another command on October 20.

The operation which began October 23 was made after reconnoissance and adjustment of the sub-sector lines. It was undertaken in conjunction with the 29th Division, on our left. Its object was the exploitation of a previous success by the Twenty-ninth, to gain possession of that part of the heights of the Meuse between the Pylon d'Etrayes and the Belleu woods. The Twenty-ninth, moving easterly, was to move along the ridge between Hill 375 and Hill 361. The Twenty-sixth, converging from the direction of the ravine of Molleville, was to gain possession of the ridge between Hill 361 and Hill 346. Upon reaching these objectives, the units were to pause for reorganization, and then the attack was to go on with the Belleu woods as the exploitation objective.

The sector measured twenty-two kilometers on its front, its length being partly explained by the nature of the terrain, which was a cluster of hills, whose tops were covered by what were called woods. These woods, however, had been shot to pieces in four years of warfare, and the underbrush had grown up around the dead stubs of trees, making excellent shelters for machine gun positions.

The Twenty-sixth was disposed in depth, the right subsector being held by the 52d Brigade of Infantry, and the left by the 51st. The first part of the operation was given to the 101st Infantry, which was to send one battalion in. A preparation of artillery was put down for three quarters of an hour on suspected machine gun positions and infantry lines, and at 6:15 on the morning of October 23 the first battalion of the 101st moved forward.

This battalion started from the extreme left of the Division's line and really to cross the front; as soon as it came abreast of the second battalion, McCarthy was to send up a rocket, and the third battalion was to move. The two would converge on each other, and both would enter the Belleu woods. The French officers told us we should find the Belleu woods as stiffly defended as the famous Belleau woods, back in the Château-Thierry sector. This proved to be true.

McCarthy's battalion moved off behind its barrage and reached its agreed-upon objective on time. McCarthy himself fired the rocket, but owing to the dense morning mist and the smoke of shell explosions which lay like a thick blanket on the ground, it was not seen by the second battalion. The two battalions lay where they were for a long time, each waiting for the other, and both under a withering fire from the Germans. Both battalions lost a good many men during that wait.

The inner liaison group — four platoons and one machine gun platoon — finally got the two battalions into touch. They then went forward steadily, though slowly, and reached the first objective at 11:50, though under terrific fire of all kinds. By this time enemy planes were flying overhead, directing the German artillery fire, especially the *minenwerfer* fire, which was eating great holes in our lines.

Now the second battalion of the 101st came up, passed through the third, and went into Belleu wood. The woods were thoroughly exploited, the completion of this work being made at 3:10 P.M.

The second battalion of the 102d Infantry, on the right of the 101st, was pivoted round on its own right flank, to extend the line of the 101st. We now had the whole of the Belleu wood, about half of the Ormont wood, to the right, and about half of the Oak wood, in between the two. At 7 P.M., orders were issued to hold the ground taken, to consolidate and wire in the positions, and to prepare for a further advance. Fritz, however, had no intention of leaving us the ground. During the night of the twenty-third a terrible concentration of artillery and machine gun fire was laid down on the second battalion of the 101st, in the edge of the woods. The position was such that the Germans had excellent flank fire on the little salient. The battalion had to be withdrawn in the end.

A new attack was necessary, therefore, on the twenty-fourth, and it was arranged for the afternoon. Both woods and the valley between were to be attacked at the same time, the second battalion of the 101st and the whole of the 102d, except a support battalion, taking part. The 101st and 102d Machine Gun Battalions were to support the attack, and all the artillery of Division and Corps was to be used to cover it.

It became at once apparent that the enemy had received reinforcements, and the men of the 101st were severely punished. However, they continued to advance with the utmost stubbornness behind a smoke screen which the artillery put into the Belleu wood ahead of them. All the afternoon and into the night this battalion fought and got into the wood about five hundred meters. There it was finally stopped, and there the German counter-attacks began to come over. The devoted battalion was hammered all night long by artillery, and three times the German infantry started to come across to them. Three times they stopped the Boches. A fourth attack was the strongest of all, and the Americans first gave a little ground and then came back doggedly, winning still a little more.

To help the second battalion consolidate the ground and to make up for its losses, the third battalion was moved up, and two companies of the first battalion were sent in to help the exhausted second battalion.

In the meantime, the 102d Infantry was having a fight of its own on the right. It moved out at 4:30, directing its advance through Oak wood towards the much-desired Hill 360. But it ran into such a storm of fire that it never got higher than the lower slopes of Hill 360, where it dropped into a trench system. There it stayed, reorganizing itself, until next morning. Two battalions of the 102d made the attack on the twenty-fifth, starting at 11:30. This time it was a case of going right up to them, and there was a good deal of hand-to-hand fighting in the Ormont wood. But the enemy stood fast, and in the end the line was just where it had started.

The Corps, calling attention of the division commanders to the necessity of winning this high ground at all costs, ordered a new attack for October 26 and 27. It was to be a two-horned attack, like the others, against Ormont and Belleu woods. Immediately following this order came another one, postponing the attack until the twenty-seventh.

The whole of the 51st Brigade was used this time, with the 101st Machine Gun Battalion in support, and the third battalion of the 104th Infantry brought over as reinforcement. This was placed in the Oak wood. A tremendous artillery concentration was put on for an hour, and the troops moved forward, cleared the Belleu wood once more — and for keeps this time — and penetrated the Ormont wood. But there was no gain except this one, and between 5 and 7 A.M. on the twenty-eighth, the enemy artillery came down on our scattered and meager groups and broke them up entirely. They hung on until the last, but no gains except that in the Bois de Belleu could be kept.

All day on the twenty-eighth, the infantry withstood fierce counter-attacks, the artillery responding promptly to many calls for barrage. On the twenty-ninth things quieted down, and the positions became stabilized. There was constant patrolling and artillery activity that covered the back areas on both sides to great depth.

On November 7 word came that the enemy was withdrawing again. But the activity in the Division had recommenced with the new advance to the west of us on November 1. Early in the evening of the third, the 102d sent over a raid in Caures wood, and on the sixth the same regiment sent out another raiding party. It held a third party on the night of the seventh, but by this time everything was set for the final forward push.

Early next morning the 101st sent out a party on the Sablet trench, and the next night, November 8, our patrols penetrated five hundred to a thousand yards into the enemy lines without meeting anybody. A general advance was ordered.

Our front had changed to the right in the meantime. On November 3, the 79th Division, on our left, took over the ground before Hill 360 and the Ormont wood, and the Twenty-sixth had side-stepped to the right, taking over from the French the positions in front of Beaumont and the Caures wood, extending down to the Wavrille area.

It now was evident that our next advance would be against the Jumelles d'Orne, a twin hill, with a saddleback ridge between the summits, standing out in the plain — a very strong position, behind which the enemy was known to have a great deal of artillery.

The new front was portioned among the four infantry regiments in the usual fashion, each one having one battalion in the front line, one in support and one in reserve. From right to left the order of the regiments was now 101st, 102d, 103d and 104th.

The first thing that happened was the borrowing of the reserve battalions of the 103d and 104th Infantry to go over to the relief of the front line and support battalions of the 79th, on our left, who had been badly depleted, as our own units were, in that terrible front. Hardly had the men of the Twenty-sixth arrived, however, when they were hastily sent back in motor camions, to support an attack we were ordered to make to the eastward. This attack was changed at the last minute; word came on the afternoon of November 8, from the 104th Infantry's observation post, that eighty of the enemy, with full packs, were marching away out of Flabas, making no effort at concealment. Strong patrols were sent forward from every regiment, and the units on our left and right also began to advance. Orders came from higher authority, however, changing our direction from east to southeast, and a delicate maneuver was undertaken.

The advance battalions established a line, as soon as darkness came, on the high land overlooking the Azannes-Chaumont road, with outposts well forward. This line was established with only a little resistance from sporadic machine gun nests.

The German morale was about gone. Every little raid had brought back prisoners, and more than a few Boches came over and gave themselves up to our men. They all said that a retirement was ordered, and that the German soldiers were convinced that the war was as good as over.

Our projected advance was to clear the heights and drive the enemy out into the plain of the Wœvre, and also to flank out the twin hills of Orne by taking the wooded ridge southeast of the village of Orne. The attack was to start early in the morning of the ninth.

The attack was started, but it won only meager results, and for very good reasons. The men were exhausted; they had been fighting the stiffest sort of a battle for three weeks, under continual rain and with the scantiest of food and almost no shelter at all. They had attacked day and night, continually; they had been gassed and shelled heavily every day, and they were so reduced in numbers that in several battalions lieutenants were in command, and in several companies sergeants were taking the places of captains. Well-beloved regimental and brigade commanders had been sent away, and strangers had been put in their places. In at least one case, the new commander had the greatest difficulty in getting any response from the men. And over all was the shadow of the impending armistice; the mere idea took off the fighting edge of the Division.

The 101st Infantry was sent against Wavrille. An advance platoon got into a trench to the northeast of the town, but the liaison with the French fell down. It was impossible to extend to the right and occupy Wavrille; this in turn slowed up the advance of the French on our right and left a wide gap between Saint André farm and Bezonvaux, where the French left rested. A liaison group, with machine guns, was hastily organized and sent out to reëstablish the connection. Luckily, the enemy's morale was worse than ours; for a while the situation was extremely precarious at that point.

The 101st, shattered, was withdrawn on the night of November 10 and sent back to the Côte de Talou, the 102d spreading out over the sector the 101st had held. The 102d had also made very little progress on the ninth, and had the greatest difficulty in keeping its liaison. The 104th, on the extreme left, had had better success, and had taken Ville-devant-Chaumont. Here it got a heavy enfilading fire from Hill 324, which the 79th, on the left, had failed to take.

How badly off our regiments were may be understood from the fact that even the replacement of a thousand men, which had come up on November 8 and had been divided between the 101st and 102d, could not make these regiments really effective.

The advance of November 10, which was practically the end of the Division's operations, was nothing more than a continuation of that of the ninth. The 103d made a brilliant flanking move, having somehow picked up a lot of spirit. They cleared the Bois de Ville (the Town wood) and advanced our line to the Chaumont road, and the 104th, with a good deal of stubborn grit, drove the Boches from the trenches southeast of Ville-devant-Chaumont and helped out the advance of the 79th Division. In the center the advance reached the Cap de Bon Espérance and on the right only a few small elements crossed the north-and-south road past Saint André farm. And so we came to November 11, and the last day of fighting.

On the night of November 10, the Corps sent down orders for the next day's attack with all the earnestness of the beginning of a new campaign. For three days the rumors had been growing stronger that the Germans would sign the armistice terms. On the tenth especially, it was held to be merely a matter of hours. Yet when the orders went through — it was late, for Colonel Major worked on them up to 11 P.M.

in Division Headquarters and they had to go forward by runners after that hour — the weary regiments responded gamely to the call to get set for the morrow's jump-off.

The orders provided for an attack on the morning of the eleventh in three columns; the right column to be the 102d, the center column one battalion of the 103d and two of the 104th, and the left column to be one battalion of the 103d. The remainder of the 104th was to follow the attack, one kilometer behind, and to make the direct attack on the Twin Hills of Orne.

Very early in the morning the news came over the telephone and by the wireless that the armistice had been signed at 5:30. The artillery preparation for the morning's attack was to begin at 9:30. When it was known that hostilities would cease at eleven, a message also came down from the Corps that the infantry attack would not be made.

The spirit behind the decision to allow nearly six hours leeway before the fighting should stop was that all units on the whole front might be informed. In many places it might well take all the time allowed to get a message out to the front lines. It was not for the purpose of allowing six hours more of fighting, at all. The orders calling off the infantry attack were sent forward by phone and by couriers. But in less than half an hour still more orders came down from the Corps. The infantry attack would be made, these new orders provided.

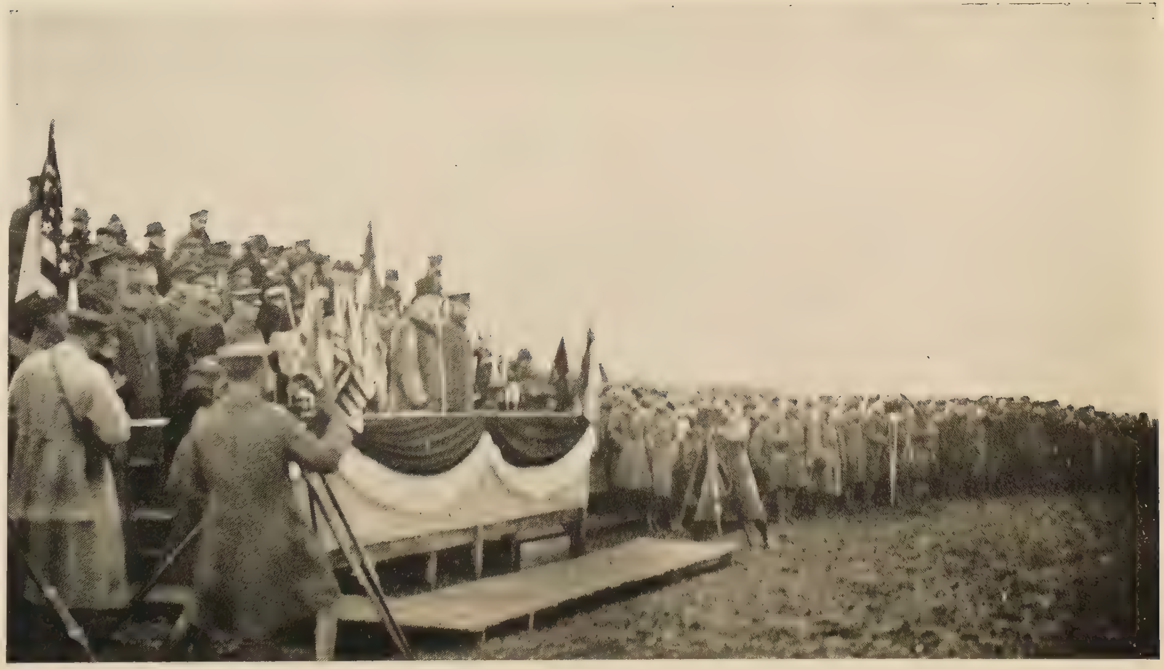
All this preparation, counter-preparation and rearrangement of units took time. By the time the final decision reached some of the battalions, it was already ten o'clock, and they made very little advance indeed.

Men were killed in that advance, however, — an advance ordered by somebody who wasn't in it himself, for no advantage of military reason, since the armistice was already signed. The only reason that has been given since by the High Command was that it was necessary to do everything possible to make sure that the armistice would be signed.

On both sides, the artillerymen that morning made a determined effort to fire off all the ammunition they had left.

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

MAJOR GENERAL HARRY C. HALE, WHO BROUGHT THE YANKEES HOME.



President Wilson and General Pershing, at the Christmas Day review. Humes, near Langres.

The air was full of shells, aimed nowhere in particular, except in a general way at the enemy. Shells fell in the oddest places and caused casualties in the most unlooked-for corners.

Every battery in every regiment, of course, fired the last shot in the war. Thousands of empty cartridge cases are to-day preserved in American homes, with the full assurance on each one that it was the last shell of the war.

One of the deeds in the last fighting ought to be inscribed on the rolls of honor of the Division. That is the story of the fight of Lieutenant Chester R. Howard of the 104th Infantry.

When one battalion of his regiment was detailed to help the French, Lieutenant Howard's platoon went along. He was given twenty-nine men and was sent forward to take the town of Flabas. The detachment never came back and was put down as missing.

The Division never did take Flabas until November 8. On that day the 52d Brigade went forward and passed the town, — and then learned what had become of Lieutenant Howard's party. All thirty men were found dead on the ground in the woods, spread out in skirmish formation. Every man's head was towards the enemy, and Lieutenant Howard was a little in advance of the others. Apparently they had been working up on a machine gun and were caught and killed there. They had fought it out to the last, and not one man had quit or budged from his place.

Lieutenant Howard was in the line of men to be decorated on October 13, back in the Troyon sector. His citation was for extraordinary heroism at Trugny wood, July 22. Although twice wounded, he had refused to be evacuated and continued on with his company through the attack on the town of Trugny until he had been hit a third time and incapacitated.

When General Edwards reached him in the line, Lieutenant Howard asked to have the citation verified. He said it could not be for him, because he was already in hospital on July 22. General Edwards questioned him, and the lieutenant said that it was true that something like that had happened to him, but on a different date. Afterwards, it was found that it was he who was entitled to the citation; a mistake had been made in the date.

Many decorations were earned during this fight, among them David Brickley's. He had risen from the ranks and won his promotion from lieutenant to captain on October 24, the day for which he was cited. Brickley "resisted three counter-attacks and then, without aid, went forward and by effective machine gun fire drove the enemy from a strong pill box and captured it."

Captain Edward Edmunds of the 102d on October 27 made an actual count of the men in the front line, going from shell hole to shell hole in daylight and under continuous machine gun fire, until he had counted every man in the battalion. Then he got back and reported.

Lieutenant George L. Goodridge of the 101st, with about thirty men, took an enemy trench far in advance of the rest of the line. The battalion fell back and left Goodridge and his men out there. This was on November 8; under the heaviest sort of counter-attacks and shelling, the little party held on in their trench until they were relieved on November 11.

Mechanic William F. Bolack of the machine gun company of the 104th, won a D. S. C. for staying with his machine gun cart escort. He was caught in a terrific bombardment while going up with ammunition. His train was scattered, several mules were killed and Bolack himself was wounded. He had his wounds dressed, but refused to be evacuated, went back, got his train reorganized and went on through the bombardment three times with his precious cartridges.

Abraham Cohen, a private in the sanitary detachment of the 103d, received his cross for going out after three others had failed in the attempt and were all wounded, to rescue a soldier under terrific machine gun fire, on November 9. And there were many more stories as fine.

To go back a little to the day when the changes in the personnel of the Division began; the first one was the relief of Colonel E. L. Logan of South Boston, commanding officer of the 101st Infantry. This occurred on October 25, when the successor of General Edwards, a brigadier general who had served with the First Division, had been in the Twenty-sixth less than twenty-four hours.

The order to Colonel Logan arrived at his headquarters, twenty-five feet underground, while he was in conference with his staff, preparing for the attack which was then ordered for October 26. It did not go off, finally, until the twenty-seventh. Colonel Logan turned his command over to Lieutenant Colonel Greenway, his second in command. Colonel Greenway asked Colonel Logan to stay on and help through the coming attack, and this Colonel Logan consented to do. His order commanded him to report to Division Headquarters, but he had to find his personal baggage anyway.

It was thirty-six hours before Colonel Logan did report to the Division Headquarters. And when he did so the commanding general said, "Your delay in reporting here is characteristic of the inertia for which you are being relieved."

I was frankly unable to understand what the charge of "inertia" could mean when applied to a man like Colonel Logan. I asked the Division commander if he would explain it any further, and he replied, — amplifying the statement somewhat in later interviews:

"The quality of a division is determined by its leaders, by its commander and by its colonels. What is needed in a division like this is colonels who are drivers. Drivers will make a division do things.

"Look at the First Division. That Division has had 33,000 men pass through it; it has had 33,000 losses. That shows accomplishment. It is too bad that this division (the 26th) is not one of the élite divisions of the army. The enlisted men are as fine as those of any division in the army, and there is no reason why this should not be one of the best divisions."

"We had always thought here," said I, "that the Twenty-sixth was one of the finest divisions in the army. Its record is certainly pretty good."

"Well," said he. "I don't like to apply the word mediocre to the performances of the division, but let us say 'average.'"

"Do you mean that a division's excellence is measured by its losses?"

"Well, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. Look at this operation here, a whole regiment put in and failing to take its objectives, — and the Boche all in as he is. Why, I could take a company of the First Division and take those objectives. One company!"

It didn't seem worth while to point out to the general that on the morning on which we were talking one regiment had a strength of two hundred and forty men — the very regiment that I understood him to mean in his criticism. He probably knew the figures as well as I, and I had to live at his headquarters and get my news, day by day. It didn't seem probable that I should improve my position by starting an argument with him.

His aide came to the Division that day, — a Tennesseean whose trunk was marked "Lieutenant Carl H. Hood, Memphis, Tenn. — Yankee Division." He was a fine, merry soldier, full of initiative, a good comrade and a hard worker. He remained with the Division after his commanding officer left it and came home with us, in fact.

Colonel Major ordered me out of my quarters in the Headquarters and gave the new aide my bunk, — after which I lived underground in Bras, across the canal.

Colonel Logan drove back to Verdun in his own car and thence went to Blois, the destination of all officers who were sent to the rear for "reclassification and reassignment." From Blois he was sent to Gondrecourt, and there he had his hearing.

Colonel Logan asked that witnesses be summoned for his defence, which he conducted himself. The court, being unable to get the officers he asked for, permitted Colonel Logan to put in what these officers would say, if present and testifying. Thus he quoted Brigadier General Shelton, Colonel Duncan Major, and a number more. Colonel Horace P. Hobbs came to testify and was questioned as to his report as division inspector on the condition of the 101st Infantry. That referred to a rather funny army chicken that came home to roost on Colonel Hobbs' shoulder.

Colonel Hobbs had sent in a report on the regiment between October 12 and October 25, — that is to say, while General Shelton was away sick. It was a fine report and very thorough. At the end, under the heading "General Condition of the Division", the colonel had written:

"The morale of the Division is low. The men are shell shy. Officers and men are physically and mentally exhausted. A large percentage of officers and men are suffering from bronchitis and are running a little temperature. This condition is due to continued exposure to bad weather without shelter, to continued hard fighting, to continued exposure to hostile shell fire, to lack of rest and relief from nervous strain, and to heavy losses.

"In my opinion the Division, especially the infantry, is now in such a state of exhaustion that it is unfit for even defensive operations.

"My opinion is based on observations and conversations with officers and enlisted men, regimental surgeons and chaplains, and is concurred in by the division surgeon."

This report, and another from the psychiatrist who was sent to examine the men — and who found them in just the condition nervously that Colonel Hobbs had described — went up through channels to the Army. Down came an inspector from the Army and visited General Shelton, who by this time was back in command of his brigade.

"I hear your brigade is all shot to pieces — can't even take a defensive sector," said the Army inspector.

"That is a damned lie, and you can quote me as saying so," said General Shelton.

Whatever the inspector did report to the Army, another inspector came down. This one allowed he would take a look for himself at the regiments. In the meantime, Colonel Hobbs had been placed in command of the 101st.

General Shelton telephoned to Colonel Hobbs and remarked that the inspector was on his way to the 101st. He quoted the order as the inspector had repeated it to him. "Yes, I know," said Colonel Hobbs, with an odd hesitation, "I wrote that order."

Colonel Logan, in putting in what Colonel Major would have said if present and testifying, showed that Colonel Major in the early fall had voluntarily told him, Colonel Logan, of the Corps inspector's saying that the 101st was the best infantry regiment in the Division.

The report of the board of inquiry was not made public, but Colonel Logan was left marooned at Gondrecourt. To occupy himself, he began to interest himself in the cases of other officers who had been relieved from their commands. When he found, from a man's story, that an injustice was probably being done, he undertook that man's defence. In this way he defended seventeen cases, and in every instance won his case and had his client sent back to his command. Two of his cases were those of Colonel Frank M. Hume, who was relieved from the 103d Infantry, and whose case was heard the same day with Colonel Logan's, and Major Allie Gray, who had been Colonel Logan's own adjutant.

Colonel Logan was not at once sent back to his regiment. He was left waiting at Gondrecourt until February. So was Colonel Hume. On February 4, however, both men were ordered back to their regiments, which they rejoined on February 11. By this time the Division was in the embarkation area, round Le Mans, in the Sarthe.

Colonel Frank M. Hume and General Charles H. Cole were relieved of their commands three days before the armistice was signed (the official dates being November 6 for Colonel Hume and November 9 for General Cole) on the charge that fraternization with the Germans had occurred in the 104th Infantry.

Colonel Hume's case was heard on the same day with that of Colonel Logan, and the latter appeared for the Maine colonel. Virtually the same evidence, from the regimental point of view, was submitted for Colonel Hume as was put in for General Cole. Yet Cole was returned to his brigade December 7, and Hume was not put back until February 4.

The relief of Colonel Logan followed so swiftly upon the departure of General Edwards that there was not even time for comment. The minds of all were so occupied by the taking away of General Edwards that nobody thought of this probable inference to be drawn from it.

The moment Logan was sent away, however, everybody felt absolutely sure that Cole and Hume would go. The only question was when they would go, and whether their going would be felt to be so necessary to winning the war in our sector that they would be taken out before the armistice was signed. It should be remembered that at this time everybody, excepting the American High Command, was convinced that the war was practically at an end.

General Cole was not even given any reason for his relief. When he reached Blois, he wrote immediately, asking why he had been relieved. The answer was that it was on account of fraternization which had occurred in the 104th Infantry.

The incident to which this referred took place on November 6. A bunch of Boches had surrendered to a platoon of the 104th and were on their way to the rear under guard. One of the prisoners had a bottle of schnapps and offered the guards a drink, which they accepted. No mention of the incident, however, was made in the letter which General Cole received. He wrote an indorsement on the letter, an indorsement which occupied six and a half pages of single-spaced typewriting, and which was at once his answer to the charges and his demand for a board of inquiry.

General Cole pointed out that the matter of fraternization went back, in his knowledge, to October 20. On that day, what might have been called fraternization had occurred in the 102d Infantry.

On the 102d's front, the Boche trenches were only one hundred yards away from our own. They were held by Saxons of a Landwehr regiment, and on the 20th of October, some of the Boches came out of their trench and began to make gestures to our men to come over.

The Yankees stayed where they were but waved to the Germans to come over to them. This the Huns were afraid to do. Finally Sergeant Major Wax and Mechanic Rechen, both of whom spoke German, jumped out of the trench, went across No Man's Land and up to the Boche trench, to see what was wanted. The man who had waved to them, and thirty-seven other Germans — one of whom was a lieutenant — came out and gathered round the Americans.

"What did you want?" asked Wax.

"We want you to stop shooting at us," said the spokesman for the Huns. "We are Saxons here. We know that the war is over. There is no use in going on fighting; we are not barbarians, and we don't want to kill unnecessarily."

"You'd better come over and surrender, the whole bunch of you," said the Americans.

"No, we won't do that. We should be sent far away into the interior of France, and the war is so nearly over that the long journey isn't worth while."

"You'd get good treatment."

"We can't do it anyway," was the reply. "Every man in this sector has sworn — he was required to swear — by all he holds holy, to stick to the last on this line, for the Fatherland. This is regarded as a very important position.

"But we don't want to kill Americans. We have had plenty of chances to shoot you in the last few days, and haven't done it. When we have been ordered to fire by our officers we have fired high, purposely."

"Why don't your people retreat, then?" asked the Yankees.

"They can't. If they could only go in peace, they would. But if we retreat, your artillery will shoot us in the back. We can't retreat without being killed.

"Anyway, we won't fire on you unless we are attacked. You can go out without fear to bury your dead; in fact, we have buried some of your dead ourselves. We know the war is over, and we know the Hohenzollerns are out of power. We are going to have a republican government in Germany."

"Well," said the Yankees, "the only way you Germans can get peace is to stop fighting, and the easiest way to stop fighting is to come over and surrender. You'd better think it over till to-morrow about this same time, and then tell us what you think."

The Yankees sauntered back to their own trench, and the war was on again. The two men reported what had happened, and the report went up until it reached Colonel Bearss, who was at the moment in command of the 51st Brigade of Infantry, General Shelton being sick in hospital.

Colonel Bearss interviewed the two men and thought their plan was fine. He proposed that he himself should be present at the next day's conference, saying he would wear an enlisted man's uniform. He made a plan by which the Boches would be told that unless the whole bunch of them surrendered that morning, heavy artillery fire would be laid on their trench immediately. He figured that they would refuse, and that the artillery, which was already registered on the German trench, would come down on them in tremendous intensity for two hours. On the following day, the Americans would ask for a third conference, and this time the Huns would be told that unless they surrendered, they would be gassed continuously for the rest of the time they remained in the sector.

Colonel Bearss figured that having had one lesson in the way Americans kept their word, they would then surrender, — all the men on that part of the front line.

The event and the whole plan was reported up, and finally reached higher authority, where it was promptly disapproved, except for the proposition to put down a heavy concentration of artillery fire on that spot next day — which was done. As the reporting officer put it, being of a literary turn, "the concentration was placed where it would have the most effect on certain German soldiers who had expressed a desire to meet some of our men as individuals for the purpose of discussing a possible cessation of hostilities."

The whole thing, of course, was utterly impossible and entirely against orders, and the product of the merry irresponsibility of our soldiers, who feared neither Boches nor Boche propaganda.

The story reached the headquarters of Colonel Cheatham, commanding the 104th Infantry, on the afternoon of October 20. General Cole was there at the time, and when he heard it, he warned Colonel Cheatham that nothing of that sort would be permitted in his brigade. This he made imperative and very distinct.

General Cole kept a log of every telephone message in and out of his headquarters, and by the log was able to show that the possibility of fraternization was constantly in mind, and that he had daily cautioned his regimental commander in the line against permitting it.

On October 25, the 103d relieved the 104th. When Colonel Hume took the line, one of General Cole's most carefully and strongly worded adjurations was against fraternization, and he had the records to show this fact. He could show also, his letter said, by his daily telephone book record, that he had continued his warnings and inquiries on the subject up to October 31, when — as a consequence of the story of the fraternization in the other brigade — the Division issued an order against fraternization.

The thing had taken such definite form that General Cole issued his General Order No. 10. In all the fighting of a year, he had had occasion to issue only nine general orders; this subject he felt to be important enough to warrant getting out a tenth.

He stated also that from October 31 to November 8, the day of his relief, his record would show constant inquiry and effort to keep the men from fraternizing. His general order was distributed down to platoons, the officers commanding platoons being held responsible for the obedience of their men.

A secondary charge of a lack of initiative General Cole answered by citing the record of his brigade and the citations and honorable mention it had received, and the decoration of the colors of the 104th Infantry. And he pointed out that when he was relieved, the officer who did it did not even follow out the prescribed method, for he did not inform General Cole of the reason for his relief.

Early in December, the answer to General Cole's defence arrived at Blois. It was a letter from Adjutant General Robert C. Davis, and read:

France, November 30, 1918.

From: Adjutant General, American Expeditionary Forces.
To: Brigadier General Charles H. Cole, Center of Information, A. P. O. 713, American Expeditionary Forces.

Subject: Relief from Fifty-Second Brigade.

1. I am directed by the Commander-in-Chief to inform you that upon his personal examination of the papers reporting the facts incident to your relief from command of the Fifty-Second Brigade, he is of the opinion that the facts did not warrant your relief, and he has therefore directed that you be reassigned to your former brigade.

2. Accordingly, orders will be issued in the near future.

By command of General Pershing,
Robert C. Davis,
Adjutant General.

No action was taken against Colonel Bearss, in whose brigade the actual fraternization occurred, nor against Lieutenant Colonel Lewis, who at the time commanded the 102d Infantry.

In the case of Colonel Logan, there was further investigation, after he had had his hearing. Inquiry was made in his regiment by inspectors from Chaumont, and a set of questions was sent to Colonel Logan himself. He delayed answering, and a stenographer was sent down to assist him to get out the answers. Still the colonel took time to consider his answers, and a comedy situation grew up, — Chaumont begging a colonel in the rear to get his defence in, and the colonel retorting that it was he who was on trial and not Chaumont.

In the meantime an interesting and significant thing happened. Quite by chance, Colonel Logan met on the street the French colonel, De Gouvello, who had been his associate and instructor in the Chemin-des-Dames sector. De Gouvello had now been promoted, was a brigadier general of the French army, and had command of thirty thousand of the incoming French draft youths.

He invited Colonel Logan to visit him on a named day in the following week. When Logan arrived at De Gouvello's little town, he was met by the general and his staff, and was driven to the big maneuver field outside the town where De Gouvello's whole command was drawn up.

"Will you do me the honor," said the French officer, "to review my troops?"

The two officers took the review together, and at its close General de Gouvello presented Colonel Logan to his own officers as "the soul of honor and gallantry, and one of the best colonels in the American army." General de Gouvello's action, at a time when he knew that Colonel Logan was at the rear under charges, gave point to the politely repressed, but nevertheless frequent, French criticism of our High Command.

A few other changes in the personnel of the Division were made during the last few days of the war. Captain R. Myers succeeded Major M. G. Bulkeley in command of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion. On November 3, Major Frank S. Perkins of the 101st Field Artillery was commissioned lieutenant colonel. On November 14 Captain Ernest R. Redmond of the same regiment was commissioned a major and took command of Lieutenant Colonel Perkins' battalion, which he had kept up to that time.

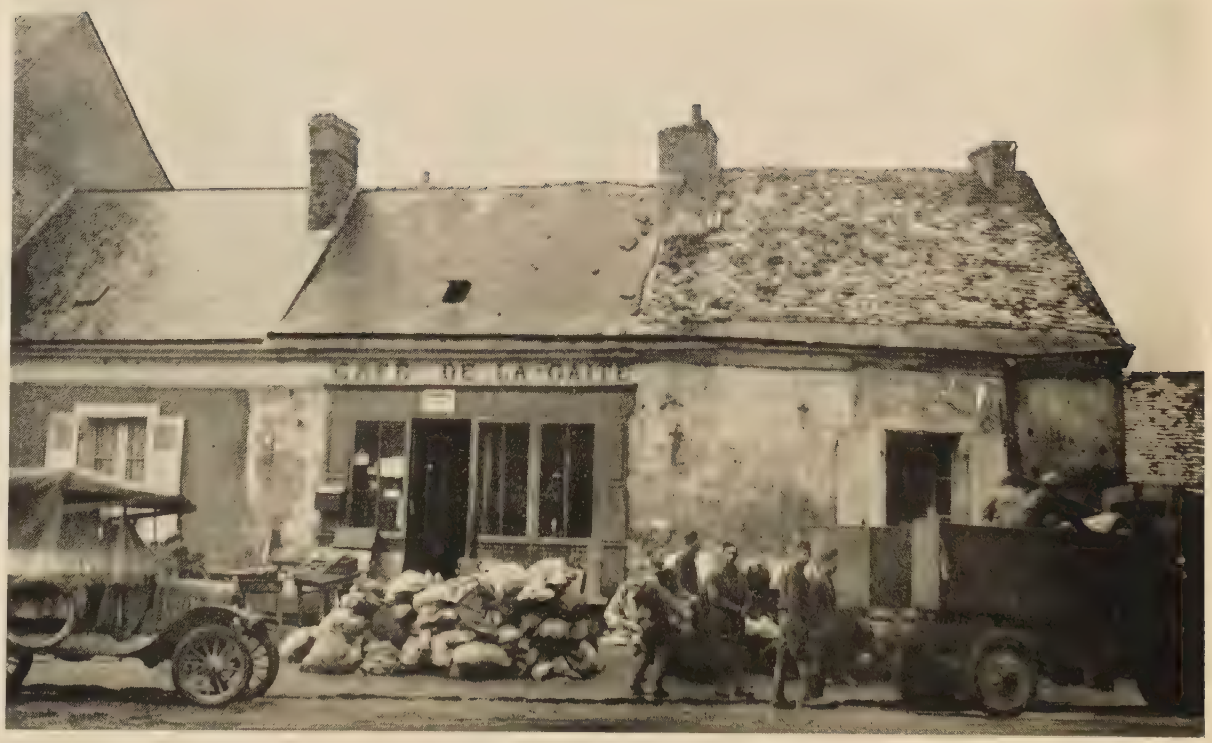
When Colonel Logan went, the command of the 101st passed to Colonel Horace P. Hobbs, who had been the Division inspector. Lieutenant Colonel Cassius M. Dowell, who came to the Division as chief of staff, and who had been for the last two actions — Saint-Mihiel and the Argonne — acting as G–3, was sent to command the 103d when Colonel Hume was relieved, and Captain Emerson G. Taylor, who was originally adjutant of the 102d Infantry, and who was brought into Division Headquarters to be assistant G–3, became acting G–3.

General Shelton, who had come back to take command of the 51st Brigade after his recovery from influenza, was given General Cole's 52d Brigade when General Cole was sent to the rear, and Colonel Bearss again took charge of the 51st. On November 23, Brigadier General Lucius L. Durfee arrived in the Division and took command of the 51st Brigade, relieving Colonel Bearss. When General Cole came back, General Durfee was relieved from further duty with the Twenty-sixth.

It was just when the Division went into its final sector that Major William H. Dolan of Fitchburg, who had been the chief of motor transport, was promoted to lieutenant colonel

Photo. by Marceau, Boston

COLONEL B. FRANK CHEATHAM, COMMANDER OF THE 104TH INFANTRY.



THE DIVISION MAIL ARRIVES. OUR POSTOFFICE AT ECCOMOY, IN THE SARTHE.

and taken over into the ordnance department. About the same time Major John D. Murphy of the machine guns and of Natick, Massachusetts, was also made a lieutenant colonel and sent to the 103d Infantry. He was next brought in to the Division staff and made Division machine gun officer.

Stories of the individual acts during our last long fight began to come in, as usual about a week after the fight had finished. In the attack of October 16, in which the 104th went forward with the French tanks, Lieutenant W. M. Leonard held his men on the objective as long as anybody in the whole regiment. He had one platoon, and he held his men on the line they won for an hour and a half after the tanks had all broken down.

Alongside Leonard was Lieutenant Walter A. Tisdell. Tisdell also reached his objective, — and when it was seen to be hopeless to stay there, and the platoons went back, both Tisdell and Leonard took a squad of volunteers and went crawling back through the plunging steel in the wreck of a wood to find and rescue the wounded who had perforce been left on the ground during the day.

Lieutenant Alexander L. Kircheis, a battalion adjutant, acted as liaison officer during the fight. Somebody had to mark down the front line positions of both sides at the end of the fighting, and the duty fell to him. He had to locate the line under the heaviest sort of fire and in full daylight, but he got through.

Lieutenant Dwight T. Colley was another man who made his objective that day and brought his wounded back with him when he had to come.

Sergeant Louis Renaud, a man with a long score of Boches to his own gun, gained fame in his outfit by an unfailing cheerfulness and humor. His little command was in fine spirits right through the whole trying week, and his officers found that it was the sergeant's unfailing example that had held them up.

Corporal John La Fleau was one of the men captured on October 16 by the Boches; he had taken his squad — or rather his fourteen men — right ahead on his own initiative when the tanks stopped, until he found that they were practically surrounded by the Huns.

He posted his men in a big shell hole and proceeded to shoot it out with the Germans. In the end it came down to hand-to-hand fighting, and the Yankees beat the Huns off. La Fleau, however, was taken in the very last rush.

Sergeant Benjamin Shapiro did the stunt that was accepted by our Allies as typical of the American soldier; he captured a German machine gun single-handed. Only one of the German crew got away; Shapiro killed the rest of them.

Another feat that we like to think was typical of the American was performed by Charles R. Reville, a stretcher bearer. He felt the stretcher sag as the man on the other end, behind him, was shot down. Reville managed somehow to drag the stretcher, with the wounded man on it, into the aid station. Then he went back alone into that hell of shell five times, and he brought out a wounded man each time.

On the night of October 20, Herman Dean of Keene, New Hampshire, met a ration cart coming down the road, lost entirely. It had lost its non-com and it had lost its way. It was full of food for a hungry platoon up yonder somewhere, but the six men with it didn't know where. They couldn't decide whether to go on up the road where the shells were dropping thickly, or to sit down, or to go back and try some other route.

Dean took charge, simply because he is of the sort who do take charge. He didn't know where the outfit was to whom the grub belonged, and he didn't know that he wouldn't lead the cart smack into a shell burst. But he managed to find out where the company was who owned the supper, and he guided the cart up the front and delivered the food. Dean was a company runner, one of the men who went backward and forward from front to Headquarters, and exposed themselves all alone to whatever there was going in the way of bullets or shells. These men sometimes got recognition; but their mere duty, in every action, demanded such nerve and heroism that every one of them might well have been decorated merely for having been a runner. It was one of the most hazardous jobs in the whole army.

Martin J. Gunning of Marlboro, Massachusetts, furnished an example of what these runners did always and everywhere. During the fighting of October 27, when he had been going for five days — like everybody else — Gunning stuck to his job long after anybody but a runner would have quit — stuck though twice when he reached the battalion headquarters he dropped on the ground from sheer exhaustion and had to be picked up and dragged into the *poste de commandement* — stuck because, as he said, he wasn't wounded yet and couldn't see any reason to quit.

One company of the 104th Infantry lay in reserve near a dressing station. The wounded were coming in faster than the stretcher bearers could handle them, for they all had to be carried to the ambulance post, two kilometers back. The infantrymen were asked for volunteers as stretcher bearers, and worn out though they were, the whole company immediately volunteered. They were accepted and spent the rest of that day carrying wounded two kilometers at a time, — though every man of them knew that he himself would have to go back into the front line almost immediately, and that he would need every ounce of strength for that attack.

While the Division was still in sector, the military police battalion was broken up. The Corps took one company to be Corps military police, and Captain Michael J. Dee of Concord Junction, Massachusetts, was left in command of the "division military police company." He had two hundred men instead of his original one hundred and fifty, and kept with him Lieutenant J. F. Coburn of Fitchburg and Lieutenant John Leahy of New Haven.

About this time also the doctors began to be shifted about. Doctor Harry Martin left the 101st Infantry; Lieutenant James A. Lyon of Boston went to the 104th Infantry; Major Reuben G. Hamilton joined the 101st Artillery, changing with Doctor R. H. Miller; Captain Persons C. Wing went to the 102d Artillery and Lieutenant Roscoe F. Mauser to the sanitary train. Lieutenant Thomas W. Ely of the sanitary train and Lieutenant John P. Bethel of the 102d Infantry exchanged berths.

Lieutenant Colonel A. F. Foote, who was brought in from the 104th Infantry to be assistant division inspector, now became inspector, upon Colonel Hobbs' leaving. And Brigadier General P. D. Glassford, commanding the artillery brigade, drew a month's leave, with permission to go to the south of France.

CHAPTER XV

The Finish

The war was over. In spite of all warning that an armistice was not a peace, in spite of all cautions not to tell the soldiers too soon that the fighting was finished forever, everybody knew. Everybody felt sure that his real work was done. Nothing remained but the wait while the diplomats straightened out what must be straightened, and the machinery of transport and officialdom could be set in reverse motion. Then for home!

For two days we had known in the Twenty-sixth Division that the conference of the Powers had taken place, that the first German counter-proposal to the Allies' terms had been peremptorily refused, and that a courier had been sent back to Germany by the Boche representatives. We heard that he had first tried to cross No Man's Land on foot, had been fired upon, even though he carried a white flag, and had finally been sent over in an aeroplane.

Then on the night of November 10, our radio picked up a message from the air. It was in German, and was signed "Chancellor." It ordered Erzberger to sign the terms of the armistice presented by the Allies. Oddly enough, that message was numbered "1914."

At six in the morning of November 11 came news, again by wireless, that the armistice had been signed at five o'clock. It was not official and was received with doubt at Division Headquarters. At seven the confirmation of the story came, and the official notice from Marshal Foch, which was sent out from the Eiffel Tower. It read:

From: FL.
At: Paris
Date: Nov. 11th, 1918.
To: C. Q.

How Sent.
Radio.

Marshal Foch to Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.

Hostilities will cease upon the whole front from the eleventh November eleven o'clock, French time. The Allied troops will not cross until a further order the line reached on that date and that hour.

MARSHAL FOCH,
Commander-in-Chief.

Cautionary orders were sent at once to all unit commanders not to tell the soldiers too soon that the armistice was signed. Then the chief of staff got out an order on the subject, which read as follows:

SECRET

HEADQUARTERS 26th DIVISION
American Expeditionary Forces
France

11 November 18.

FIELD ORDERS
No. 106.

1. Hostilities will cease upon the entire front at 11:00 o'clock, 11 November 18 (today) French time.

2. Troops will not cross the line reached at that hour under any circumstances, unless ordered by these headquarters.

3. An immediate reconnaissance of the front line will be made by each front line battalion commander at 11:00 o'clock, showing the exact location of all his units on a sketch and by coördinates.

This sketch will be forwarded to these headquarters with the least practicable delay. Regimental and brigade commanders will take the necessary steps to arrange for couriers for the prompt transmission of this information.

4. Regimental and brigade commanders will, as soon as practicable after 11:00 o'clock this date, personally check the locations of their front line elements. This information will be placed on a 1/20,000 sketch and also transmitted to these headquarters with the least delay possible.

5. Under no circumstances will officers and enlisted men of this Division fraternize with the enemy.

6. Troops will be kept ready for any eventuality and measures of security will not be relaxed.

7. Organization commanders must maintain a high state of discipline in their units.

By command of Brigadier General BAMFORD.

DUNCAN K. MAJOR, Jr.
Chief of Staff.

DISTRIBUTION:
Down to include
company commanders.

At first one might have expected that all over the area loud whoops would at once arise and continue to gain in strength as long as there was any strength left. This didn't happen.

At Division Headquarters men met, shook hands, smiled in infinite satisfaction, and hurried on about the business which the new state of affairs brought in its train. Lieutenant Le Doux, the French officer who had been liaison officer with us, came in with his eyes filled with tears of joy. He could not speak at all at first, — and this was true of many of the men who had fought four years instead of one, and whose trials and losses made those of the Americans look small by comparison.

Things began to happen swiftly. First came the order for the artillery preparation, already thundering away in the north, to continue to the moment of the cessation of hostilities, but for the infantry not to advance. Then on the heels of that order came another, — that the infantry would advance until 11 o'clock.

The Yankees' line was concave, and it was the desire of the commanding officer and the Corps to straighten out that concavity, therefore the worn-out doughboys must make one final effort.

Some battalions got the first order, some the second, and some got both. The luck of the American army held, however, and they all arrived at approximately the same line, a straight road leading down between two wrecked stubs of wood, full of underbrush.

What it meant to get there may be learned from the typical experience of Major Sherman Shumway's battalion. His first orders, to advance, had been sent out from Division before midnight. They reached him by runner at 3 A.M. By 3:45 he had hauled his dog-tired men out into the pitch-black night, and started them towards the appointed jumping-off place in Wavrille wood.

There was less than three miles to go, but the battalion did not reach the place and verify its position until after nine o'clock. The ground was semi-solid mud, the way was through a wood full of wire entanglements, and the men had been fighting continuously for six days, almost without food and water.

It was barely in position when the order not to advance arrived. The word was sent to the companies, and all hands waited in the edge of the wood. Then, at 10:40, came the order to advance, but to stop at 11 o'clock. By the time this too had been relayed to the company commanders, there was not much time left. The battalion advanced across a sloping field and into the lee of the embankment of the road. There, just at eleven, it stopped.

Less than a stone's throw across the road was a sunken German shelter with a fire going inside, and three Boches sitting round it. They might have been easy to take, but the orders were strict. Our sentinels watched for them to come out, but they stayed in until darkness had come. Then they probably rejoined their friends. Two hundred yards away, in another wrecked wood, Germans could be seen moving about. They were not disturbed by our men.

The artillery kept it up till the last minute. So did the Boche guns. But there seemed to be little hate in that morning's barrage. The guns weren't pointed anywhere in particular; they were just headed in the general direction of Germany and turned loose as fast as they could be fired.

As the hour approached, officers and men of the artillery gathered at the batteries, all eager to fire "the last shot in the war." In one battery each man took a shell and waited in line for his turn to fire the gun. In another battery, five officers took hold of the lanyard, and all fired the last shot together. In still another a long rope was made fast to the lanyard of each of the four guns. Some two hundred men got hands on each rope, and one man, with a watch, went out forward. At the hour, he dropped a handkerchief. A thousand men sagged back on the firing ropes; four guns barked simultaneously, and a thousand Americans let out a yell that must have been heard in Bocheland.

And then they sat down in the mud. Everywhere little camp fires began to smoke and glow, and the rations came swiftly up to the line. Commanding officers came forward to inspect, and the majors, red-eyed with fatigue, dirty, unshaven for many days, and so hoarse with gas that they could not speak aloud, reported their lines.

Here and there a dull explosion would sound, and the Germans sent out a piteous wireless, asking that the fire cease. But it was only the indefatigable engineers, blasting rock for a road.

The early dusk came down, pearly with moisture and with the promise of a fair night. All the automobiles lighted their lamps and went glowing down the rough roads among the shining of thousands of little bonfires.

"Put out those lights!" the doughboys would yell at the passing motors.

"Put out those fires!" was the appropriate response. And then the delighted soldiers would yell in chorus, "Hoo-oo!"

As the darkness grew thicker the hoarded fireworks, the flares and rockets, Very lights and "caterpillars", began to soar up into the night. From Division Headquarters we could see the glow in the sky as far away as the Argonne forest, and of course all around our own front. For miles the heavens were reddened and dotted and scored by the flaming show. It beat any Fourth of July I ever had seen, for besides our own somewhat scanty supply there were the boundless stores and the crazy enthusiasm of the French soldiers. And in all that glow and show there was absolute silence; hardly a camion rumbled past; not a shot anywhere — only now and then a drifting wisp of song from a happy group basking by a fire.

Meanwhile the work of Division Headquarters had gone on steadily throughout the joyous day. The Army telephoned early to ask whether the Division could go forward as part of the army of occupation; the Division commander answered that he regretted very much to say it, but that the Division was in no condition to go. One regiment of infantry had only two hundred and forty rifles in service; the others were not so badly off, but the Division was below half its normal strength, even with the twelve hundred replacements which had come in. The animals were so far gone that the artillery was almost unable to move at all.

The Twenty-sixth had been on the Verdun front twenty-five full days, — longer than any other division excepting the 26th French, which lay next to us. The ground gained by the Yankees amounted to 5.5 kilometers, every yard of which was secured by the hardest fighting under the most difficult of circumstances. The Yankees had been altogether in the front line 210 days, had won 37 kilometers of ground in advances, had captured a total of 3148 prisoners, and had endured losses of 11,955 officers and men; of these losses only 1730 were killed.

The Division commander immediately drove off to Souilly, the Army Headquarters, and came back with leaves for rest areas, six hundred men to go at a time. Before night the first six hundred were chosen, and next morning they were detached from their commands and sent back to the rear *echelon* of the Division, at Verdun. There they were rested up, fed, bathed, given fresh clothing from top to toe.

The change wrought by this treatment was almost incredible. They came in straight from the line, so utterly weary that they could hardly drag themselves into the citadel. They were unshaven, red-eyed from days and days without sleep, hoarse so that some could not speak above a whisper. They were unbelievably caked with mud. They stank.

Twelve hours later, clean and shaved, their color had come back, and but for the unmistakable weathered appearance that comes from outdoor life, they might have been fresh arrivals.

In the evening of November 12 they marched away in squads to the station, the whole party in charge of one young and worried-looking lieutenant, who had the pleasing job of dry-nursing them all the way to Grenoble and back. There was some singing in the ranks, but it was subdued, for the boys were on their best behavior and taking no chance of being thrown out of the party. They all carried big packs, but no weapons, — "accoutered," as one Boston boy put it to me, "in the habiliments but not the armature of war."

Months later, the Division received from Major General C. P. Summerall, the Corps commander, a testimonial to the "high standards of conduct and soldierly pride manifested by members of the Twenty-sixth Division during their presence in the Auvergne leave area. Their behavior was such as to attract the favorable notice of the commanding officer of that area, and he was so highly impressed that he has communicated his sentiments in a complimentary letter with reference thereto. The members of this leave detachment reflected credit upon the Division, the Corps, and the American Army, and have established a standard worthy of emulation by all who succeed them.

"It is especially desired," the letter went on, "to commend Captain William Walker, 102d Infantry, in charge of the leave train, who displayed fine soldierly qualities, marked ability and earnest loyalty in the performance of all his duties. His leadership in retaining full control of his men under all circumstances is a high tribute to his efficiency."

In Verdun on armistice day there was all sorts of a celebration. Four of our regimental bands paraded the streets and played in every public square. General Marchand, that wonderful French fighter, headed a parade in which French poilus, jet-black Senegalese and American doughboys danced along arm in arm. An American flag was hoisted to the top of the wireless tower; later, it was taken down from there and hoisted on one of the towers of the cathedral of Verdun. General Marchand made a speech, in French, with immense compliments for the Americans. The boys didn't understand the words, but they got the sentiment, and Verdun heard more cheering than it had heard for four years.

Three days after armistice day we lay in sector. The

Fritzes withdrew to their neutral zone; the army of occupation trudged in past us, and we got warm and dry. The weather turned cold but stayed fine, and the influenza epidemic disappeared. Then came the order to proceed, by marching, to the Eighth Training Area, southeast from Chaumont, and centered round Montigny-le-Roi.

The first hop took Division Headquarters down below Verdun a few miles, to Pierrefitte. Twenty-four hours later, Headquarters moved to Benoit-Vaux, a tiny little town with a beautiful old church, a famous series of stations of the cross set in a great curve of fine carved stone panels out of doors, and a miraculous statue of the Virgin.

While we lay there, the Division commander was relieved and Major General Harry C. Hale came to take command. He was an officer of wide experience, a classmate and admirer of General Edwards, and a man in almost all respects the opposite of the man he replaced. His division had been broken up when it arrived in France, and General Hale had been left without a command temporarily.

The artillery never did complete its march. It went as far down into the Bar-le-Duc area as it could with worn-out animals, and there sat down, turned in all its guns and horses, cleaned up and held drills. It did not rejoin the Division until just before Christmas. The artillery suffered more in the sector north of Verdun than it had in any other sector in the nine months of service. For the most part the battery positions afforded no shelter either from the weather or from shell fire, and the men were compelled to endure long-continued bombardments of gas and shell. In some places the men had to wear gas masks seven and eight hours at a time. In many places the roads were so bad and the grades so steep that the ammunition had to be brought by hand for the last part of the way, over long distances, mostly by night under heavy bombardment and in the rain.

Without the inspiration which comes to men in rapidly-moving battle, such as the Marne-Aisne offensive, our men had to rely on the leadership of their officers and on their own indomitable spirit. This never flagged, and on the morning of

November 11 the men of the brigade were in as high a state of morale as they had been in all its history.

The march down from the Verdun region to the training area averaged eight days for most units. The stages were not made long, but the cold weather and the confusion which often occurred in the matter of billets made it a time of great discomfort. Nevertheless, the men were cheerful, for they were at last going towards a rest area with no possibility of being switched back into the line. It was now definitely known that the Twenty-sixth would not be used in the army of occupation.

On that march down, four men made names for themselves in the Division. They had done wonderful work all through the campaign, but there was now more leisure to see it. And the accomplishment partook of the nature of a miracle, very often.

They were Lieutenant Colonel Albert E. Greenlaw, the G–1, or administrative chief; Lieutenant Colonel Elon F. Tandy, the Division quartermaster; Major Henry Wheelock, and Major Oscar G. Lagerquist, Colonel Tandy's assistant.

During the march down, the units often found the towns to which they were ordered for a night already occupied. Sometimes they didn't get to their proper towns at all; sometimes the orders were changed in the middle of the day, after the outfits were already on the road. Yet not once did supplies fail. No matter where, and nobody knows how, these four men, working in a team, got food and forage to every outfit every night. It was wonder-working, but it was done and done daily.

The men came into the training area looking 100 per cent. better than when they left the line. Many of them managed even to get deloused on the way down. Colds disappeared; color came back, and flesh. The mere fact of peace itself was of the greatest imaginable power in bringing the Division back to a semblance of what it was when it marched into sector on the Chemin-des-Dames.

Still the changes went on. Colonel R. S. Porter, who had become our Division surgeon, put in a request for his own relief. In his letter he recommended two of his subordinates, Major Thomas Jenkins, the Division sanitary inspector, to become Division surgeon and Major Fred C. Jones of Quincy, Massachusetts, to become chief of the sanitary train.

Some of the changes were due to the mere momentum of the army machine. Lieutenant Lawrence D. Jenkins, months before the armistice, asked for a transfer to the aviation school. He was from Winchester, Massachusetts, and went out with the infantry. He was recommended for promotion and was then transferred to the military police. And finally, at the end of things, he was ordered away to be a flier.

Replacements continued to come to the Division, and our wounded who had gone to replacement divisions now came back to us directly. In fact, conditions improved every day. Even our prisoners began to turn up from Germany. One large bunch of these were the men of the 102d who were taken at Seicheprey. Some of those who were taken at Trugny also got in.

Colonel H. I. Bearss, the marine officer commanding the 102d Infantry, was relieved on December 12, and the regiment was given to Colonel Douglas Potts. December 2, Colonel P. W. Arnold took the 103d Infantry, relieving Lieutenant Colonel C. M. Dowell, who had taken the regiment when Colonel Hume was sent to the rear. Colonel Arnold died as the result of an accident on January 25, and Colonel Hume came back to the regiment, his orders dating from February 4. Major Hosford and Major Hammond were both relieved while the Division lay in the Montigny area.

We were still on the omnipresent Meuse River. We had been on the Meuse in Neufchateau; we had been on the Meuse in the days before the Saint-Mihiel drive and during our stay in the Troyon sector; and now that we were in our first real rest area, here was the faithful old river still. This time we were far upstream, — south, that is, of even Neufchateau.

The weather stayed mild in comparison with the weather of the previous winter. Billets improved, and the men settled down into much more comfort than they had known since they left the Chatillon area in the August before. Leave continued, men going in parties of six hundred to Grenoble and officers, for the most part, to Nice. Paris, except as a necessary way station, was still forbidden as a leave area.

In the meantime, General Edwards had arrived in the United States and had been welcomed as a popular hero. Congressman James A. Gallivan had made his famous speech in Congress, and the echoes reached the Division in Europe.

Whether it was an echo or a coincidence, word came suddenly that President Wilson would spend Christmas Day with the Yankee Division. The programme included his arrival at Chaumont, where the Yankee Division furnished part of the guard of honor; a review at Humes, just outside Langres, in which the Twenty-sixth had a large contingent, and a Christmas dinner with the enlisted men of the Twenty-sixth Division.

Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton C. Horsey, our new G–2, undertook to organize that Christmas dinner. It was planned for two hundred enlisted men, the President having said he wished to eat with the men. How to select the men was the first problem; it was solved by allotting percentages to the various outfits, according to their strength. Then the men were selected from the outfits by giving preference to D. S. C. men, Croix de Guerre men and wounded.

To arrange the dinner itself was a trying task. Sergeant Hoey, a Worcester restauranteur who was in the artillery, and Sergeant Dufourd, the commanding general's major-domo and himself a Boston restauranteur, managed every detail. The men were to bring their own mess kits, to avoid the necessity of getting tableware.

To get the men in from the various towns in the area, some of them thirty miles away, was another big job. But even that was arranged. Then, two days before Christmas, the General Headquarters at Chaumont changed the entire plan. The dinner for enlisted men was abandoned, and the commanders of the units, with the Division Headquarters staff, alone were invited.

President Wilson dined with the officers, who appreciated the great honor. But when the dinner was finished, the

President rose from table, waved his hand and marched out of the room, saying only "Good-by."

On Christmas morning the 102d Infantry went into Chaumont and formed the guard of honor at the station. This regiment was chosen partly because it lay nearest to Chaumont. The band of the 101st, which General Pershing had declared to be the best in France, also went over to Chaumont.

The President drove almost the whole length of the Division area to Humes. Here a small reviewing stand had been built in a muddy field, with a walk leading to it from the road. On the field was massed a provisional division, to which the Twenty-sixth contributed Company B of the 101st Infantry; Company K of the 102d; Company F of the 103d; Company L of the 104th; B company from the 101st Field Signal Battalion; Company F of the 101st Engineers and Companies A, B, C and D of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion.

The review over, the President was driven back to Montigny-le-Roi. After dinner he inspected some of the billets of the 102d Infantry, on his way back to Chaumont. Thus was honor paid to the Division by the executive of the United States.

One of the first things General Hale did when we got into the area was to make the rounds of the different units and make a short address to officers and men. By this time the one cry in the Yankee Division was, "When are we going home?"

General Hale told the Division he didn't know when it was going home, nor what was to be done with the Division, but he added that whenever it was called upon, the High Command was going to find it in good condition. He called attention to several small details in which there was still a tendency to slouchiness and ordered things smartened up.

"I do not expect, and do not mean to try," he said, "to take the place in this Division of General Edwards. I have the greatest admiration and respect for him, and I know how he is loved in this Division. I am here to get the Division into condition to go home, or into condition for any duty demanded of it. And that I mean to do."

Throughout November and December the work of getting into condition went on briskly. Improvement was visible daily; the drills were just enough to keep the men feeling well; equipment came in handsome quantities — though the quality of uniforms never reached that with which the Division came to France — and the animals improved rapidly.

By Christmas the outfit was worth inspecting. The weather continued warm, with frequent light rains, but almost no frost and nothing like a long frozen spell. On Christmas Day, and two or three times during the winter, there was a little snow on the ground, but it was altogether an open winter.

Changes in command went on as usual. To take them all together, without regard to date, Brigadier General P. D. Glassford was relieved from command of the artillery brigade, and was followed by Brigadier General John H. Sherburne on February 7; Major L. H. Waters, who took command of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion on December 27, left it on January 14; he was followed by Major Stillman F. Westbrook. Captain Rawdon Myers had command in the interval between January 14 and February 28, when Major Westbrook took it. Major W. R. Carpenter took the 102d Machine Gun Battalion on December 20, and kept it till February 22. Then Major John R. Sanborn took the command.

On January 11, Major Addison F. Crafts took command of the Field Signal Battalion, following Captain S. Stewart Smith. On December 10, Lieutenant Colonel F. E. Jones took command of the 101st Sanitary Train, and on January 5, Lieutenant T. J. Byrne was given command of the Headquarters troop.

By New Year's Day the rumor that the Division was to be one of the first sent home had gained so much strength that I took a tour around the places where the truth would be known, if anywhere. I was able to write to the *Boston Globe* on January 2 a guarded statement that the Division ought to be in ship by the middle, or the last half, of March. This was verified by the fact, later on.

In the Division, the only sign was the steadily increasing vim which General Hale put into the work of getting into condition. Early in January fifteen army inspectors appeared in the area and put the units through a most thorough inspection. They went into the minutest detail and made a survey into every phase of equipment and tactical efficiency.

The Yankees asked nothing better than to be inspected. They stood the test so well that when the inspectors returned to Headquarters at Chaumont, they said some very flattering things. The net of their report was that the Twenty-sixth was the best, far and away, of the five divisions they had so far inspected.

Telegraphic orders to move into the embarkation area, starting from Montigny on January 17, arrived. But there was more pleasant news close behind; an order for the 102d Infantry to parade its first battalion at Mandres, its headquarters town, on January 15, was received.

General Pershing and Marshal Petain, Foch's second in command, came down to the little town, climbed the hill and faced the battalion. The great French soldier decorated the colors of the 102d with the Croix de Guerre, the citation being for gallantry in the fight at Marcheville on September 26, 1918. Then the marshal took advantage of the occasion to bestow upon General Pershing the Croix de Guerre, which was about the only French decoration he had not already received.

The move to the embarkation area, which was in the area south of Le Mans, in the Sarthe, — halfway, so to speak, between Brest and Saint Nazaire, — was begun January 21. It was taken in leisurely fashion and was completed on February 4, the movement being made by train. Division Headquarters opened at Eccomoy, and General Hale at once laid out a programme of elimination athletic contests in every unit, to establish Division championships in various sports.

The Division entered into the idea of athletic training with the greatest enthusiasm. In every regimental town a boxing ring was set up, and the elimination bouts went on in all classes with great gusto. Some fine fights were made, and some good talent was shown. Football, soccer, and a number of purely military events like gas-mask races, and squad and platoon drills, rifle sighting, and the like, were added.

The tournament was held at Eccomoy on March 10, 11, and 12 with wonderful success. General Hale had given a beautiful silver cup to the outfit winning most points; it was taken by the 104th Infantry, with a wide margin of points over its nearest competitor.

In the embarkation area, the Division continued to win commendation. The headquarters of the embarkation center at Le Mans commented on the fact that the Division, which was one of the veterans, seldom needed help from any outside organization for its administration, or help or assistance from the headquarters.

As a climax to its service, the Division erected in Le Mans the "York Harbor Y. D. Hut", the funds for which were furnished by the town of York Harbor, Maine, which sent Miss Grace Thompson of York Harbor to France to arrange for its location.

The hut was intended as a recreation hut, and was to be used by the Y. M. C. A. for the men of other divisions which would follow the Twenty-sixth to the embarkation area. Space was given by the French authorities, in the Place des Jacobins, facing the great cathedral, and here the 101st Engineers put up a complete recreation plant, including a theater, a big social room with a fireplace, a canteen, administrative offices, ladies' rest rooms, five sleeping rooms and a kitchen.

The orders to start for the ships at Brest was received March 14. The Division began to move forthwith, and the first unit boarded the *Mt. Vernon* on March 20, arriving in Boston April 4.

Most of the story of the Division has seemed to be a story of infantry activities and infantry incidents. Even there, it seems to me that some of the units have not been given the credit that belongs to them. This is discouraging, but was unavoidable.

Every week while I was with the Division I was forced to spend always two and often three days traveling to the headquarters of the press censorship, thence to the photographic censorship at Paris, and back to the Division. This cut down woefully the time I could spend in getting to units in the Division.

To see the artillery regiments, the men of the trains, the signal corps and the hospital units was almost out of the question, unless some actual news story took me over to them. Generally speaking, the work was always ahead of the correspondent; something had happened in this or that regiment, forcing him to go thither and forbidding the choice of visiting units of which he had seen little.

In this way the 103d Infantry, except for the Xivray-Marvoisin fight, and for its glorious part in the fighting down the Saint-Mihiel sector, was hardly visited at all up to the last great battle north of Verdun. The regiment made a record as proud as any in the Division; in fact, the wonderful thing about the Twenty-sixth is that it had no one unit whose record is distinctly poorer than the rest. The names written on regimental flags are all of them purely matters of opportunity, all of them records of success and of the highest possible performance.

It would be unfair to close the record without speaking of the wonderful performances of the men who worked alone, whose fighting was not hand-to-hand with the enemy, but was always under enemy fire and was vital to the men in the front line. They were signalmen, who patiently ran wire through the shelled areas, going not in companies and with the help of close comradeship with their fellows, but alone through the dark, right out where the shells were dropping ahead of them, to the patient splicing of the wires broken by shell fire. They were the men of the truck trains, who worked night and day, bringing up the precious ammunition. Fritz shelled every road over which they traveled; the trains lost men in their proportions. They won decorations for bringing up their trucks when it looked like suicide, and bringing them in when shells had hit them and nothing but cold bravery and the quiet patience that goes on with a task when death is hanging over every moment would serve. They never lost a truck, and at the end, when they turned in their equipment, after fourteen months of the most severe usage, they won the praise of the inspectors for its condition. The trucks had been run night and day, and for months had no chance for the slightest overhaul.

But our men had done their work with judgment, and they came through.

The military police, watchers of the roads and guards at the heaviest-shelled points, were so good that half of them were taken away for Corps duty. One company was still on duty in May, 1919, in Brussels, months after everybody else had come home and got out of service.

Signal corps and trains, military police and medical service were constantly robbed of officers after the Division's work had been inspected and found to be better than similar work in other divisions.

The ambulance drivers and the hospital men of the Twenty-sixth also won high praise from every inspection. For steady devotion, for ingenuity of improvisation when equipment, apparatus and supplies were lacking; for character and quality of personnel, the Yankees were as preëminent as their fighting record showed them in the front line.

Our artillery made records which will stand for a long time in American military history. It is to be hoped that the three regiments will publish their histories, and will tell of individual deeds that ought not to be lost.

In no unit in the Division did I ever see a slacker or a coward. In every unit I found men who, no matter what their rank, compelled my admiration and respect. It was an honor to serve with them and to be received by them as a comrade.

General Edwards came home without a decoration of any kind, French or American. It is believed that he was the only division commander who had taken his organization through any fighting and who was not decorated by the American High Command. As the citations and decorations in the Division show that the record of the unit was universally admired and approved, it was inferred by a great many that the reasons for omitting to decorate General Edwards were personal.

The French wished to bestow a decoration, or more than one, upon him. General Passaga recommended General Edwards for the Croix de Guerre, and Captain Malick of the French mission said that he was five times recommended for the Legion of Honor. General de Goutte was one of those making the recommendation. In every case, however, the American High Command signified to the French that General Edwards' decoration was not favorably looked upon by the United States authorities. And in the end, his undecorated breast was a distinction.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

The accusations against Major Gallant amounted practically to charges of cowardice. On the actual charge of disobedience of orders, he pleaded not guilty, instead of pleading guilty to the charge and relying upon that paragraph in the drill regulations which gives any officer placed in command of an operation the right to exercise his judgment as to whether the operation should be carried out.

Major Gallant came to the United States and at once began to try for a review of his case. At the time this book was written the papers were under consideration. It does not seem fair, however, to tell what happened to him officially without giving Major Gallant's own version of the affair. The narrative here set down was given to me by Major Gallant himself.

He enlisted in the army in the Spanish-American War, served in China and in the Philippines, and then joined the Philippine constabulary, becoming a third lieutenant in 1901.

His promotion ran steadily up through the grades, and in April, 1915, he was made a lieutenant colonel. Before the Great War broke out, he had already taken the examination for a commission in the volunteers, and when diplomatic relations were broken off by the United States, he was examined physically. After war was declared, he was reëxamined, and in August received a commission in the reserve corp.

Not wishing to remain in the Philippines or the United States, he cabled to General Harbord, then General Pershing's chief of staff, asking whether he could not be commissioned in the American Expeditionary Forces.

He received an affirmative reply, went to France at his own expense, and was commissioned a major of the reserve corps, of course at lower pay than he had received as lieutenant colonel.

He was assigned to the Twenty-sixth, but he found the probabilities of promotions in that Division so slight that he felt he should stand in the way of some national guardsman. At that time, no promotions were given to national guard officers unless there were vacancies waiting to be filled. Accordingly, Major Gallant several times asked to be transferred to some other division.

He joined in December, 1917, and was at once sent to command the "flat-foot battalion" which was just forming to take care of the cases of broken arches which the orthopedist had found.

A day or two before the Division went into its first sector, Major Gallant was transferred to the 102d Infantry. Major Rau was made acting lieutenant colonel, and Major Gallant was given command of the first battalion, at the time the Division was pulled out from the Chemin-des-Dames sector. He was still in command of the first battalion on April 20.

"On that morning," Major Gallant says, "I was awakened by the barrage in my dugout in Beaumont, near the regimental headquarters. I went to the regimental headquarters and stayed there for a time. We were getting no reports, and I suggested to the colonel that I go forward to investigate. Colonel Parker sent me, about 8 A.M., to the 1-bis position, to organize the service and relay the reports. The shells were breaking on the 1-bis position when I got there.

"I sent B company forward in groups into Seicheprey, as reinforcements, and it stayed in the town all day. In the meantime, I went to work organizing the observation service and asked Lieutenant Bowditch to stay on the 1-bis position to relay messages to the regimental headquarters.

"A company came up in support, and I put it into position on this line of resistance. I continued to stay, — stayed all day until, between 5 and 6 P.M., Colonel Parker and Lieutenant Colonel Dowell came through.

"Colonel Parker told me that General Traub wanted to see me down at the headquarters of the brigade, and I went to the rear. There being no transportation, I walked down to the brigade headquarters in the woods. (This was a distance of several kilometers, more than halfway back to Menil la Tour from Beaumont.)

"General Traub said he was going to put me in charge of the counter-attack. He showed me a line on the map and said that our troops would all be there for me, with the French on our right. He said he was already getting out the orders for this counter-attack.

"He didn't ask me what the conditions were on the front. He didn't show me the Corps order which contained the possibility of abandoning the plan for a counter-attack in case the patrols found that the Germans had left our front line. He simply told me that I was to have the counter-attack and did not mention the possibility of abandoning it.

"I got some maps from the office. Colonel Bertrand, commanding the French regiment on our right, came in while General Traub was working on the orders, and we synchronized our watches.

"I asked General Traub for some wire cutters, but he said it was not practicable to get any. I had the clerk telephone to Division Headquarters, however, asking for some additional wire cutters. They were sent from Division Headquarters to Beaumont.

"I did ask General Traub how the two companies were to be withdrawn after the counter-attack, but he never answered me.

"I was not what you would call friendly with General Traub. I never was friendly with him; our relations were simply those of superior and subordinate. There is no reason that I know of why he selected me to command, giving me Thompson's battalion. My talks with General Traub were always very formal, though he had been with me on trips in Mindanao.

"General Traub did not know, he said afterwards, at that time, what had happened to Thompson.

"I stayed at General Traub's headquarters until the orders had been prepared. He says I left at 12:30 or 1. I don't know. Colonel Parker and Lieutenant Colonel Dowell said I arrived back at Beaumont at 2 A.M. I rode in a light car part way, and the rest of the way in a side car.

"At Beaumont, I showed a copy of the orders to Colonel Parker, who called in the officers commanding Companies L and M. I got out the regimental order for the counter-attack myself. This order is dated at 2:30 A.M.

"I left the P. C. at 2:45 and went to the 1-bis position. One company was there, formed up. Two companies were in Beaumont, and the fourth company — which General Traub had said would be on hand promptly when the hour for the counter-attack arrived — was supposed to be in the 1-bis position on the right of the Beaumont-Seicheprey road.

"I sent a sergeant and two men to find this company, and they reported at 4 A.M. that the company was back with the artillery. Even the company I found was in the rear of where Colonel Parker said it would be.

"When I was talking with General Traub, an artillery officer who was present reminded him that there were no patrols out.

This was somewhere about 11 P.M. General Traub ordered out three patrols, to go from the 1-bis position if Seicheprey couldn't furnish them. I don't know whether they were ever sent out; if they were, they were sent from Seicheprey.

"I waited an hour in the 1-bis position for a report of the whereabout of my companies. Even up to this time, there was no indication of any possible abandonment of the counter-attack.

"At four o'clock one of the companies from Beaumont appeared. I now had two companies. The other company appeared five minutes later; meanwhile, however, I had sent off a messenger with a communication to Colonel Parker. The note read as follows:

"It is now 4:05.

"Company M has not arrived yet.

"Call off the attack. Advise artillery and French on the right, also General Traub."

In answer to repeated questionings, Major Gallant told me that he felt that he would only further complicate things if he tried to send a second messenger after the first, when M company appeared, five minutes later. He believed that he could not get his men to the line by 4:45, the hour set for the attack, even if his judgment would permit him to start off with two companies instead of four.

The testimony in his court-martial proceedings, however, showed that Colonel Bertrand had said, at General Traub's headquarters, that if a reconnoissance showed that there were no Germans in our front lines, of course there would be no counter-attack. Even the court had gone into this rather extensively, as it seemed to offer some possibility of Major Gallant's defending his course. The major, however, insisted that abandonment for that reason never entered his mind. He protested that he never did advise abandoning the attack earlier than that message at 4 A.M., and that he knew nothing of the discussion that was held of the idea of abandoning it.

APPENDIX B

A specimen intelligence report from a quiet day on a calm sector is appended. This is made up at the French Corps and sent out in mimeographed copies to all units, the Americans included. The copy which comes to the Americans is then translated, and used by our G–2 and G–3.

6th ARMY
11th Army Corps
Staff, 3rd Bureau
No. 357/3
S. C. No. 9710

H. Q. February 12, 1918.

REPORT OF EVENTS FROM FEBRUARY 10, 6 P.M. TO FEBRUARY 11, 6 P.M.

……

I. *CHARACTERISTICS OF THE DAY.* — Calm.
II. *REPORT OF EVENTS*

A. *INFANTRY ACTIVITY*

French and American	German
21st Inf. Div. — At the advanced post near the old Didier Mill, an enemy patrol of about eight men which had gotten through our first entanglements, was rapidly dispersed with rifle and machine gun fire; groans were heard but the great darkness prevented us from capturing the fugitives. At dawn two German rifles, some grenades, and two pairs of bloody gloves were found on the terrain. Another enemy patrol was dispersed by V. B. grenades and the	Attempted enemy patrols reported here. Customary outbursts of machine gun fire. A few bombs and aerial torpedoes, principally near Bassoles and Bois Mortier.

grenades of the Americans (combat patrol of La Futaie, between the Didier Mill and Vaumaires).

All along the front, patrols, without incident. Construction continues active.

B. *ARTILLERY ACTIVITY*

Range findings, principally over the Fox salient, Croix de Bois, Calvaire, Arbe, d'Andouille and Brancourt.

Range findings by American batteries by means of aeroplanes; also practice in barrage fire.

538 rounds of 75 mm. 77 rounds of 77 and 105 mm. 9 rounds of 155 mm.

Normal activity; heaviest in these regions: Filain-La Royere, and the sugar refinery, Parc de Quincy.

1525 rounds of 77 and 105 mm.

30 rounds of 150 mm.

C. *AERONAUTICAL ACTIVITY*

Fog and clouds. Artillery corps squadrons: 19 flights (3 reconnaissances, 3 photographic missions, 8 protection flights, 1 ranging, 3 trial flights). 2000 tracts dropped.

Army corps balloons — four ascensions (total duration, 4 hours).

Eight aeroplanes seen, two of which appeared to be regulating the fire on the Moulin-Rouge at 15 o'clock.

D. *MISCELLANEOUS*

Interior relief of the 93rd Infantry Regiment (21st Division); the 3rd Battalion quartered at Conde.

Interior relief of the 219th Infantry Regiment (61st Division).

The American batteries attached to the 22nd Infantry Division are now in position. No incident.

The falling in of the Pantheon galleries caused the death of an engineer sapper, injured another sapper, and an American soldier.

The staff of the 21st Infantry Division noticed on the 11th, about 11 o'clock, that rockets were sent up from the enemy lines, absolutely the same as those sent up at the time of the bombardment by aviators of Soissons.

The anti-aircraft service reported, in fact, that a bombardment had taken place in the region of Moyon, after which the enemy machines returned in their own lines in the direction of Barisis.

E. *LOSSES*

21st Inf. Division: 1 American soldier injured.
61st Inf. Division: 1 man slightly wounded; not evacuated.
1 American soldier wounded.
Total: 3 wounded, of which 2 were American soldiers.

F. *BRIEF REPORT OF EVENTS*

During the night from the 11th to the 12th of February.

Night: calm. Outbursts of machine gun fire north of Quincy, on Bois Mortier, and the forest of Pinon. Rather violent harassing fire on the Ferme du Bois Mortier and the canal between Courson and Laraque.

A sudden burst of artillery fire of 30–105 mm. shells on Chavignon at 12:15 a.m.

Commanding General, 11th Army Corps,
(Signed) de Maud'huy.

By order of Chief of Staff:
(Sgd.) Vaulgrenant.

Copies to: 6th Army (2 copies) — Army artillery.
35th Army Corps — 161st. Div. — 26th Am. Inf. Div. — Artillery. Aeronautics — Intelligence Section.

APPENDIX C

HEADQUARTERS 26TH DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

France, March 25, 1918.

Memorandum for all Organization Commanders.

1. The Division Commander to-day observed some straggling at the tail of marching columns. On future marches Brigade Commanders will personally inspect all units of their respective commands while on the march, and especially observe the tail of these columns to see that adequate measures are being taken to prevent straggling.

2. It was observed that the packs carried by the men were almost invariably slung far too low. They should be raised by shortening the suspenders or otherwise so as to ride well up on the back.

3. It was noticed in one battalion that many men were carrying an extra pair of shoes. The only extra shoes to be carried are those mentioned in paragraph 2 of Secret Orders No. 1, dated March 15, which prescribes that:

"Each regiment or separate organization will take a five per cent. reserve of shoes of various sizes on the baggage section of the field trains."

4. There was no uniformity in some organizations as to the manner in which overcoats were carried; some overcoats were rolled in the pack, others were tied loosely to the lower end of the pack, and some of the men carried no overcoats at all. Paragraph 1 of the order above mentioned prescribes that:

"The overcoat may be either worn or made up into a roll and placed over the pack in the form of a horseshoe, but the method adopted must be uniform throughout regiments and separate organizations."

5. It was further noticed that the provisions of existing Corps orders, as recently published to this command, limiting the number

of men that may ride on wagons and rolling kitchens, are not being observed. This will be corrected on future marches.

6. In a great number of cases, animals of animal-drawn vehicles were allowed to crowd up close to vehicles or troops in front of them. The proper distances should be kept at all times.

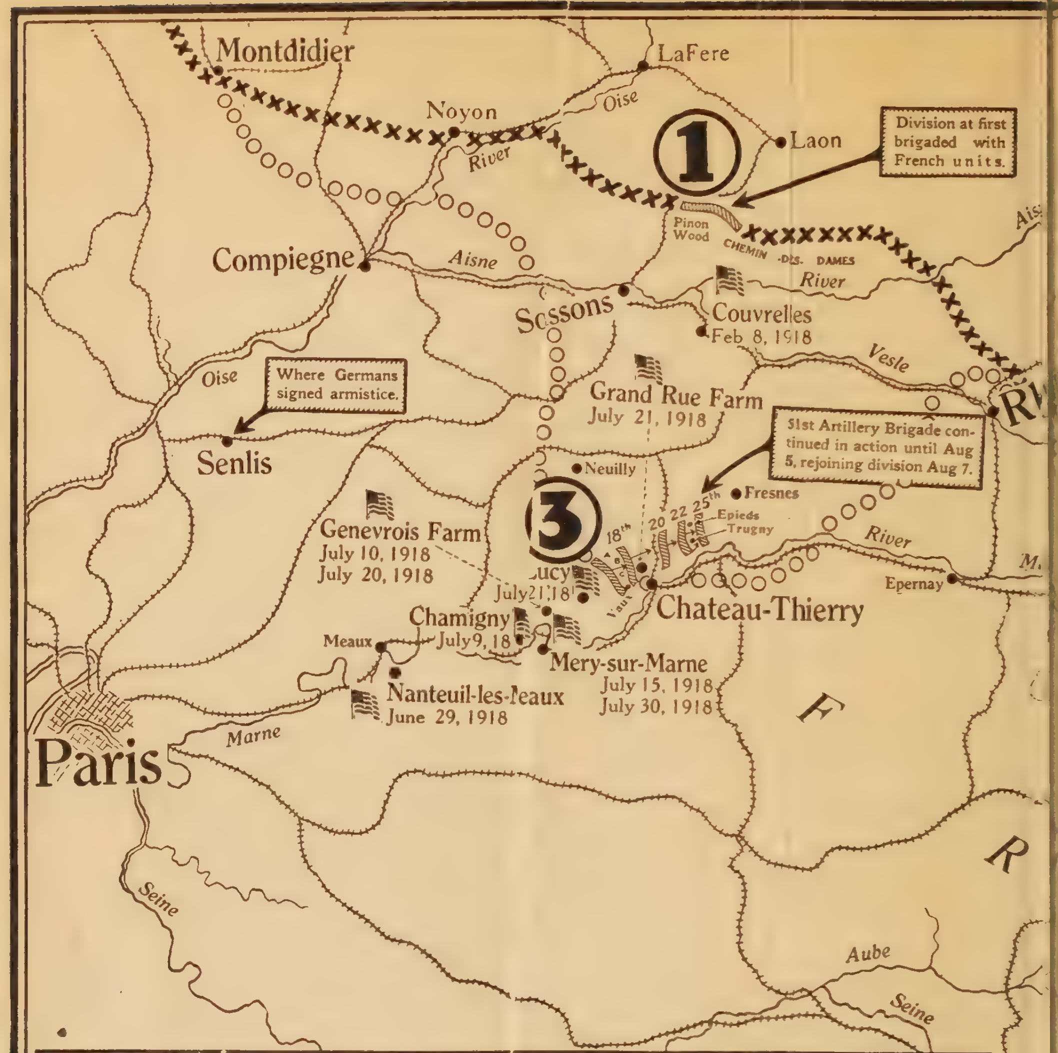
7. The Division Commander is doubtful that as slow a step as he observed in some organizations is advisable.

8. Uniformity in packs on mounts must obtain.

9. Remember that the rule for open passage to the left of a column, whether on the march or at rest, must be observed.

10. All officers and non-commissioned officers of organizations will be instructed to assist in improving the conditions above mentioned, by correcting derelictions on the spot.

C. R. Edwards,
Major General,
Commanding.



① **CHEMIN-DES-DAMES SECTOR**
Occupied Feb. 6 to Mar. 21, 1918. Where Yankee Division got its first front line training.

② **TOUL FRONT**
La Reine and Boucq Sectors. Occupied April 10 to July 25.

③ **CHATEAU-THIERRY FRONT**
A–Torcy. B–Belleau. C–Bouresches.
Pas Fini Sector. Occupied July 10 to July 25. Offensive lasted July 18-25. Depth of advance 17.5 kilometers.

④ **ST. MIHIEL SALIENT**
A—Bois de St. Remy.
B—Hattonchatel. C—St. Hilaire
Rupt and Troyon Sectors. Occupied Sept. 8 to Oct. 8. Offensive lasted Sept. 12-13. Depth of advance 14 kilometers.

⑤ **VERDUN or MEUSE — ARGONNE**
A–Bois d'Ormont B–Bois d'Haumont
Neptune Sector. Occupied Oct. 18 to Nov. 14. Offensive lasted Oct. 18 to Nov. 11. Depth of advance 5.5 kilometers.

KEY

▨ Indicates positions held by 26th Division.

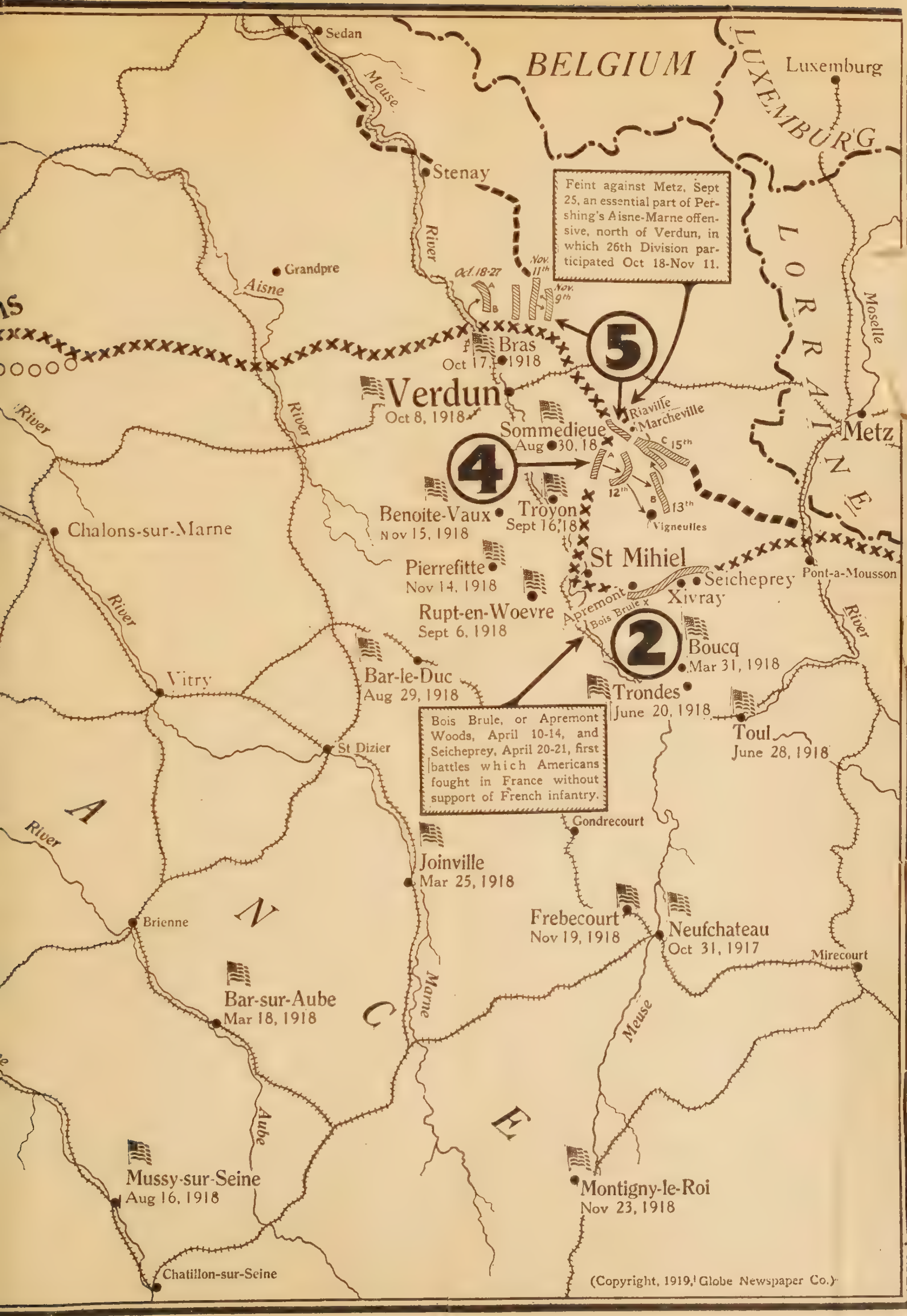
⚑ Indicates place where Division Headquarters was established. Date of establishment also given.

XXX German line when Americans went into the trenches.

OOO Farthest advance of German Spring drive to the Marne.

▬ ▬ ▬ Battle line when armistice went into effect.

Map Compiled by Willard F. DeLue.



Feint against Metz, Sept 25, an essential part of Pershing's Aisne-Marne offensive, north of Verdun, in which 26th Division participated Oct 18-Nov 11.

Bois Brule, or Apremont Woods, April 10-14, and Seicheprey, April 20-21, first battles which Americans fought in France without support of French infantry.

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